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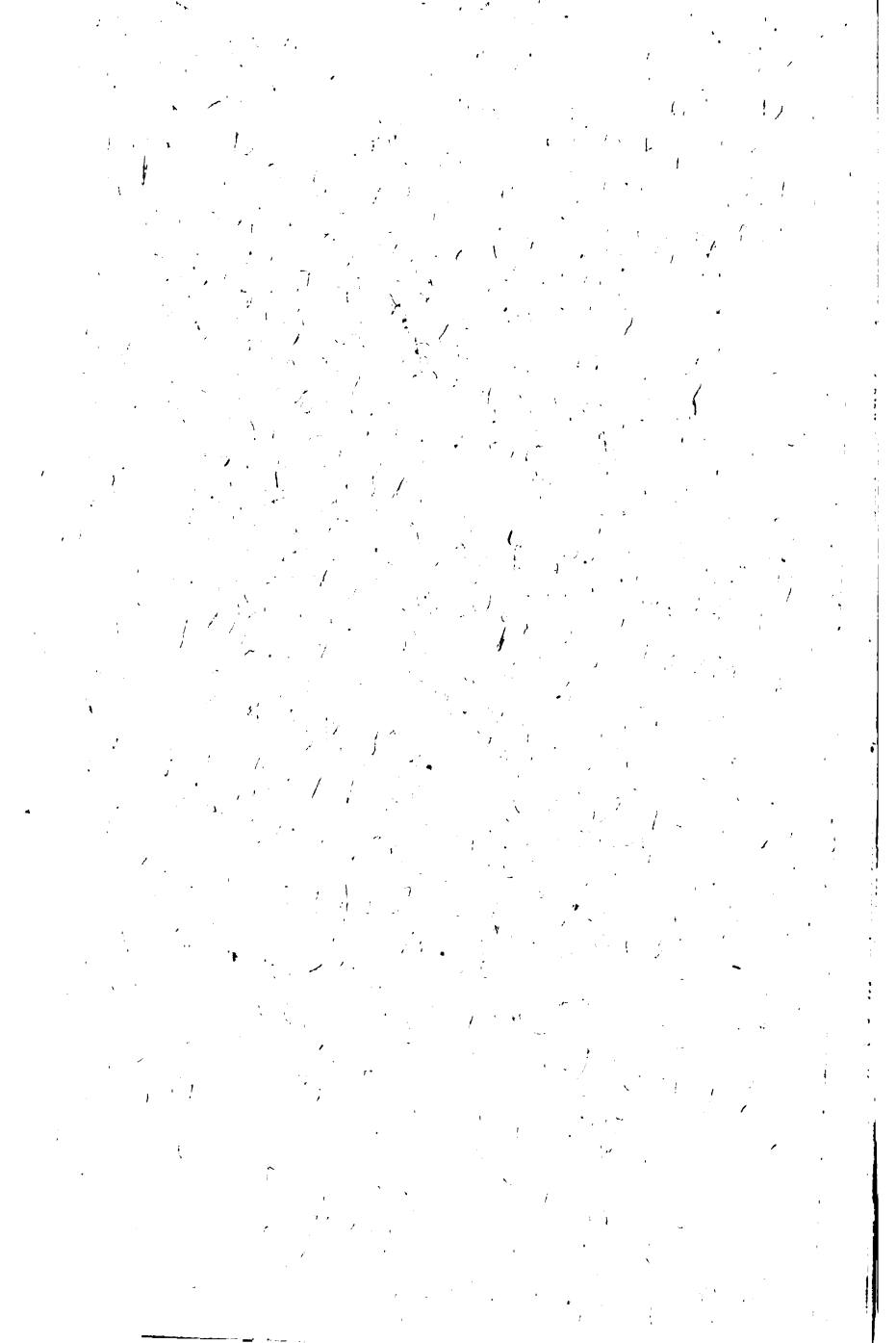
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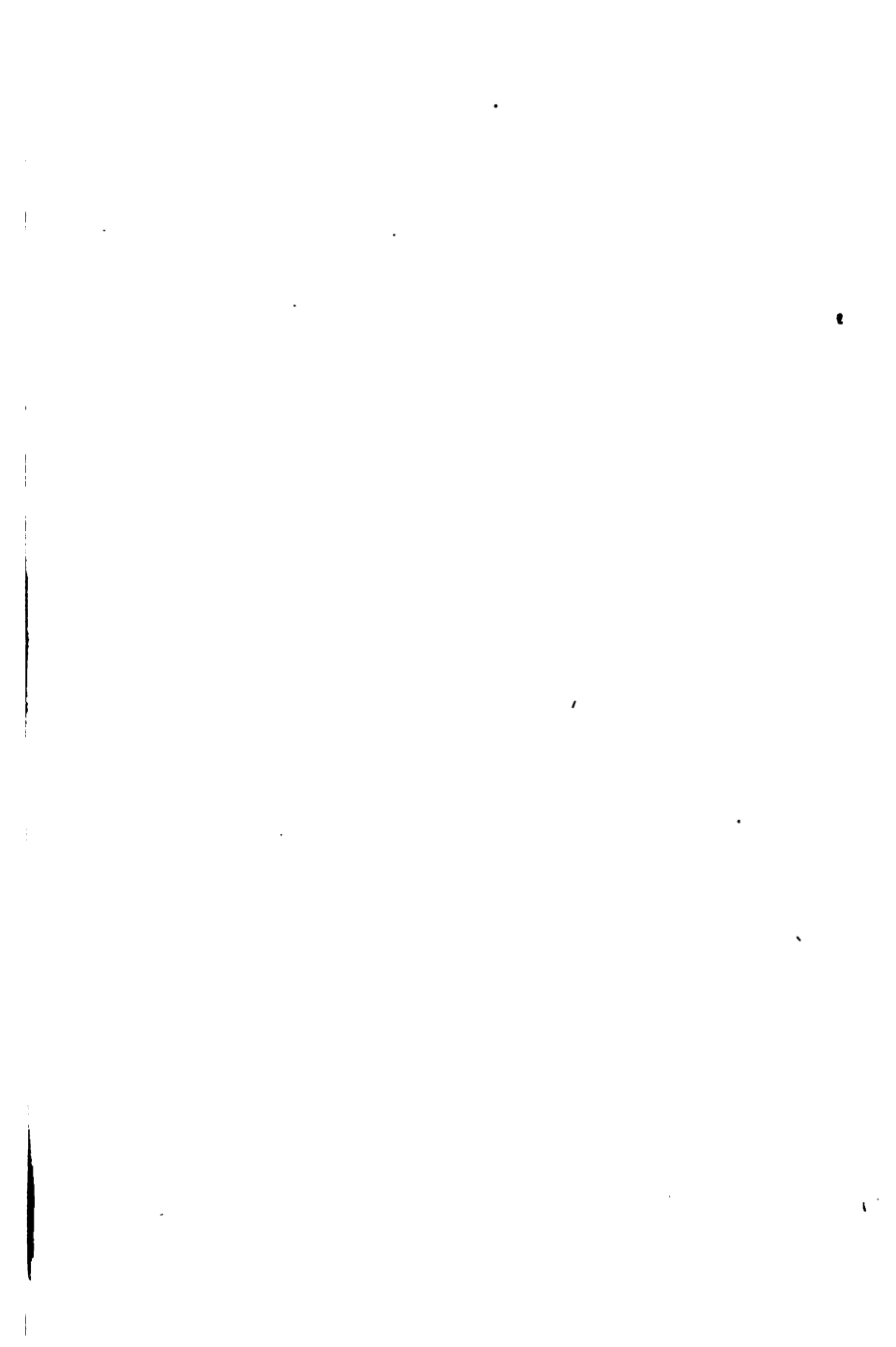


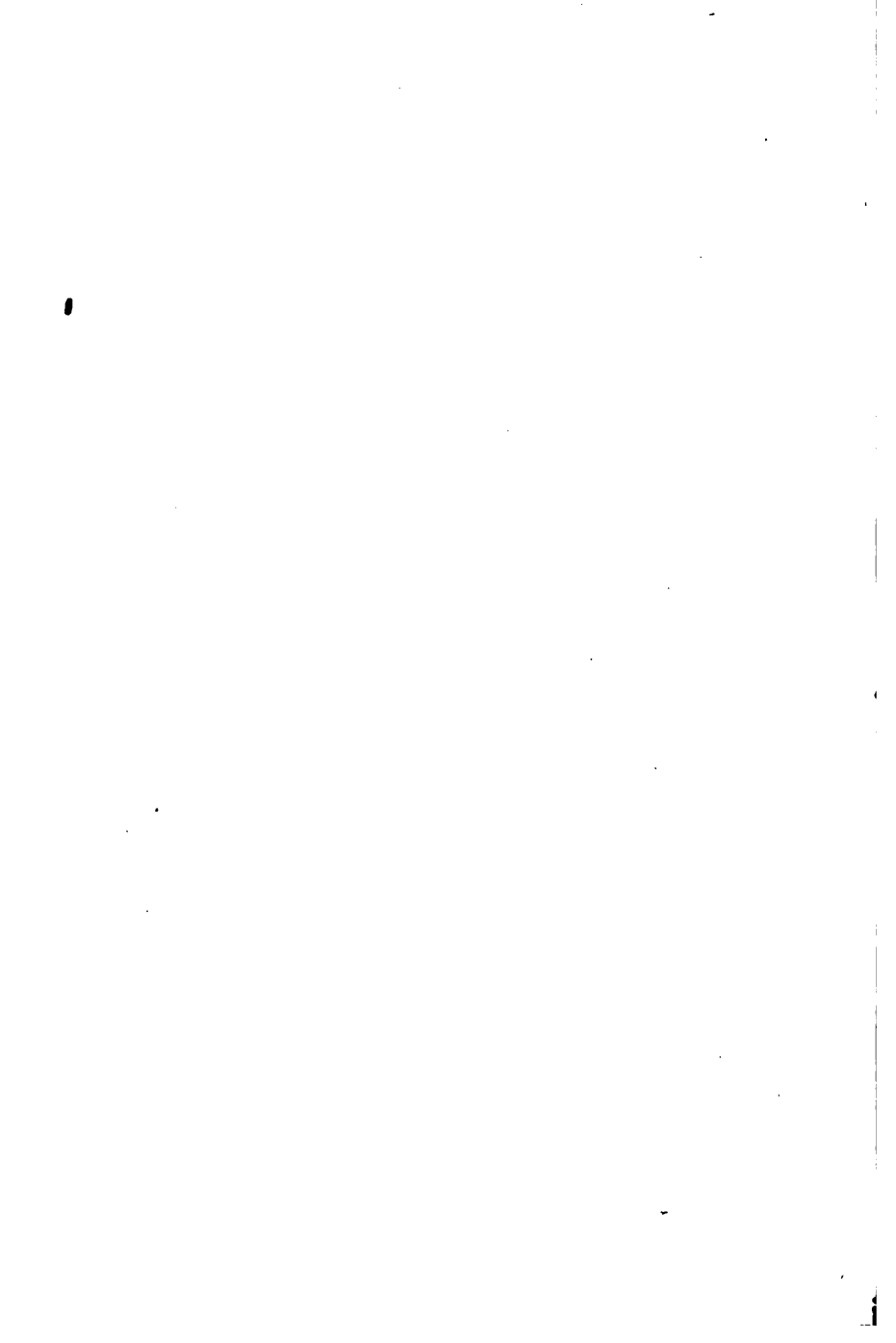
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Thomas R. Dewar.

A RAMBLE ROUND THE GLOBE

BY

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with 220 Illustrations by

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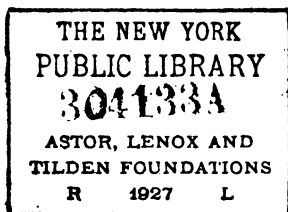
AND THE AUTHOR



LONDON
CHATTO AND WINDUS
PICCADILLY

1894

VM



ROY W. B.
ALLEN
VIA RAIL

INTRODUCTION

IN offering this book to the public, I should like it to be distinctly understood that I do not claim for it any particular literary merit, neither do I wish it to be thought I intend entering the ranks of the noble army of authors. It is simply the gratification of a fad. After I had finished my tour, so many of my friends wanted to know 'all about it,' that I determined to fill up my odd time by putting it down on paper; and this is the result. Some of the little tales recorded may be new, or they may have reached an age when they may justly be termed 'bald-headed'; whichever they are, I do not claim originality for them—I simply record them as they came to me.

THOMAS R. DEWAR.

LONDON: *October 1894.*

Jrrey 19 Mar. 1927





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A RAMBLE ROUND THE GLOBE

CHAPTER I

Why I went away—Leaving Liverpool—The *City of Paris*—The would-be Emigrant's Return—Moralising—An American Lady—A Modest Missionary—Wash-houses and Mosquitoes—'Stars and Stripes'—'Mister'—The Custom-house—Tender Scenes.



AS I do not lay claim to be anything very extraordinary as a literary man, no one will be surprised that I have not got the names of all the great authors at my tongue's end ; or that, when I want to use a quotation, I can very seldom do it properly, as the difficulty arises where to look for it in order to work it up. There is a quotation somewhere that would come in most aptly at the beginning of this book, if I could only find it, so as to put it down correctly. As far as my memory serves me, it is something about great events springing up from little causes; and I should like to use it, as it was a very little cause that brought about the publication of this book. It was a cold, and there is no doubt about that being a very little cause. We all know that a cold is the start of a good many things, but it seems funny that it should

be the start of a book; still, such was the case in this instance.

It happened this way. In March '92, when fighting for the

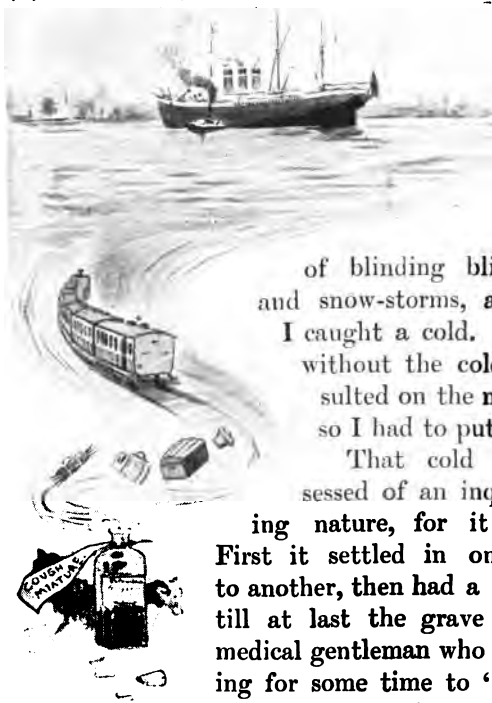
Moderate' cause in West Marylebone for a seat in the London County Council, against representatives of the Church and the Bar, and amidst

all the delights of blinding blizzards, east winds, and snow-storms, as well as my seat I caught a cold. I could have done without the cold, had I been consulted on the matter; but I wasn't, so I had to put up with it.

That cold was evidently possessed of an inquisitive and exploring nature, for it was very restless.

First it settled in one part, then went to another, then had a general tour round; till at last the grave and serious-looking medical gentleman who had been endeavouring for some time to 'fix' it looked graver and still more serious.

Warmer climes were ordered. Now, it is not a very difficult matter to find a warmer climate than the one 'made for Great Britain'; but when a choice has to be made, the worry of selection becomes objectionable, so, just to save this worry, I decided to sample the lot and go round the world. Hence it arises that a simple cold became the little cause from which sprang the great event



of my foreign travel and subsequent publication of this book.

The procuring of the necessary outfit for a journey through all parts of the globe is an awful bother; and then, when it has been got together, there is the packing. The plagues of Egypt may have been bad, but such an awful ordeal as superintending this packing, without doubt, eclipses the lot! It was done at last, though, and then a start was made.

Determining to travel with the sun, and begin with 'the West, to the West, the land of the free,' the actual starting-point was Euston Station; and this I left amidst farewells from friends. Liverpool was reached without incident, and August 17, '92, saw me located on board the *City of Paris*, ready to make a real start.

That starting is terrible business. The last tender arrives, passengers and friends come on board, the luggage and mails are transferred, out clangs the bell announcing that friends must

leave the ship, as the tender is ready to depart; and then comes the affecting time. Good-bye has to be said, the time for parting has arrived; and many who have been talking together with forced gaiety, or standing silent in sadness, now utterly break down. Still, it must be done; and, heedless of the indescribable sorrow experienced by many hundreds on board, the bell still clangs out, and the warning cry, 'All for the shore,' still goes on. At last the gangway is up,



A MEDICAL GENTLEMAN

the tender moves one way, the *City of Paris* the other, and, with a sea of handkerchiefs waving from both, the one goes back to the wharf, while the other goes forward to face all the perils and dangers of the Atlantic.



The passage to Queenstown is spent in 'shaking down'; and here I must put in a word of praise for the admirable arrangements for sorting out luggage and putting it into the different cabins.



GOOD-BYE

Of course, there are fussy old people (male and female) who imagine that, because things are done so quietly, something must be wrong; but the work still goes on in the same quiet and methodical way, much to their bewilderment. The *City of Paris* (called the *Paris* now, by the way)

is a grand ship. No care nor trouble was spared in her construction, the great idea being that, as far as human foresight could provide, she should be absolutely unsinkable, and the next, that she should be able to go at not less than 20 knots per hour throughout the voyage. She has a length of 560 feet, a beam of 63 feet, a depth of 43 feet, and has a 10,498

tonnage. Nearly 300 tons of coal are used every day while the vessel is at sea; and as she has fifty-four furnaces to nine boilers, if any one likes to reckon out they will find that that is just about one ton every five minutes. I must say the arrangements on board are almost perfect, if not quite so; and

if it were not for the eccentric behaviour of the ocean upon occasions, the luxury and comfort would be unequalled by even the best of hotels in England.



THE TIME FOR PARTING HAS ARRIVED

A very funny, and at the same time interesting, sight was seen at Queenstown. There were many more of the gentlemen about, whose regulation boots and big sticks so plainly betrayed their connection with the police, than there were at Liverpool; and they were far more observant of the passengers



THE TENDER MOVES ONE WAY, THE 'CITY OF PARIS' ANOTHER

coming on board—those wishing to make a new start in life, building-society delinquents, and such like—than were their Liverpoolian brethren. Troops of Irish folk came on board, of all sizes, ages, and conditions, and all carrying their worldly belongings with them. Bedding and cooking tins were plentiful, but beyond these their *lares et penates* were very few. One would-be emigrant was interviewed on the gangway by a gentleman wearing regulation boots, and, although

he did not at all wish it, was forced to return to attend an interview with the powers that be. When a man's modesty prompts him to forego the privilege of conversation with those of higher estate than himself, it seems hard that the ordeal should be forced upon him; but such is life, and poor Paddy had to go. There was awful weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth here as the time for departure drew nigh, and the noise was what I should imagine would be raised provided some six or eight Irish 'wakes' were all rolled into one.

It is after leaving Queenstown that one realises the fact of leaving the Old Country. It is known then that, after losing sight of 'Ould Oireland,' Sandy Hook is the next land to be seen, and that that is some five or six days' voyage ahead. The vessel steams on, the Emerald Isle gets dimmer and dimmer in the distance, till at last the little speck is lost to view—the Old Country has disappeared.

Here is a splendid chance for any one given to moralising, for they can think for hours on the possibility of some of the emigrants returning millionaires; of how many passengers will die on the way out; of how many will ever see England again; of how many lovers on board who, leaving their *fiancées* at home, swore 'to be good and true' till their return, will be married before twelve months or engaged before the next land is sighted; or of what the chances are that the ship and every one in her won't go down to the bottom before she has traversed a hundred miles. Oh! really there is beautiful ground for moralising; but I am not inclined that way, so don't quite know how to do it. I am glad I don't; it might not agree with me. It doesn't with everybody. As I was watching the land fast disappearing, a 'soulful-eyed' young curate stood by my side, and he moralised wonderfully for some ten minutes or more on these subjects; then in the midst of a sentence he disappeared suddenly, and was not seen

again for two whole days. Poor young man! he'll know better next time.

The ship was crowded—every berth was occupied; yet for the first two days there was plenty of room at table. People soon began to appear, though, and get chummy. There is one thing I must say for the American ladies: they do not mind asking for anything if they



want it, whether an 'introduction' has taken place or not. For instance, the morning after leaving Queenstown, as I was strolling down the deck, I was brought up by a most musical voice

SOME EMIGRANTS RETURN MILLIONAIRES

—even if it did possess a slight 'Ammurican twang'—saying, 'Say, mister, do you mind tucking in my feet?' Mind it! Mind helping a maiden in distress! What next? The poor forlorn damsel was reclining most gracefully in her steamer chair, but was unable to satisfactorily manipulate the rug which covered



HE MORALISED WONDERFULLY

her, around her feet. I am not much of a ladies' man, but I could not resist such a touching appeal, and the 'tucking in' was accomplished in no time. That young lady and I were friends for the rest of the voyage.

There were only about three per cent. English amongst the passengers, the rest being made up of Americans and others returning home after travelling in their usual go-ahead manner—'round the world in six weeks'—more or less.

Why is it, I wonder, that so many Americans, after doing Europe thoroughly, or as thoroughly as their incessant gallop will permit, will go back with the idea, 'Yes, all

very good, very

good; but you come over to our country, and I'll show you something that will lick that clean'? Still, they know all the time that they can't do anything of the kind.

Our passage was awfully rough, and the third day out we had to slow down from twenty-two to eight knots per hour, the sea



THE 'TUCKING-IN' WAS ACCOMPLISHED

running some forty feet high. At least, that was what I was told—I didn't measure it. We had a service on board on Sunday, when an American missionary of the Moody and Sankey type delivered a very long oration about civilising the whole world, speaking very modestly of his own countrymen, and contenting himself with saying that Americans were improved Englishmen once removed. Modesty is always beautiful, but in a clerical gentleman especially so. The steward told me before landing that the sale of Irish whisky had been double that of any voyage during the past twelve months, and said he accounted for it from the fact of there being six Irish priests on board! I don't think stewards are very great respecters of religion.

On the Wednesday following the one on which we left Liverpool there was great excitement on board, for we were close in to New York; and to those who, like myself, were going to get their first sight of that wonderful place, the



LAND IN SIGHT

time was particularly interesting. The young lady whom I had befriended early in the voyage repaid my gallantry by pointing



POINTING OUT THE PLACES OF INTEREST

out all the places of interest. There were some most peculiar-looking buildings dotted here and there which I took to be public

wash-houses, but on mentioning this was most indignantly told that those were the Forts! My fair young guide pointed out New Jersey. I timidly inquired what it might be famous for, and got the reply, 'Mosquitoes.' I found out afterwards that the young lady was right. Certainly the approach to New York is a very fine view; the great statue of Liberty, standing well out as it does, seems to give a welcome to all who are approaching that great and marvellous country — America. As we gradually drew near land, the enthusiasm of the American portion of the passengers grew more intense, and almost wild excitement glared from every eye. Suddenly, without seemingly any warning, there burst out from the shore and on board a waving of miniature 'Stars and Stripes.'

Almost everybody seemed provided with these little flags, and they waved them wildly and excitedly, with a vigour almost bordering on frenzy. Naturally, they had all advised their friends beforehand—hence the enthusiasm; but as the stolid Britisher does not care to advertise himself so much, this display is never seen on our shores.

By the way, soon after leaving England, we had all burst out into song, and given vent to our feelings by singing 'God save



FLAG-WAVING ON NEARING NEW YORK

the Queen'; and now, much to my surprise, it was sung again with redoubled vigour. I liked this feeling very much, and remarked on it to my fair guide; but to my astonishment she stared at me. 'What, can't you tell the difference between your own National Anthem and "Land of Freedom"? Tune's the same, but the words are altogether different. Guess you want to say we don't speak plain!' I was in a state; but, 'pon my word, the nasal twang stopped me from hearing the difference.

Well, friends came on board, and sought out those they wished to meet in the enormous crowd; and the greetings, and kissings, and handshakings made one feel how nice it must be to get home again after being away. Then there was a scramble for the shore, and the many hundreds who had been safely borne across the Atlantic through storms and gales in the old *City of Paris* soon found themselves on land once more, and on the shores of what is called the 'land of the free'!

They were not free, however, all at once, or indeed for some little time. The ordeal of the Custom-house had to be gone through, and this was very trying indeed. It was terrible trouble getting through, and in my impatience while waiting I said to some one, 'Why on earth can't they have Free Trade here, and save all this bother?' 'Say, mister,' said the gentleman, 'you'd think different to that, I guess, if you made \$40,000 a year through Protection like I do!'

What struck me as very strange in all this crowd was the general use of 'mister'; there was no 'sir.' It was peculiar at first, especially from the men who kept coming up saying, 'Telegraph to Europe, mister? telegraph to Europe?' It was different, though, when I wanted my baggage checked to the hotel, for on making inquiries about it I was told, 'This gentleman will do it for you, mister'! I saw it all then; a porter or messenger is a 'gentleman,' but a common or garden passenger only a plain 'mister'!

But I really do think that that Custom-house business could be done much quicker. However, it does not do to say anything, as Custom-house officers have an awkward knack of

making things disagreeable, as I saw in one case.

An American girl next to me, who was having her baggage examined, cheeked the officer more than he cared for; so, opening a huge trunk, he carefully slid his hands down the sides to the bottom, and in bringing them up turned the whole



THE POOR GIRL HAD TO REPACK THE WHOLE LOT

of the contents topsy-turvy. My! I never saw such a lot of ladies' under-garments before, not even in a shop window. The frilled arrangements and peculiar articles that seemed all fluff and lace, frocks and frills, embroidered hose and silk—ahem! were all exposed to view, and the poor girl had to repack the

whole lot. I felt very sorry for her, and would have helped, but thought I had better not, as, not being used to such garments, I might fold them up wrongly.

The American ladies certainly do look after themselves well on landing, and won't stand any nonsense; they know what has to be done, and they see they are not imposed upon.

At last the inquisitorial business is over, and the release from incarceration is hailed with delight; there is a regular thanksgiving all round, and a general farewell amongst those who have formed friendships on the voyage. Addresses are given, and invitations to call; and here and there a tender little scene is witnessed between a couple who, strangers at the start, have developed a friendship, and then said, with Moore,

‘ Oh, call it by some better name,
For Friendship sounds too cold.’

Ah! an ocean voyage has a lot to answer for! My baggage is passed, and I am free, and, released from the Custom-house and outside its walls, I really feel I am in New York.





CHAPTER II

New York—An Inquisitive Crowd—Cabs and Road-cars—Discovery of the North Pole—Baggage—The 'Blue Line'—Washington—Philosophy from a Nigger—'Scotch' in the White House—Baltimore and Steam-whistles—Philadelphia—Hell Gate—Newport—A Bathroom Episode—An Altercation—Boston—Culture and Pants.

Yes, I am really in New York, and, released from the Custom-house, go direct to the Hoffman House: a grand hotel, run on the English and American system, and everything is remarkably good.

Now, I am hardly vain enough to think that this book will be read very much beyond my own circle of friends; but should any copies get further afield, I hope no readers will take offence at anything I have to say. I would ask them to remember that I am simply recording my impressions of what I saw; and if I saw things that didn't please me, I shall say so, just as I shall do about things that did please me.

Well, my first impressions about New York were that it was

a wonderful place ; but I had not been there long before I came to the conclusion that the streets were about the worst I had ever seen, and I am still of this opinion. I suppose the reason is that it is such an awfully busy place, and everybody is so much on the rush striving to make money, they have not time to look after such matters as cleaning the streets or keeping them in good order. It is a busy place, a very busy place indeed ; and really everybody seems wild on the one idea—make money. I asked an American, soon after I got there, what was the use of all this rush and bustle and excitement ? What came of it ? Was there anything attached to it ? What did men do after they had made their ‘pile’ ? He simply replied, ‘I guess they die.’

Everybody knows the style in which New York is built—long streets running north and south called avenues, and then other streets running crossways from east to west. In the older part of the city streets are found of the irregular style we Europeans are used to ; but the area covered by these is not large. The square style seems strange to a European at first, and hardly takes his fancy ; but afterwards, when the utility of it is seen, he alters his mind. It is certainly easier to find one’s way about when told one’s destination is, say, Fifth Avenue, Twenty-fourth Street, than it would be to a stranger here if told, say, Duke Street, St. James’s.

Broadway is the principal street—in fact, *the* street—of New York. Every one promenades here, and the promenaders are just as inquisitive as are people in the City of London. The part of New York equal to our City is called ‘down town,’ and ‘up town’ is applied to the part more like our West End. Any little thing will at once collect a crowd in the City of London ; so it does in New York. One day I saw a crowd in the Broadway, consisting of all sorts of people—two millionaires were pointed out to me, and there were fashionably dressed ladies, ‘dudes,’ office-boys, workmen, and clerks galore. I went to see what was the matter : some workmen had just

opened a drain, and the whole crowd were peering into it most ardently. Whether they expected to see anything or not I don't know ; all I know is, the odour was thick enough to be seen, and I passed on as rapidly as I could.

New York abounds with Irish people, and the Irish vote is a very strong one at elections. It strikes any one on their first arrival here that the Irishman's sole idea is to become either a policeman or a politician, and certainly they succeed in both quarters, for it would appear they are the only foreigners in Congress or the 'force.'

New Yorkers are very hospitable people, and I was treated right royally wherever I went, and was made an honorary member of most of the best clubs. These clubs are very elaborate affairs, and far more gorgeous than those we are accustomed to on our side.

The commercial buildings of New York are enormous, running from twelve to sixteen stories high; but, luckily, it is not necessary to tramp upstairs if you want the top floor, for the 'elevators' shoot you up to the top almost before you have had time to take your seat. A very good idea is that all these very tall buildings have a fixed fire-escape down the sides, consisting of an iron ladder.

My first cab drive was what they call an 'eye-opener' to



A POLICEMAN

me; for although I only went a short distance, the fare was a dollar. After that I gave up cabs, and threw in my lot with the millionaires and niggers by always using the 'street-car.' Every one uses the car, and I am not surprised at it, for the

horrible streets make you think of 'the rocky road to Dublin'; and then the fare is very moderate, for five cents will take one anywhere. Cabs are very dear, and very bad. The elevated

railroad is by no means a bad way of getting about, and it is used very extensively. The chief business places seem to be railway booking-offices, safe-deposit companies, insurance offices—Ameri-

cans are awfully keen on insurance—and real estate and house agencies. Yes, yes; but I must not forget the barber-shops, with their coloured sugar-stick poles sticking out, for they are very numerous, and all do a good trade. An

American is not content unless he enters a barber-shop twice a day,

and gets his boots brushed three times.

I don't mind telling you here, as it is not very generally known, that some little time ago the North Pole was actually discovered by a small expedition, consisting of an Englishman, a Scotchman, and an American, but that they have maintained a 'conspiracy of silence' on the matter, as they were disgusted



A POLITICIAN

W.C.

with the result. On getting near the Pole these worthies distinctly saw something sticking out of the ground with colours upon it, and something by the side. Getting closer, they made out that what *must* be the Pole was painted in red and white, sugar-stick fashion, and that the other thing looked very suspiciously like a small tent. They got close up, and were surprised to see the form of a man come from the tent, and to be accosted in an undoubted American manner with: 'Want a shave this morning, gents?' An enterprising Yankee had been before them, and, painting the Pole in the orthodox manner, had erected a tent at the side of it and started a barber-shop, knowing very well that before long some intrepid explorer would be following in his footsteps. The nature of the American is decidedly of the enterprising kind.

I soon got used to the dollars and cents business, and also found out that no coin was any good under five cents, excepting for newspapers, and then for two cents you could get almost enough reading matter to last for two or three days. With the exception of newspapers, everything is very dear in New



DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH POLE

York—in fact, about three times the price of what it would be in London. Taking the place all round, I was very pleased with it, and came to the conclusion that there were one or two things that could advantageously be copied on this side; but I think what pleased me most was the ‘check-baggage system’ of the railway companies. We are far behind in this matter—in fact, I think, altogether in railway travelling—as compared with our American cousins. Baggage is no bother on the other side; all you carry is a brass check for each package you have handed in, and, arriving at your destination, you find everything sorted out ready to be claimed. You can then ‘express’ it to your hotel on the same system. This is simply luxury after being used to the worry and bother of pushing and struggling occasioned in ‘claiming your luggage’ at any of our railway stations.

Knowing who I am, and what I am, some readers may expect me to go into certain business questions connected with the various places I visited; but as these wouldn’t be of interest to every one, I intend to refrain from doing so, and instead, would refer any one to the letters I contributed to the *Morning Advertiser* and other papers, and also the interview which appeared in the first-named paper after my return.

Leaving New York, I went by the ‘Blue Line’ to Washington, and had my first experience of dining on the American cars. It was not at all a bad experience either. To be sure, the crust of the claret got stirred up a bit; but what did that matter? We were travelling about fifty miles an hour, and one can’t expect an ‘Amphitryon’ on board a train. There was no need to grumble at anything, and my decision was—good.

The difference between New York and Washington is almost as great as between Whitechapel on a Saturday night and Kensington on a Sunday afternoon. It is no business place, and the ceaseless rush after money, money, money of New

York is entirely absent. An aristocratic quiet pervades the place, and to talk of dollars and cents, dry goods and business, seems to be sacrilege of the lowest order. Just before I arrived, the electric cable-cars had been started, and everybody was very pleased with them. They run along smoothly and quietly at from twelve to fifteen miles an hour. The streets in Washington are all well asphalted and wood-paved; they can hardly be called streets, though, for they are wide avenues, with plenty of trees, and are more like Parisian boulevards. Beautiful is really the only word by which the capital of the States can be fitly described. A kind of shudder goes through one when the place where President Garfield was shot is pointed out, for the idea of such a good man being shot in such a beautiful place is very repugnant. My nigger cabdriver (a different type of man to our cabby) was a bit of a philosopher; for when I asked what possible reason the murderer could have had for committing such a crime, he said: 'Ah, boss, dar is in most countries people what am dissatisfied wid eberyting.'

The Capitol is a magnificent erection. This building covers about $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres, and is a kind of central building with two wings. It is surmounted by a great white dome made of iron. The wings are white marble, and the main building is built of freestone. But most people are now familiar with the photographs of the place, which are about everywhere, so I need not describe it. Marble is predominant in the interior. It is the headquarters of the country, and the Hall of Representatives in the south wing is an enormous room containing space for 300 members and 1500 spectators. The mention and remembrance of No. 1 vault in the treasury is tantalising to a degree. It is $89 \times 51 \times 12$ feet, and contains 93,250,000 silver dollars, or between 19 and 20 millions sterling! The White House, the home of the President, is here; and, much to the astonishment of the patriotic official who showed me over the place, I was able to tell him something about what it

contained. He was expatiating proudly on the fact that everything, or nearly everything, was American-made, when I mentioned that he must not forget there was something from Scotland in the cellar. At first he looked hurt; but when I gave him my card, and he saw who I was, his countenance relaxed, and the meaning smile which beamed over it proved that he was as well aware as I of what had



MY NIGGER CABDRIVER

travelled from Perth to Washington some few months previously.

Well, much as I would like to have prolonged my stay in this delightful place, I was obliged to 'move on,' so steered

for Baltimore. This is not a place I would recommend to any one suffering from weak nerves, for there seems to be an almost ceaseless screeching of steam-whistles from morning till night, and the noise and bustle are equal to anything in the States. Chimney-stacks—and of no mean dimensions—are very plentiful; in fact, if asked for what Baltimore was famous, I should unhesitatingly say, ‘Chimneys and steam-whistles.’ It is a very good city, no doubt, but decidedly not the place to



OUR CABBY

rusticate in; so I wasn't long before I was 'off to Philadelphia.'

Here again was all rush and bustle. Business everything and everywhere. It is a remarkably busy city, and its manufacturing are very extensive. I boarded a train once more, and returned to New York. On the journey I was again very

pleased with the food provided; and, considering the kitchen is only about five feet square, it is wonderful how such a good six-course dinner can be prepared.

After another look round New York, I took a boat and sailed for Newport, the fashionable watering-place. This is a very nice journey, and there is a lot to be seen by the way. The boat goes under Brooklyn Bridge, so one gets a very good view of this from all points; and it is not surprising that Americans are so proud of this picture of refined engineering skill, for it is really, as they say, a 'most elegant' structure. Then one gets almost a better view of the great Statue of Liberty than when arriving on a liner; and the statue is certainly worthy of all the praise bestowed upon it, although in describing it the well-known modesty of the American comes to the fore. Again, on the Brooklyn side is one of the Standard Oil Co.'s large factories. This oil business is one of the greatest monopolies of the States, and the Company can turn out any amount of it. An idea of the business really done, and the quantity obtained, may be gathered from the fact that whereas, not many years ago, the oil was sold at 3s. and 4s. per gallon, it can now be obtained at less than so many pence. It is a most lucrative business in more ways than one, for there is hardly any expense connected with it, and it would appear that nearly the whole of the trouble consisted of 'turning on the tap.'

But the most important and interesting item on this short voyage is the historic Hell Gate. The name sounds peculiar; but at the time it was christened it was most appropriate, for it consisted of a group of reefs and rocks of a most dangerous character right in mid-channel in East River, New York Harbour, as well as several close in the coast. These obstructions naturally made the current terribly rapid; consequently it was a most difficult and dangerous part to navigate, and vessels innumerable came to grief—in fact, it is estimated that some fifty vessels or so went ashore during the two months'

survey of the place previous to its destruction. About 1851, attempts were made to remove the reefs, but without much success. However, with that pertinacity so innate in our American friends, proceedings were continued, and it was decided to do the thing on a big scale, as they usually do. The minor rocks had been got rid of, but the largest, Flood Rock, about nine acres in extent, remained to be disposed of. Operations were commenced, and the rock was honey-combed below low-water mark with tunnels. Twenty-four galleries were made running in one direction, and these were intersected by forty-six others running at right angles; then the walls were pierced with drill-holes in every direction, close upon 13,000 holes being made, 9 feet deep and about 3 inches in diameter—in all, there being over 20 miles of these holes. Then came the filling-up process; each hole was charged, first with a cartridge of rackarock, an explosive consisting of 79 parts of chlorate of potash and 21 parts of dinitrobenzole, and secondly with a cartridge of dynamite, and the whole were connected by wires, so that they could be discharged simultaneously by electricity. The amount of explosives used was enormous, being 240,399 lbs. of rackarock and 42,331 lbs. of dynamite.

At last, after several years of working, everything was ready; and on 10th October 1885, by placing her finger on a small button, a little child started the current and blew the whole rock to pieces. A dull thud was heard, the earth shook a little, a huge volume of water, some 1400 feet long and 800 feet wide, rose about 200 feet in the air, and all was over—the only damage done on land consisting of a few panes of glass broken, and the falling of a little plaster, and a few loose bricks in Astoria! And so Hell Gate disappeared. It is estimated that the resistance offered to the explosives equalled 500,000 tons of rock and 200,000 tons of water.

Newport is to New York what Brighton is to London, and the 'Sassiety'—with a capital S there—is said to be extremely select. The 'Four Hundred' is particularly so, and

is looked upon—by the members—as the *crème de la crème* of an exalted aristocracy. Yet, after all, what is it? The only qualification is the almighty dollar; and so long as this is possessed to an inordinate extent, and the ladies are



ONE OF THE 'FOUR HUNDRED

enabled to smother themselves in diamonds, the end is attained; the greater the amount of dollars and diamonds, the greater is the respect shown to the possessor. But are the natives of Newport alone in this particular? I think not. Still, the affair is carried to such an extreme there, it is impossible not to view it from its ludicrous side. For instance, the mansions, or almost castles, of which the place chiefly consists, are called cottages; and the cottage which Mr. Vanderbilt has erected, from what we read in the Bible, completely puts in the shade that elaborate building called 'Solomon's Temple.' This cottage, it is said, has cost several millions of dollars, and it certainly looks like it. It is built of pure white marble, and I was informed every stone was obtained from Europe.

Bathing is a very favourite amusement here. I stayed at the Ocean House, a large residential hotel, and capitally conducted. However, I had not been in the place half an hour before I came to the conclusion that there were too many doors about. Upon my arrival I was conducted to my room, and thereupon arranged my toilet for dinner. When this ordeal had been completed, and I was about to leave, I noticed there were

two doors in my room. I opened the one I thought I came in at; but, as the poet says,

‘Confusion thrilled me then, and secret joy
Fast throbbing stole its treasures from my heart,
And mantling upward turned my face to crimson.’

This door led into a bathroom, and the room was occupied



BATHING-TIME AT NEWPORT

by a lady wearing the same costume as Eve before the fall! With an incoherent apology, I beat a hasty retreat, the lady saying, ‘Guess I ought to have seen that door was locked.’ It appeared my room was one of a suite, and that the bathroom was entered from two rooms. It was extremely awkward, but I couldn’t help it. If people will put a lot of doors in a room, and won’t lock those that are not wanted, what can anybody expect?

Another lively little episode happened here during my stay, but I was not involved this time. A dandified young gentle-



A TIMID BATHER

man, rather of the 'dude' order, as they are called, had been 'playing up' to a most charming young lady; and, she responding to his attentions, everything was going on swimmingly

when another gentleman arrived and saw what was going on. Gentleman No. 2 recognised Gentleman No. 1, and thereupon sought out the lady's father, and told him he thought it

was his duty to inform him that the gentleman who was paying such attention to his daughter was not only a noted forger of Government bonds, but that he had 'done time' for various periods on three different occasions! Then the noise began. The father interviewed Gentleman No. 1, and afterwards Gentleman



Sydney Cowell

'GUESS I OUGHT TO HAVE SEEN THAT DOOR WAS LOCKED'

No. 1 interviewed Gentleman No. 2, at the conclusion of which No. 2 was in an extremely 'battered' condition, and contemplating very seriously whether, after all, life was worth

living. Mr. Ex-convict suddenly terminated his stay at the hotel; and the next day a leading New York paper contained a detailed account of the whole affair, and also gave a



A MOST CHARMING YOUNG LADY

complete history of the gentleman's previous career. Fearing that perhaps something else might happen, and of a more serious character, I soon got 'under weigh' again, and went to Boston.

Now, it may not be generally known in this country, but it is well known in Boston, that there is one place in the world, and that is Boston. Everything here is extremely proper—in fact, almost ultra-English. There are heaps of people in this headquarters of ‘cult’ who would much rather be found dead on Boston Common than live for ever in a double-barrelled mansion in Michigan! In fact, I have heard that when the first real Bostonian died, and went aloft, St. Peter hesitated to let him through the gate; and upon the defunct one expostulating, and saying he came from Boston, St. Peter remarked that that was just the difficulty. ‘However,’ said he, ‘come in; but *please don’t be disappointed!*’ I fancy there must be a bit of satire intended somewhere in that.

It is certainly an important place, and the remarkable interest taken by natives in literature, science, and art is well known. This interest, too, is real in a way, for the place contains an enormous number of literary and kindred societies.

It is one of the old places, and was founded in 1630, so that naturally there are some old parts in the city, and these contrast strangely with the more modern districts. The city has been added to from time to time, and its area and population are steadily increasing; consequently



HE STARTED A PANT
BUSINESS

the inhabitants get more and more important—in their own estimation—and think they are more than ever entitled



to dub their city 'the Hub of the Universe.' Well, their doing so pleases them, and doesn't hurt anybody else; so what does it matter? Names don't hurt a bit.

A stranger might almost imagine that Boston was owned by some clothing syndicate, for the prominent advertisement all over the place is, 'Do you wear pants?' I

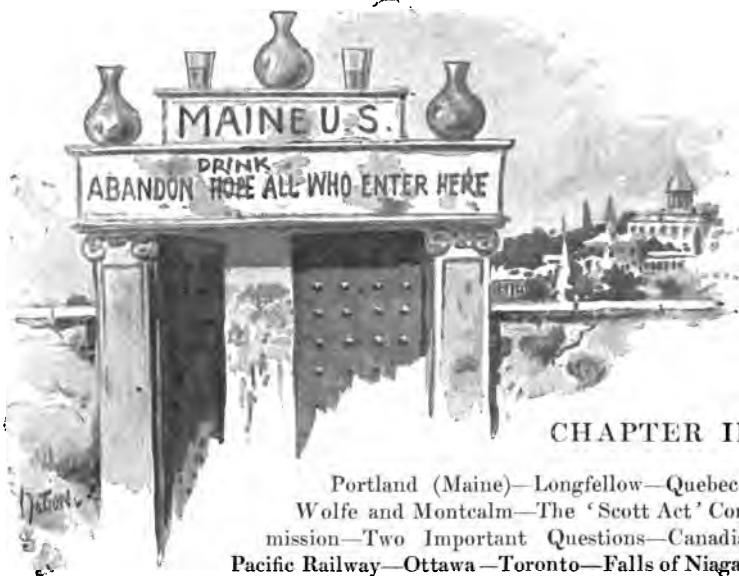
suppose 'pants' is a more cultured word for 'trousers.' There really appear to be such a lot of people selling 'pants,' it seems strange there



THEATRE SCENE

should be any one left to buy them. Some people think that Boston must have been founded by some patriotic Highlanders, and that, when the highly cultured era set in, the more advanced of the inhabitants began to look askance at the national costume of 'bonnie Scotland'; therefore some enterprising Yankee immediately seized the opportunity to start a 'pant' business, and, prospering so much, rapidly brought around him a whole crowd of competitors. This is not my idea, though. Still, however the thing originated, there is no getting away from the fact that Boston is famous for culture and 'pants.' I went to the theatre here to see that regular American play, 'The Old Homestead,' and was very pleased with it. By the way, one night at a theatre here—the occasion of a new play, I think it was—the front row of the dress circle was occupied by some young gentlemen, supposed to be students, in evening dress; and when the *prima donna* appeared they all threw back their overcoats and showed expansive shirt-fronts, bearing the words boldly displayed: 'Do you wear pants? If not, go to So-and-so's Pant Co.!'





CHAPTER III

Portland (Maine)—Longfellow—Quebec—
Wolfe and Montcalm—The 'Scott Act' Com-
mission—Two Important Questions—Canadian
Pacific Railway—Ottawa—Toronto—Falls of Niagara
— Peculiar Thoughts—An Enterprising Syndicate.

FEELING that Boston was just a 'wee bittie' too cultured, and getting tired of seeing 'pants' staring me in the face all day and haunting my dreams at night, I made another move, and started off for the prohibition State of Maine, and its capital, Portland, in particular. Any one who wants to know my views on prohibition can have it in one word, and that word is 'bosh.' Portland in itself is a most uninteresting place, and hardly has a single redeeming feature in it.

One thing I saw, however, that pleased me very much, and that was, in one of the squares, a statue of Longfellow—the only statue I saw in the place. Now, in Longfellow our American cousins have got a man of whom they may be really proud, for

he was a great and grand poet, and one whose memory will be for ever green.

From here I toured up into Canada, and made my first stop at Quebec. This was a splendid journey, and the scenery through the White Mountains in the bright moonlight was simply grand. At every turn, look wherever one would, the picturesque grandeur of the thickly wooded mountains and valleys was enough to almost turn the brain of any landscape painter. It was a magnificent, a noble sight, and I was really sorry when sleep compelled me to 'turn in.' By this time I was getting used to travelling à l'*Américain*, and felt perfectly at home on board the Grand Trunk Railway, by which I travelled.

I don't care who the man may be : coming from our country, his first sight of Quebec must bring up thoughts of long ago, and recall to him the many stirring pages of history he has read referring to this ancient and famous city. It can hardly be called remarkably ancient, for it has not been founded quite three hundred years. It was founded in 1608, and was taken possession of by the English in 1629. It was restored again, however, in 1632. Then the English attacked it again in 1690; but without success ; but in 1759, under General Wolfe, the English again returned to the attack.

Who, that has ever read it, has forgotten that page of English history when, after several weeks of desultory manœuvring and occasional fighting, with an army of some 3600 men, on the morning of September 13, 1759, General Wolfe made a bold and successful attack upon the French, and again added Quebec to the British Empire? The name of Wolfe stands bright in the annals of British glory, and his expiring words at the moment of victory, 'Then God be praised ! I shall die happy !' will ever be fresh in the minds of those whose pride it is to claim him as a countryman. But, while talking like this about Wolfe, I don't think that other brave man should be overlooked—the commander of the



THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

French, the Marquis de Montcalm ; for his name will for ever be associated with that of Wolfe and of Quebec. He made a gallant struggle during the weeks Wolfe was oppressing him, and in the fight itself was struck down while courageously endeavouring to rally his men. Carried back to the city, and told his end was fast approaching, he, like Wolfe, expired with a true soldier's spirit, and with the words, 'So much the better ; I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec.' A noble tribute to the memory of both these brave men now stands in the midst of the Government Gardens of Quebec in the shape of an obelisk sixty feet in height ; and inscribed upon the front, facing the direction along which the French general moved, is the word 'MONTCALM,' while upon the other side, facing the way from which the British advanced, is the word 'WOLFE.' In 1775 the Americans had a hard struggle to capture the place, but were unsuccessful, losing their leader, Montgomery, and having their second in command, Arnold, severely and seriously wounded.

I am not going to describe British battles all the way through this book, or 'trim its pages round with gore' ; but that little digression was, I think, excusable, for it wants a very heavy brick indeed upon the top of patriotism to keep it down on special occasions. While I am on the warlike strain, I could, if I wished, launch boldly forth upon the strategic position of Quebec ; but I won't, because I'm not a soldier, or even a volunteer. It is a grand-looking place, though ; and, standing as it does upon a huge cliff, towering high above the water's level, just at the place where the St. Lawrence commences to narrow, it looks every inch what it is—an important sentinel of the eastern entrance to the great and loyal Dominion of Canada.

From the style of architecture, the fortifications, prevalence of the French language, and indeed the general surroundings, any one might very easily imagine himself in a French town instead of in America, or rather Canada.

When I arrived in the city, a Commission was sitting to consider the advisability of applying 'prohibition' to the whole of Canada; but the witnesses examined were very much opposed to it in every way. Some of the wild teetotal papers took me rather severely to task because I had the temerity to send in to the Commissioners some statistics showing the average life of various classes of drinkers; amongst them being the total abstainers, who had the shortest average, and the habitual drunkard, whose average was two years *longer*! Prohibitionists have a very peculiar idea of a 'brandy-and-sodaist,' but the remarks of these teetotal literary gentlemen did me no harm; I wasn't mobbed, neither was there any attempt to lynch me. Prohibition has been tried in several parts of Canada, but has not found much favour. By the way, before I forget it, I may mention a rather amusing experience here. I was going through a 'prohibition' State, and tried to get some whisky from the conductor of the train, but without success. 'Can't do it, boss; we're in a prohibition State, and I can't do it.' However, he eventually advised me to try at a store at the next stopping-place, and this I did. 'Do you sell whisky?' 'Are you sick, mister, or got a medical certificate?' 'No.' 'Then I can't do it. See, this is a prohibition State, so I can't sell it; but I reckon our cholera mixture'll about fix you. Try a bottle of that.' I did, but to my great astonishment received a very familiar bottle, which, although it was labelled on one side 'Cholera Mixture: a wine-glassful to be taken every two hours, or oftener as required,' had upon the other side the well-known label of a firm of Scotch whisky distillers, whose name modesty requires me to suppress!

Just about this time the whole of the States was agitated by two great questions, and I found that the agitation had spread over the border. One of the questions, however—as a rule, such an important one—was totally eclipsed by the other one, and one of a very different nature—an approaching prize-fight

between Corbett and Sullivan. The fight was everything, and the papers were full of it; even the niggers, when not singing



A BRANDY-AND-SODAIST

that awful song, *Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay*, were making anxious inquiries as to the likely winner.

Upon leaving Quebec for Montreal, I had my first experience

of that marvellous achievement of railway engineering and skill, which is rightly numbered amongst the wonders of the world—the Canadian Pacific Railway. There are railways and there are railways; but, go where you will, there is not at present any railway which for system, management, comfort in travelling, and downright general excellence comes within miles of the



THE CHOLERA MIXTURE

Canadian Pacific. It reaches right away across the vast Dominion of Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and passes through country which simply beggars description. The arrangements for dining, sleeping, etc., are just perfect; in fact, the whole thing is in reality a moving hotel of unrivalled excellence. Many very interesting parts are passed between Quebec and Montreal, and the names of several of the places

recall the old days of the French settlements around here. Montreal is not only very picturesque, but is also imposing in appearance, especially when looked at from the river front, for then the full effect is got of the gently rising terraces of which the city is built, and the grand background to the whole of the wooded heights of Mount Royal—a mountain standing over 700 feet above

the level of the river. The

city is well built, and the

streets are good. The

population is a mix-

ture of English

and French ;

and, although

the latter are

in the major-

ity, the trade

is controlled

by the for-

mer, as they

are wealthier

and far more

energetic and

industrious. In

fact, the French

have kept the place

back very considerably. Still, Montreal is the commercial and

financial centre of the Dominion. There is plenty of money

in the place, and there is more continually being made. The

cold about here is very intense in the winter, and the frost at

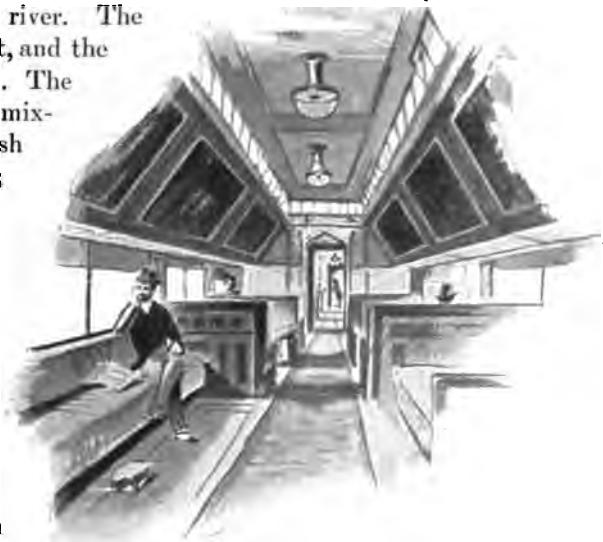
times is so great that goods trains have been run across the St.

Lawrence on the ice instead of across the ordinary bridge. They

say the winter is very enjoyable, though, as there are plenty of

means of keeping the circulation going—sleighing, tobogganing,

skating, and suchlike. Loyalty to the Queen and the Union



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Jack is very much marked here; but really throughout the whole of Canada a strong loyal feeling towards the Empire is most observable on every side. Possibly I may have noticed this the more after hearing the Old Country slanged so much in the States, for the lower-class American considers it the right thing to 'go for' everything British. I may say that this is not the case with the more reasoning and common-sense American, though; and I was pleased to find it so.



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA

After having 'done' Montreal, I boarded the Canadian Pacific again, and went off to Ottawa, on the way enjoying the grandeur of the scenery and the comfort of the car. Ottawa is the capital of the Dominion, and is a very well built place. The foundation-stone of the Houses of Parliament was laid by the Prince of Wales in 1860. They are a fine pile of buildings.

A tremendous trade is done here in timber, or 'lumber,' as it is called, and huge saw-mills and timber-slides are all over the place. Still, these do not detract from the general appear-

ance of the place—in fact, to the contrary, for the city gives one a splendid impression of industry and government. Its imposing public buildings and Parliament House give it an air of public and national importance, and the numerous and enormous mills and places of business stamp it as a great commercial centre.

Well, when one gets on the great American continent, whether it be the States, or whether it be in Canada, a spirit of restlessness and anxiety to keep moving arises, and there is no help for it. The very atmosphere seems to be laden with a ‘go-ahead’ idea, and go ahead one must. I ‘cavorted’ round the place, here, there, and everywhere, and eventually found myself on board the Canadian Pacific again, bound for Toronto. This is a very fine place, and, as in the other Canadian cities, the streets are good. So far, nothing has come up—no, down—to the level of New York in the matter of streets. Yes, Toronto is a very fine place, and I should like to have stayed there longer, especially as I met some friends of my late relative, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, a late Premier of Canada—I believe a much-respected man, and who, as the story goes, started there as a bricklayer; but the spirit of travel was upon me, and, as I could almost hear the mighty roar of Niagara, there was no staying still, so off I went to view that greatest of Nature’s wonders—the Falls of Niagara.

And when I arrived there—what a sight!

I will not attempt to become eulogistic upon the subject, for it is one that has puzzled the heads of far wiser folks than I can ever hope to be. To do ample justice in words to the awe-inspiring grandeur of such a scene is simply impossible. The river Niagara is only about thirty-six miles long, and flows from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario; but in its course it makes a descent of 326 feet! Some twenty-two miles or so of the river are above the Falls, and at the commencement of its course no one would imagine that the quiet and peaceful-looking stretch of water would ever develop into the indescribable torrent it

does further down. However, it gradually gains impetus, its velocity becomes greater and greater, it breaks into furious rapids, when, Goat Island dividing it, one part of the river rushes madly on to the American fall, while the other part is impelled with terrific force round the other side of the island, and, arrived at the brink of the awful precipice, the huge volume of water hurls itself over into the



'WHAT A SIGHT!'

depths below with a thundering roar that stays in one's ears for days, and which has been heard at a distance of fifty miles. The fall on the American side of the river is about 1000 feet broad, and the descent is between 160 and 170 feet. The fall on the Canadian side is in the shape of a horseshoe, and the outline is about 2600 feet, with a descent of some 160 feet. It is estimated that about 15,000,000 cubic feet of water sweeps over this huge precipice every minute. Below the Falls, again, is another scene most awful in its grandeur. It is possible to take a walk underneath the Falls, but I should hardly recommend this kind of stroll to persons suffering from nerves. You go down a lift for about 60 feet to get to the edge of the river below, and then take your stroll. I went. I 'wasn't a bit frightened,' but somehow I began

to wonder how many wicked things I had done in my life, and whether I had been guilty of a very egregious crime in my juvenile days when, in order to lessen a plague of rats, my parents had allowed me one penny for every tail I brought them, and I had sold them the same tails two or three times over. Funny that such thoughts will spring up at such peculiar times, but they do, and this was a very peculiar time. A slight

slip of the foot here is quite sufficient to bring the whole of one's past life before one with a rush.

The deafening rush and roar was such, any one would hardly think it possible to hear oneself think; but you can, and I thought the place was one where any one would feel much more comfortable after saying a hymn than 'saying a swear.' I hope no one will think I was nervous, because I am only recording my impressions, and one of these, I remember, was that I was not nervous.



SUFFERING FROM NERVES

Familiarity, however, breeds a certain contempt in time, and the natives and residents have found that, becoming used to the surroundings, the 'fine feeling' at first produced will soon wear off, and enable them to work upon the feelings of others. And they do. I said natives, but I think thieves would be the more appropriate word, for the souvenirs of the place purchased by visitors before the terrestrial thoughts have quite returned, are charged just about five times the price for which they can be obtained

elsewhere. Then again, wicked men are supposed to take portraits of visitors against the Falls; but the visitors are participators in this fraud, for they are really taken in a studio, and then a background of the Falls put in. I saw the barrel in which some idiot—I forget his name—went through the rapids, and also the place where, through his foolhardiness, Captain Webb met his death. The latter place is certainly not the spot I should select

for a morning dip ; neither would I like to emulate the intrepid Blondin and cross the Falls in mid-air on a rope.



WICKED MEN TAKE PORTRAITS

The enterprising American stops at nothing ; and when I was there, tunnelling operations were being carried on (in fact, were approaching completion) under the village of Niaagar

Falls for the purpose of utilising the water-power of the Falls for electric lighting and tramways. It is calculated that about 200,000 horse-power will be obtained, and that the cost will be only \$5 per horse-power per annum. New York is only 450 miles from here, but the syndicate contend that the power will be quite sufficient to work a line as far as there.





CHAPTER IV.

Oil City and Pittsburg—Natural Gas—
Protection and Millionaire Philanthropists—‘Billy Pinkerton’—Riots
at Homestead—Andrew Carnegie—‘Pistol Practice’—A Suicide—
A Morning Walk—Voyage to Detroit—‘New Corn’—Detroit—The
‘Empress’ Train—George.

AFTER being ‘rooked,’ like every other visitor to the marvellous Falls, and taking a final look at the wonderful place, I took train again and moved off to Pittsburg, going by way of Buffalo and Oil City. It would almost seem that some of the American towns are named after whatever they are famous for. I don’t mean to say that Buffalo is so called because the animal of that name is to be found roaming at will all over the place, asleep on doorsteps or kept in families as a domestic pet; but no more appropriate name than Oil City could be found for that place, for the atmosphere of the whole country round simply reeks with oil. Going into Pittsburg, in fact, seems more like going into an oil warehouse. To a stranger, perhaps, the most wonderful thing in Pittsburg is the natural gas.

This gas has been almost universally used here for over ten years both for manufacturing and domestic purposes ; and, as it is very pure, very clean, and possesses great heating power, it is a remarkably good substitute for coal. It is obtained from various districts within a radius of about twenty miles from Pittsburg, and is supplied by different companies. The earth is drilled to perhaps nearly 1500 feet, and then out rushes the gas with a pressure of about 500 lbs. to the square inch, which is amply sufficient to force it through the pipes. I was told that the estimated daily consumption was as near as possible 8,000,000 feet, and that the length of piping used in bringing it to the city and delivering it to the houses, mills, etc., exceeded 1200 miles.

The chief industries in Pittsburg are those connected with iron and steel, and some of the factories—or mills, as they call them—might almost be called miniature Black Countries. Downright hard work is the rule here, and it is well carried out. Still, it seemed to me a pity that such monopolies should exist as do now in the iron and oil trades. Protection may be all very well in some things, but as carried out in America it makes the rich man richer and the poor man poorer. It would be well for those monopolists who visit our shores, give away money, decry our country, and pose as philanthropists of the first water, if they would remember the source from which they obtain their wealth, and, instead of preaching against a country to which they are so closely allied, they would go back to their own land, and look into matters connected with their own establishments, and rectify those evils which undoubtedly exist, and the abolition of which would be so much to the advantage of themselves, their workpeople, and the community at large.

‘Billy Pinkerton’ would find his occupation gone if such things were to be.

The business of the gentleman called ‘Billy Pinkerton’ is a very strange one, and a very large one. It extends nearly all

over the States, and is really a kind of cross between a detective and police agency and a 'Scotland Yard,' farmed out by the authorities to be worked by private enterprise. It will be remembered, in connection with the Homestead riots in 1892, that Pinkerton's men played a very active part at the outset, meeting with a decidedly hostile reception from the strikers, and not coming off altogether best in the sanguinary fight which ensued.

Being so close to Homestead, it was only natural I should run over and have a look at the place; and a rare collection of chimney-stacks I found it, while the smoke about the place would have done justice to some of the smokiest parts of our own midland counties. On the hill-side, overlooking the valley, was the encampment of the Pennsylvania Militia, who had been called out to subdue the rioters and keep order. This certainly had a very picturesque effect; but it was very sad to think such things should have to be, especially when at this particular time the strike was being carried on for the advantage of a few agitators, who here, as in every other country, live on the working-men by preaching to them of imaginary wrongs and suchlike. The mills at and around Pittsburg are simply enormous. Natural gas is used all over the place for smelting, etc., and everything seems to be carried on with such ease, dexterity, and precision, one would think the handling and smelting of iron were the easiest thing imaginable. It is poured about like so much treacle, and it almost seems that the iron bars and rails are made ready for use before the molten mass has had time to lose the hot, red glow it possessed when poured from the furnace. And it's all done by kindness—I mean machinery. At this time Andrew Carnegie, of Homestead fame, was the most talked-of man for miles around, and also the most unpopular. He would have had an exceedingly rough time of it if he had visited the place just then; and yet it was through him so many hundreds of people found their living, and perhaps that Homestead is

the industrial place it now is. Starting life in Pittsburg in connection with the railway, he gradually improved his position until he became an important official at the depôt there; then, going into the iron trade, his prosperous career continued, until, at the present day, he stands in the foremost rank of American millionaires.

On board the train going from Pittsburg to Cleveland I fell in with a downright jolly party, some genuine Americans and some partly acclimatised Englishmen; and, to their shame, I must say that the acclimatised Englishmen were far worse against the Old Country than the Americans. It was in the smoking-car, and everybody was very chummy. A little way out from Pittsburg, when we were not going very fast, we heard several pistol-shots and some screaming, which seemed to come from a passing train. Naturally I was curious, and wondered what was the matter. I had heard about 'holding-up' trains, and had a faint idea that something of the kind might be going to happen now; but one of the Yankees explained that he guessed it was only a little 'pistol practice' going on. But I called attention to the screams. 'Guess some one got hit,' said he. 'You know, mister, this is a free country, and in some parts, if one man wants to shoot another man, why, he just does it before the other man gets a chance of shooting him!' I said, 'Yes, you call it a free country; but it seems to me, to use one of your country's expressions, it's a "darned sight" too free!' This brought a rather funny tale from one of the party, and one which showed how an American will put such a lot into a few words. This man told us that some years ago he knew another man who came out from England to try and find his brother, from whom he had not heard for about four years. Going to a place called Dead Man's Gully, out west, the place he had last heard from, he saw a by no means prepossessing-looking gentleman leaning against a post, in a tumble-down kind of railway depôt, amusing himself by spitting at flies, and nine times out of ten making the fly wonder where

the sudden deluge came from. 'The gentleman had a rough and ferocious aspect, and the sight of a sheath-knife stuck in one side of his belt and a 'six-shooter' in the other did not make things look more attractive. Overcoming his awe for

this terrible person, the somewhat timid Englishman approached, and ventured to ask the gentleman if he had been in those parts long.

'Guess it's five-and-twenty year.'

'Five-and-twenty years!

Then perhaps you

can give me the information I require.

I am trying to find my brother; he

was in this neighbourhood about four or five years ago. His name was Williamson.'

'Williamson—kinder boss-eyed chap?'

'Yes, that's the man!'

'Guess I did know him. He committed suicide three years ago.'



WE HEARD SEVERAL PISTOL-SHOTS

‘What! my brother committed suicide? Why, he was the last man in the world I should have thought would have done such a thing. Was he ill, or in trouble, or what?’



‘HE CALLED ME A LIAR’

‘He called me a liar, stranger!’ And another fly wondered

where the wet came from ! And so the time went on ; but I must admit that at times I somewhat doubted the truth of some of the narratives I heard.

Cleveland is also a great oil centre, and, as well, it boasts of large iron-foundries, lumber-yards, and shipbuilding-yards. It is at the mouth of a river rejoicing in the pretty name of Cuzahoga, on the south shore of Lake Erie ; and about half a mile from the shore, opposite the mouth of the river, an immense breakwater has been constructed about two miles long, thus forming a safe and commodious harbour for a large number of vessels. A good harbour is necessary here, for what is called *Lake Erie* covers an area of over 9000 square miles ; and when the wind blows, such things as storms are by no means unknown.

At first sight, people would think there was only one street in Cleveland ; but of course there are others. Still, Superior Street, which is the business centre of the place, is getting on for a mile long, and is over 130 feet wide, so there is plenty of it. I found in many American towns that there was really plenty of street, and room for a couple of omnibuses to drive down without damaging the paint on each other's wheels. More than once, in different places, I thought that if I crossed to the other side of the street I should be going as far as the whole length of an ordinary street (say Lime Street) in the City of London. Still, if you did want to get on to the other side, you were obliged to walk ; cable-cars don't run from pavement to pavement, and a cab would cost a dollar, so to get over that way would be a bit of a luxury. The hotel I stayed at in Cleveland was in Superior Street ; and when I came downstairs in the morning I used to walk to the other side of the road and back twice before breakfast, and it gave me a splendid appetite.

Amongst other things that Cleveland is famous for is the wealthiest self-made man in the whole of the States, and I presume the world. His name is Rockerfeller, and according to popular report he is worth upwards of 150,000,000 dollars, or

somewhere about £30,000,000 sterling! It seems hardly possible to believe that such fabulous wealth could be obtained by one man starting at zero; but it is generally supposed that that is his 'pile.' He is one of the Standard Oil kings; and, although so enormously rich, perhaps his greatest pride consists in exhibiting his books showing his expenditure when he had to live on fifty dollars a month. There is rather a difference between half a hundred and half a million dollars as a monthly stipend!

Leaving Cleveland, I went to Detroit, and for a change took a boat across the 'Lake.' Of course, I don't mean that I hired a kind of Thames skiff and sculled across. That would have been a little too much. No, it was almost a young ocean-steamer, and going across the 'Lake' was almost a voyage.

I was always ready for a new experience, and, as I had heard a lot about 'new corn,' determined to try some, while on board, when feeding-time came. It was brought to me on a plate, and certainly looked and smelt very nice; but the difficulty was how to eat it. The whole cob—about six or eight inches long—was on the plate, and there was evidently a science in getting off the corn. First I got a fork and tried to pick it off, pea by pea; but the thing wouldn't keep still—it kept twirling over and over, and nearly came into my lap twice. Then I thought if I cut it into two I might get it to stand steady, as well as preserve the two halves to make 'corn-cob' pipes with. I nearly lost it altogether in attempting to do this. It was so hard the knife would make no impression, and, getting blunted, it slipped off suddenly, nearly breaking the plate and sending the cob flying. I just had time to jump up and clutch it before it went off the table, at the same time using to myself certain American words signifying great annoyance; and then, when wondering how next to tackle the affair, happening to look up I saw two pretty American girls were thoroughly enjoying my discomfiture. They had just reached the 'corn' stage, and, picking up the cob by each end in their fingers, just

nibbled the corn off like rabbits ; as they started, one of them said, ' Say, mister, this is how you must do it ! ' Then I was all right, and got on famously, both with the ' new corn ' and the new young ladies.

The boat was not wrecked on the voyage—I was glad of it,

for the ' Lake ' is quite 200 feet deep—and eventually we dropped anchor at Detroit. I didn't find this place particularly interesting, although it is a good commercial centre, and there are plenty of smelting-works about, as well as flour-mills, places where railroad cars are made, boot and shoe factories, and a whole host of other industries. It is one



TWO PRETTY AMERICAN GIRLS

of the old towns of the States, and has been under both French and British rule previous to its passing to the United States. I had a good look round the place, and thought it was then about time I paid a visit to that most marvellous city of a marvellous country, Chicago.

Consequently, I collected once more my various belongings, and got on the move again.

The train I went by was a remarkably good one, and ran from New York to Chicago, a distance of 980 miles, in twenty-five hours. It is really a splendid train, and its name, the 'Empress,' shows that, Republican as the Americans are, they like to have something about them to remind them of royalty. There is no mistaking the fact that Americans do know how to travel. In this train there were dining-, drawing-, and smoke-

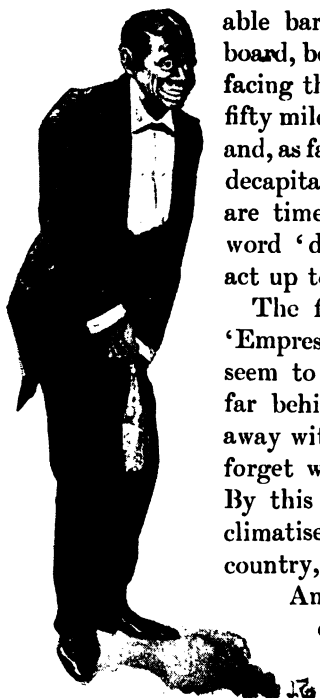
room cars, bathrooms, bars, and the inevitable barber-shop. I didn't have a shave on board, because I didn't quite relish the idea of facing the edge of a razor on a train going at fifty miles an hour. It is safe enough, though, and, as far as I could learn, no one has yet been decapitated during the operation; still, there are times when one thinks what a splendid word 'discretion' is, and how grand it is to act up to its meaning.

The feeding arrangements on board the 'Empress' are first-class, and all the passengers seem to have large appetites. I wasn't very far behind in this respect, and soon made away with my eight- or ten-course dinner—I forget whether it was eight or ten courses. By this time I was getting thoroughly acclimatised and used to the customs of the country, and did the same as the most american

American, and took fifty miles for my dinner and the next five miles for my toothpick. Toothpicks are quite

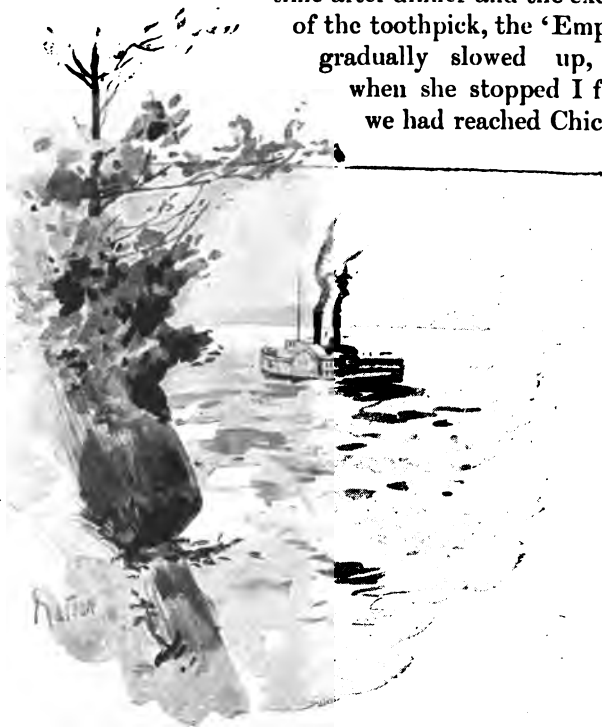
the essential thing in America, and no well-bred individual would be without one for worlds. The con-

ductors and waiters on board are, as on all the other lines,



GEORGE WASHINGTON

niggers—I beg their pardon, men of colour ; and they all seem to have one name, George. If you wish a little extra attention, call a waiter George Washington ; this has a wonderful effect, and causes his face to beam with a smile that looks as though it had been put on hot and run all over. Every one reveres the name of the first President of the United States, and nigger mothers do homage to his memory by christening their male offspring George. Some people say these attendants, as well as in hotels, don't take tips ; but when George comes up to you with a grin on his face and a clothes-brush in his hand, to inquire if you would like a 'brush down, boss,' it would be a more than ordinarily obtuse individual who didn't divine that this was a hint for a small gift. Some little time after dinner and the exercise of the toothpick, the 'Empress' gradually slowed up, and when she stopped I found we had reached Chicago.





CHAPTER V

The Chicago Fire—Jealousy of New Yorkers—Gum-chewing—Expectoration—The ‘Quid’—Onions or Indians—Wonderful Prosperity—Sunday—World’s Fair—The Stock-yards—Killing a Steer—A Hospital Job—‘Piggie’s’ Executioner—The End of the Porker.

It is really almost difficult to know how to start upon this chapter, for Chicago is certainly a most wonderful place, and one can hardly realise that it is little more than twenty years since it was practically a heap of cinders. The terrible conflagration which occurred in October 1871 will never be forgotten. Starting in a small barn on the south-western outskirts of the city, and not being attended to with the usual alacrity, the fire rapidly spread amongst the wooden buildings, and the wind blowing towards the north-east carried sparks and blazing fabric along with it, so that new fires were continually starting. It reached the river, and, though this is about one hundred feet wide, it proved no obstacle to the raging element, and to the horror and consternation of the crowds it was seen that the fire had crossed the river !

Widening as it went along, the fire, fed as it was by the wooden houses of which the place chiefly consisted, soon got

beyond human control, and swept at its own sweet will in one vast wave of flame over acres and acres of ground, leaving behind it black ruin, desolation, and death. Seeing the direction in which the flames were travelling, the authorities commenced blowing up houses, so as, if possible, to make a kind of boundary; and luckily this and some rain had good effect, and eventually the fire was stopped about three and a half miles from where it commenced, and after raging upwards of twenty-six hours. Thousands of people were rendered homeless, and property worth millions was destroyed.

And now, what do we see? Not only a well-built city with handsome public buildings, lofty and substantial places of business, good streets, and indeed everything civilisation and science can suggest, but the most flourishing and rapidly increasing city in the States.

The way in which Chicago is so rapidly coming to the front is a very sore point with New Yorkers; and if you want to have a few minutes' rest from talking and spend that time in listening to Yankee eloquence, all you have to do is to ask a New Yorker how long he thinks it will be before Chicago becomes the first city in the States? The language used by the gentlemen of New York is decidedly impressive while stating how utterly impossible it is for Chicago ever to be anything but a second-class city, even if it be not convincing; and it is often embellished with those flowery flashes of rhetoric which are so peculiarly 'America's own.' This jealousy is not confined to the male natives, though, for the ladies are equally vehement against any place daring to even think of passing their own beloved New York; and when, after a long tirade, they pause almost breathless, they will conclude their flowing, if somewhat fiery, flood of eloquence by disparaging the Chicago ladies because they have big feet! Well, I must say that, from what I saw, the feet of the Chicago ladies are hardly what one would call 'dainty 'ickle tootsies'; but I have seen bigger.

Tobacco-chewing is carried on strongly here—even more so,

I imagined, than anywhere else, although the average American is never without his 'quid.' When I first went out in Chicago I really thought that the ladies were indulging in the same habit, for almost every one I met had her little mouth working away most industriously at something or other; but luckily

it turned out to be nothing more harmful than 'gum.' The retailing of 'chewing gum' is a very profitable affair in the States. This gum is pretty well guaranteed to cure 'the



THE SPRIGHTLY STALL-KEEPER

thousand natural ills that flesh is heir to,' especially 'pepsine gum.' Having gone thoroughly into the merits and demerits of this gum-chewing business with the fair and sprightly stall-keeper of the article in the hotel hall, I one day yielded to her temptings and started a chew myself. I got on all very well

for about a minute, and then the confounded stuff began to get into shape, and would stick about wherever there was a tooth to lay hold of. At last, with a smothered blessing—which I need not repeat here—that gum was dismissed, and I registered a vow never to try the game on again.

I was pleased to see one thing, and that was, that although the ladies chew so much, they have not yet acquired—at least, in public—that other habit of the male sex—expectorating! Spittoons are quite an essential piece of furniture—well, not alone in Chicago, but all over the States; and they are to be seen in every room, store, hall—in fact, everywhere. About the only place I did not see one was on the ferry-boat going to New Jersey, and here was placarded up pretty plentifully: ‘Through respect for the presence of ladies, you are requested not to spit over the floor.’ By the way, I remember seeing in an office a notice saying: ‘Gentlemen do not, and others *must not*, spit over the floor.’ This sort of thing is anything but nice; but what can you expect when it is encouraged so, and advertisements are so prevalent: ‘For a nice chew, use So-and-so’s tobacco?’ Liquorice is used tremendously in ‘chewing-tobacco,’ and is sold to tobacconists almost as largely as it is in our country to brewers of stout. Some people might take an interest in the contrast that, while in England men drink the liquorice, in America they spit it out.

A good thing about the Americans is that they are very great on giving directions in public places; as, for instance, in one of the first hotels in New York, in gold letters on the top of a beautiful marble slab, are the words, ‘Gentlemen wishing to show their artistic ability will please use the left slab for pictures and the right for poetry; signatures at foot.’ Yet even such gentle sarcasm as this does not always prevent a few lead-pencil marks finding their way on to convenient places.

Apart from the fire of 1871, Chicago is a city possessing a lot of interesting recollections, and dates back some long time.

It's a funny name, and some people think that it was so christened from an Indian word for 'wild onion,' as a very long time ago wild onions were most prolific about the neighbourhood of the river. But the majority don't like to associate onions with the name of their city; so, although I don't think they are quite correct, they prefer going to a different source, and say that it is derived from *checagua*, an Indian word meaning 'strong,' and a term which was applied to the Indian chiefs of the Illini tribe when that fraternity located themselves in the neighbourhood. Both derivations are good, and whether the place really gets its name from an onion or a defunct Indian chief doesn't much matter; it's 'going ahead,' and that is the main question.

The Jesuit missionaries were the first white men known to visit the place, about 1662. They were Frenchmen, and the French claimed all that part in those days; but the British couldn't keep their hands off, and they accordingly took possession in 1759, but, as every one knows, eventually relinquished it.

Originally an Indian trading station, it has gradually developed, until now its area is somewhere about 405 square miles, and its population bordering upon 1,000,000. The reason of its commercial success is that it possesses such unrivalled facilities for transportation, both by water and by rail. Vessels direct from England can go direct up to the city, and it is entered by some sixty railways. The industries of the place comprise just every conceivable thing on earth, and the manufacture is good. It doesn't matter what you want in Chicago, you can get it; and if the people have never heard of it or seen it before, they'll make it while you sit down and have a quiet 'chew.'

The buildings are very high in some parts, and some run up to as many as twenty stories. Elevators are very much in evidence in these tall edifices, and there are two sorts—the ordinary and the express. The express is marked, 'This lift does not stop below the ninth floor'; and when you get in, and

the thing is 'discharged,' up it shoots—you fancy the moon at least is going to be your destination, especially if you get 'expressed' up to the eighteenth or nineteenth floor; but really, before you have got over the sensation of starting you have got to your stopping-place. The ordinary doesn't go beyond the eighth floor, and doesn't go quite so fast, but still there is not much difference. All



HE COOLLY REPLIED

these big buildings are fire-proof, or as near as science can render them so. This applies also to the hotels, which, by the way, are not at all badly managed; but I am sorry to think that the hotel-keepers are going on a very bad principle. Each wants to be first, and there is not that amicable feeling existing between proprietors which might be. It is all very well to encourage a feeling which prompts one to success, but 'the devil take the hindmost' is not altogether a sentiment to be fostered and cherished. I asked a man one day whether it wasn't dangerous to build houses so high for fear of their falling and causing loss of life; but he coolly replied that if they did fall, and people got killed, it would give others a chance, and they would start clearing and building again next day.

Oh, wouldn't some of our goody-goody people be shocked if they went to Chicago! My! Theatres, museums, concert-halls, gardens, everything is open and in full swing on Sunday; and, in addition to this, the 'saloons' are open day and night! Money-making is the thing every one goes in for, and they go

for it hot and strong. The folks who in our country would try and make out a decent weekly salary by denouncing such things are either bundled on one side in the frantic rush, or lose the power of speech; or else they get excited, and join themselves in the mad helter-skelter race after the 'almighty dollar.' But it is only fair to say that there is another side to Chicago, and that the city contains a large number of churches.

The 'World's Fair' has been so much discussed in almost every publication extant, that I shall not say anything about it here, especially as I only saw the buildings, etc., in the state of perfection they had reached in October '92, when I was one of about 20,000 to pay my 25 cents to have a look round. There is only one thing, however, that ought to be mentioned to show the 'go-ahead' spirit which pervades Chicago, and that is: after it had been decided to hold the Exhibition, and the question arose as to where it should be held, Chicago



THE 'ALMIGHTY DOLLAR'

was the first in the contest to show, not only the site, but also the guarantee of 10,000,000 dollars.

Any description of Chicago, however slight, without mention of its gigantic stock-yards would be no description at all; for I don't think I am wrong in saying that, occupying nearly 350 acres of land, they make the largest live-stock market in the universe. I thought I had seen a lot of remarkable sights in America one way or another; but when I went to have a look over these yards, and the slaughter- and packing-houses, I was fairly bewildered. Let me say, to start, that the places are simply enormous, and that a regular network of railway seems spread all around. The first establishment I was taken to I entered the refrigerator warehouses. Not very sultry here, I will admit, but hundreds of carcasses were hanging around; and another department just here was simply for cutting up. Seemingly various joints of beef were flying all over the place, the different joints falling in front of a man; and they all seemed to know the man they had to go to, for each operator carves away at a similar joint all day. All they have to do is to clear the bone of meat. The man appears to give the joint three or four slashes with a big knife (just like I used to do with a sword, when in the yeomanry, doing 'heads-and-posts') to clear the bone; then the beef tumbles into one receiver to be trundled off to be tinned, or preserved, or made sausages of, or something like that, while the bone is thrown into another receiver, from whence some of it goes to be converted into knife-handles, etc., but the majority to be boiled up for soup, and then ground down, mixed up with other things, and turned into a fertiliser.

The killing department is the one, though; and that, as well as the pig-killing place, quite staggered me. It seems very simple, however. There is an elevated platform by some loose-boxes, and upon this a 'man of good proportions,' with an enormous 'quid' of tobacco visible in his upper lip, promenades up and down, manipulating a huge sledge-hammer the

while. Two men are continually filling these loose-boxes with oxen (or steers, as they are called on the other side); and as soon as both animals arrive, one is greeted by the gentleman on the platform, who, swinging his huge

sledge-hammer round, allows it to alight on the animal's forehead; the other undergoes a similar welcome, and, both falling in a heap, the floor tilting up, they are shot through into the skinning department,



KILLING STEERS

where another gentleman receives them 'kindly like' (as Americans say) with another sledge-hammer, in case the first blow has not had the desired effect. A chain is then fixed to the hind leg,

and in almost less time than it takes to write the steer is hanging up from a sort of suspended tramway or trolley arrangement and starts on his journey.

The first man skins the head and cuts it off, then passes the animal on to four men, who just jump on it and skin it with about the same ease and celerity with which a street ruffian whips off his coat when he wishes to engage in the 'noble art.' Then there are other cutting and slicing operations; but everything is done with such clockwork regularity that the time taken up between the entrance of the steer into the box and the final operation is comparatively little more than it has taken to write it.

From this it will be seen that, should the animal be only stunned by the sledge-hammers, the rapidity of the subsequent operations entirely prevents any return to consciousness. At the same time there is a story that a man once had six weeks in the infirmary suffering from a broken leg, caused by a kick from the hind leg of a steer soon after it had been decapitated, skinned, and disembowelled. I was introduced to a gentleman who confirmed this story: it seems hardly probable, but then it must not be forgotten that America is a wonderful country. Nothing whatever belonging to the animal is wasted; everything is utilised and turned into money. The horns go to Paris and other parts to be made into knife-handles, combs, etc.; the bones, as I have already described, are first boiled, and after being ground down are mixed with the stomach and blood, compressed into cakes, and sold as a highly useful fertiliser. Not only a fertiliser, though; for a lot of this hard compressed mixture is made into buttons, and eventually finds itself displayed in this form upon the smart tailor-made costumes now in such favour with the fair sex.

Ah, ladies, do you ever think where your buttons come from?

But, to show the value of this fertiliser, before its efficacy was discovered the parts composing it were thrown away—in fact, it was a matter of expense carting it off; but now, through

this item alone, one firm netts \$100,000 per annum, or about £20,000. At the slaughter-house I inspected the daily average 'kill' is 3000 head of cattle.

The *modus operandi* of ending the troubles of the homely porker (or hog, to give him his correct name) is somewhat similar, and equally expeditious.

But what a picture is the executioner! He stands in a commanding position, a small knife in his hand and an enormous chew of tobacco in his mouth, knee-deep in blood, and bespattered with the same from the crown of his head downwards.

The hog arrives, a chain is passed round his hind leg, and up he goes, hind leg foremost, to the trolley, which starts immediately. Of course, there is a terrific squeal, but it has hardly commenced before he is silenced by the sanguinary gentleman's knife. One stab does it as piggy is passing on the inclined trolley; and as the knife is withdrawn, the carcase, which, fixed to the trolley, is always on the move, is plunged into scalding water, and so on through the other operations. 'Now, look you here, mister,' said my Yankee guide, 'just you watch that 'ere hog there, the one just swung up, and you see if he isn't killed, scraped, and real finished just before you have time to say your prayers.' This was a very 'fine' way of putting it, to say the least; still, however, I must say that if the time taken by matutinal or evening devotions by an individual were only as long as that occupied from the swinging up to the finishing of that hog, I think those devotions would be the same as those of a gentleman who had his prayers printed on a card, which he kept hanging at the head of his bed, and, after reading them through on New Year's morning, would content himself for the rest of the year with looking at the card and simply saying 'Ditto'!

It is really marvellous, the rapidity with which everything is done; and, as with the cattle, nothing whatever is wasted, but all turned to account. My guide called my attention to

this, and finished by saying, 'The only thing we can't catch is the squeal of the hog, but I reckon we'll fix that before long and make something out of it!'

The wonderful thing is, it is only the men who are insured who ever get their fingers cut. A premium of \$20 a year insures a man \$15 a week during disablement and \$1500 at death. Now I must be on the move again.





CHAPTER VI

Leaving Chicago—Real Estate—Jumping a Claim—The Mississippi—Exhibitions, Teetotalers, Concrete Men, and Mud-Niggers—Rival Towns—Dakota District—Pioneers and Indians—An Intolerable Tongue-wagger—An Unnatural Scottie—Winnipeg—How to Light Gas—Shooting and Winter Sports—Down a Well—The Hudson's Bay Co.

I SAID good-bye to Chicago, with all its worry and bustle and skurry and rush after the almighty dollar, and sought 'fresh fields and pastures new.' There didn't seem much of any very great importance between Chicago and 'Frisco, so I thought I would go back to Canada and have a look at some of the places there. Accordingly, I boarded a train for Winnipeg, but made up my mind to have a look at St. Paul and Minneapolis on the way.

Shortly after leaving Chicago—in fact, barely a quarter of an hour's run from it—we came upon land that showed signs of very recently having been prairie, but that would soon be converted into 'busy haunts of men.' It was all laid out in

sections, with roads marked, and quite ready for building to commence. Boards were up everywhere announcing 'Real estate—so many acres for sale; apply, etc. etc.' The Americans are big on real estate, and some of them make a nice little 'pile' dabbling in it.

When I saw this land staked out I couldn't help thinking of a little tale I once heard connected with the opening up of new land. When a new territory is to be opened up, no one is allowed over the border until a given time, and the large crowd that gathers weeks before the time is kept back by soldiers and police; then, at a given signal, away goes everybody to select the best spot he has time to do, and stake it out.

On one of these occasions, during the night before the grand charge was to be made, a man managed to evade the guards and get over the boundary. Then, having everything to himself, he selected and staked out a very nice piece that could hardly help becoming valuable in time. Having done this, he wrapped himself in his blanket and went to sleep on his newly acquired property.

When the signal was given, and the grand rush started, one man in a cart, which contained all his belongings, got well ahead of the crowd, and soon came up with the slumbering owner of the new claim. Seeing the spot was a good one, he quietly took a tent from his cart, erected it as quietly over the sleeping man, then entered it himself, rolled himself in his blanket, and lay down to wait events. First man wakes up, rubs his eyes, and looks round; second man rises, and in the rough vernacular of the 'out west' man asks what the tarnation something he means by sleeping in *his* tent. First man says he can't understand it, for he staked out a claim early and went to sleep on it. Then says second man, producing a six-shooter, 'Look you here, sonny, that won't do; and if you don't clear slick out of this, I'll darned soon make you understand it!' That's one way of what they call 'jumping a claim.'

It's marvellous how quickly a new town arises in America. One would think they kept houses, stores, saloons, and churches ready-made, and just went and planted them about when a new town was wanted. I wouldn't mind saying that in about a year's time all the land I saw marked out will be built over, the electric cars be running, and the place be well inhabited.



At St. Paul I got my first sight of that wonderful river that 'licks creation'—the Mississippi. There are a lot of tales to be told about this gigantic river, but Mark Twain has used them all up, and I won't poach on the ground of a brother author.

At Minneapolis I saw the Convention Hall, where for these parts the President is nominated, but was not

impressed with it. It is a building which one would imagine had seen our St. James's Hall in Piccadilly, and had been struggling ever since to get like it, but was getting generally despondent at its want of success.

There was an Exhibition on, which afforded me lots of amusement. I picked up a native, a doctor—everybody is either a doctor or a colonel in America—and went with him ;

he was a regular Uncle Sam, and spoke the 'Amurican language' beautifully—'guessed' and 'calc'lated' all over the place. This Exhibition was a marvellous collection of peculiarities. There was one stand presided over by ladies who were professional teetotalers. They looked it. I felt I could

talk with them without any amorous feelings arising, so consulted them as to the advisability of turning teetotaler.

Two elderly maidens began to harangue Uncle Sam and myself in vigorous

tones, and crammed tracts and all manner of cold-water literature into our hands the while.

After about a quarter of an hour of this sort of thing, it began to get a bit monotonous, especially as by this time we had several pounds weight of tracts, etc., between us; so Uncle Sam put a stop to it with, 'Well, look you here, ladies, if you ain't a bit tired, I reckon we are. My friend and I will just go and have a cocktail, and then come straight away back for the wind-up!'

There were phonographs which, after you put a nickel in the slot, buzzed out wobbly versions of Irish

songs; in fact, there were all manner

of funny things. But the one that interested me most was a 'fossilized man.'

The tale that the attendant pitched was wonderful. During his travels, while exploring in the Rocky Mountains, he came upon a cave that even his ancient Indian guide did not know; and as every Indian knows what every other Indian has known



A COLONEL

for thousands of years back, this clearly proved that he (the showman) was the first to enter the cave from incalculable time. In foraging around he came upon many curiosities, but the most curious one was the one he was now showing. A large piece of rock took his fancy, from some unaccountable reason; and, giving one end of

it a gigantic blow with his botanist's hammer, about a foot of the rock fell in two pieces at his feet—the two pieces were shown, and they fitted together beautifully—leaving protruding from the other piece the skull of a man.

Fearing lest he should damage this, he had carefully brought the whole away without venturing to seek

for further disclosures. It was really wonderful to think that some one had died in that cave thousands of years ago, and that the dust of ages falling upon him had gradually encased him in a shroud of rock! Wonderful!

'Say, sonny,' said Uncle Sam, 'I'm in the concrete line, and I'd like to do business with you if you have many shows



TWO ELDERLY MAIDENS BEGAN TO HARANGUE

runnin'.' Sold again! In my guilelessness I had believed the attendant's yarn, but Uncle Sam told me afterwards, the thing was very common. It was only a skull stuck on the top of a lump of concrete! Then he told me that he was once consulted about a rather peculiar case. A showman was exhibiting a 'mud-nigger'—that was, a nigger who, since his childhood, had simply lived in a bed of mud, his head only protruding. During three-and-thirty years that nigger had never been known to leave that mud! 'But,' he added, 'that experiment didn't answer; ten days in the mud killed that nigger!' 'Well,' said I, 'how did things turn out? What was said at the inquest?' 'Said? why, nothing—what could be said? Guess you don't take on he was only a nigger!'

Minneapolis is famous for its saw-mills, and contains a large number of factories where furniture of all kinds is made; but neither of these industries comes up to the flour-mills, for these are everywhere. Water being so very plentiful here, water-power is used in almost all the factories; and yet, only some comparatively few years ago, there was nothing but prairie here, and buffaloes and other prairie pets used to regularly spend their Saturday half-holiday in disporting themselves on the site now occupied by this town.

I went from here to St. Paul in an electric trolley-car. The distance is ten miles, but the ground is soon got over, for the cars travel at a good speed. Along the way on both sides are to be seen signs of disappearing prairie-land, for almost everywhere are boards giving the address of 'Real Estate Agents,' 'Elegant Sites,' etc. Minneapolis and St. Paul are awfully jealous of each other; but that is only natural, for, go where you will in the States, as in every other part of the world, you will always find the town has a rival. London is about the only exception; but then London is 'away up,' as the Americans say. There were no concrete-men, or mud-niggers, to see at St. Paul—in fact, very little of anything; so, once

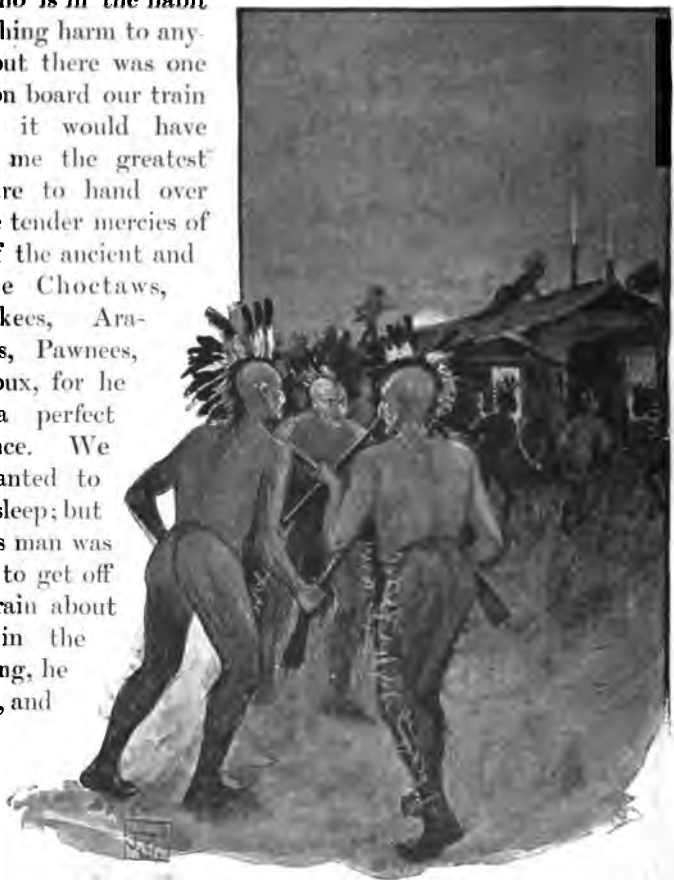
more on board the lugger—I mean train—off we go for Winnipeg.

This is a very interesting ride indeed, for it goes through the finest wheat-growing land in the States—Dakota district. It is a wonderfully fertile part, and it has been known where wheat has been grown on the same land for forty years consecutively. The wheat-fields vary in size from 1000 to 20,000 acres; and although the average yield is about twenty bushels to the acre, in some parts it goes as high as forty bushels! One can imagine what a sight it must be at harvesting time, when armies of workers and hundreds of the most scientifically constructed ‘harvesters’ are to be seen at work as far as the eye can travel in every direction! The grain finds its way to St. Paul and Minneapolis, and is there ground into flour; and immense quantities of this eventually find their way to our own country. As far as the straw is concerned, it would never pay to cart this away, so it is simply ‘fired,’ i.e. burned, and the ashes blown to the winds.

Here and there large tracts of country have been bought up by speculators, who have simply let the grass grow instead of cultivating it; and this is such a height that it is scarcely possible to see more than about the top half of the heads of any horses that might be meandering around in it. At some of the stations—or depots, to be more correct—that we stop at, some very homely sights are seen. The stations are little more than wooden sheds, but outside some of these a buggy is seen waiting to meet the husband or son on his return, to take him home; and right away in the distance, close upon the horizon, may be seen the house which is his destination. This sets one thinking of the days gone by, when the early settlers, the pioneers, came out to try their fortune, or risk what little they might have, when, away from everybody, away from the world, alone in the vast and wild prairie, subject to every conceivable hardship, they set about cultivating the land, and only too often met with a barbarous

and merciless death at the hands of the savage and pitiless Indians.

Now, I'm not generally supposed to be a vindictive man, or one who is in the habit of wishing harm to any one, but there was one man on board our train whom it would have given me the greatest pleasure to hand over to the tender mercies of one of the ancient and gentle Choctaws, Cherokees, Arapahoes, Pawnees, or Sioux, for he was a perfect nuisance. We all wanted to go to sleep; but as this man was going to get off the train about four in the morning, he didn't, and



INDIANS IN THE OLD DAYS

wouldn't let anybody else go, but kept up one incessant clamour with his tongue, and would argue with everybody. If we could

only have got one of Buffalo Bill's Indians with a tomahawk to illustrate scalping upon this intolerable tongue-wagger, we would have returned most devout thanks for such a deliverance ; but this was not to be, and we had to put up with it.



THE TONGUE-WAGGER

One man I met on the train was a Mr. Bell, of Bell Farm, well known in Canada ; and he said that until recently he was the largest single farmer in the world. Another man was a Scotchman, who had been in the States for thirty-five years, and had, I am sorry to say, transferred his affection for the

'Union Jack' to the 'Stars and Stripes.' He still, however, retained a little sympathy for Scotland and the Scotch, but everything English, and England itself, was bad, and existed only to be slanged. Even an American pulled him up for his vituperation, and told him he must have left England for England's good, and that it would not be well for him to return, or else that he had an Irishman for a neighbour, to talk such rubbish. Trust a Yankee for hitting the right nail. It came out afterwards that the friendly neighbour was not only an Irishman, but one who had bolted from the country to escape arrest for being a very energetic member of a Fenian Society!

The first thing to be seen on crossing the Canadian border is a church steeple, and this looks well, which however, is more than can be said for the land; and why on earth this spot should have been fixed on for a habitation is a mystery to more persons than myself.

From all that I have read about and heard, I should think that the prospects of the Children of Israel were far better than those of the people in and about Winnipeg. It is a place hundreds of miles from everywhere, and consists chiefly of one wide street. That 'wide' ought also to be spelt with a capital



A SCOTCHMAN

W, for it *is* a wide street. A double line of cars runs down the middle of it, and they are hardly seen ; while it would be next to an impossibility to recognise even one's most intimate friend if he were on the other side of the way. I cannot understand why, where there are such wide streets, some enterprising person doesn't start



HALFPENNY 'BUSES

halfpenny 'buses to run from one side of the road to the other. I'm sure it would pay. Still, isolated as the place is, it is anything but uncivilised, and the electric light is all over the place, as is also the electric trolley-car—no, this latter is not all over the place, it only goes down the middle of the road, and doesn't run from side to side.

The atmosphere is awfully clear and dry, especially in the

winter, when it is a very common thing to light a gas-jet by causing a friction with your feet by rubbing them on the carpet, and then placing your finger on the burner! At least, so I was told.

Although this is such an 'on the distant prairie' sort of place, it musn't be thought it is not worth visiting, for it is really a very charming place, especially by the river Winnipeg, which is a thickly wooded place, and where many houses are now being built. Bears are made a lot of here, and are kept for household pets and watch-dogs. Very nice for those that like them—but give me a good fox-terrier.

There is some rare good sport to be had all round; and if a man has an hour or two to spare he just takes his gun and goes shooting prairie-hens. One afternoon I went out and bagged over ten brace of birds. All round this district is a perfect paradise for sportsmen. The winters are long and severe, but there is plenty of skating and other amusement going on, so times are not so bad; and the old Scotch spirit rises on these occasions, for 'curling' is played most extensively.

Almost every second man you meet is said to be a university man, or the son of some high and mighty family at home, and is now either 'hustling lumber' or farming at four or five dollars a week. Of course, the value of a farm is increased enormously if water can be found on it; and it is said that two Cambridge men who owned a farm went to work hard at digging a well, hoping to reach fresh cold water. They took turn and turn about at being below or up above; and as an inducement to stick well at it they got a small keg of whisky at home, but determined not to touch it until water had been struck. Many a time they were sadly tempted to break their resolution, as it was most tantalising to see that little keg lying there almost asking to be opened; but they stuck to it, and worked all the harder. About noon one day the one at the top heard a hurrah from down below; his companion shouted, 'I've struck it; bolt home for the whisky, and make haste to pull me up.'

The one in charge of the windlass did as he was desired, and bolted home, while the one down below waited patiently to be drawn up. He waited all the afternoon, occupying his time in shouting, and also all night. Next morning a half-breed Indian passing near the place was very much surprised to hear stifled groans coming from the well, and after a deal of trouble succeeded in rescuing the man from below. He



HE FOUND HIS COMPANION STRETCHED ON THE FLOOR

then went home to his log-cabin, and found his companion stretched on the floor in a most profound sleep, with the whisky-keg under his head for a pillow. He had broached the keg, and 'sampled' the contents to such an extent that he forgot his comrade, and eventually forgot himself in a deep sleep.

The fire-brigade arrangements are very good in Winnipeg,

and both men and horses are smartly drilled, a 'turn-out' being accomplished in about seven seconds. But one thing must not be forgotten in connection with Winnipeg, and that is, that it has for some years been the chief post of the Hudson's Bay Company. This wonderful trading Company is deserving of comment, for it is, in a way, greatly responsible for a lot of the trade in the Dominion. I expect it is pretty generally known that the Company came into existence in 1670, when Charles II. granted a charter to Prince Rupert and seventeen noblemen, giving them exclusive powers of trading over an almost unlimited territory in North America. But for some long time they confined themselves chiefly to trading in the coast districts.

The affair was not a remarkably prosperous one at first, for great losses were made, principally on account of the fights with the French, who endeavoured to take possession of the Company's forts, and caused them considerable annoyance and loss. Then again, when all Canada came into the possession of the British in 1783, a tremendous lot of fur-traders spread all over the country, and didn't altogether hold the lands of the Company sacred. These adventurers eventually formed themselves into the North-West Fur Company of Montreal, and soon proved themselves very powerful rivals of the Hudson's Bay Company. Competition was carried to an enormous pitch, and neither side stuck at anything. Fur-bearing animals were slaughtered indiscriminately, without regard to age or sex; and by each Company endeavouring to gain over the Indians to their side, these worthies became utterly demoralised, and many deadly fights took place between the rival parties, Indians and whites alike. However, in 1821 an amalgamation took place, and a licence was granted to the new Company to trade over a far greater area than had been granted to the original Company. In 1838 the Hudson's Bay Company again obtained the sole right for trading, etc., and this right was granted to them for twenty-one years, after

which all their rights lapsed, and trading was thrown open to all.

The Company, however, still claimed large territories as their own, and it was not until 1869 that this matter was definitely settled up. The territorial rights they claimed were then made over to the British Government, on payment of an indemnity of £300,000 by the Dominion of Canada, and it was also agreed that the Company should retain possession of their forts and a considerable area of their original grant of land. This has placed the Company in a splendid position, and it is now perhaps one of the best managed and most prosperous trading companies in the world.





CHAPTER VII

Prairies and Indians—An Intoxicated Cook—Peculiar Names—‘Regular Gorge, 50 cents’—Cockneys and Crofters—The Rocky Mountains—Banff—Magnificent Scenery—Salmon in the River Fraser—Vancouver—‘Labour with Capital’—John Chinaman—A Five-dollar Hurry—Schoolboy Books—Going to ‘Frisco—Marvellous Vegetation—‘No pullee, no pushee, go like hellee!’—Poor Polly—Buying a Kodak.

I now commenced the longest and most pleasant railway journey it has yet been my lot to experience, and that was from Winnipeg to Vancouver. Of course, we didn’t get on the train and go straight ahead to Vancouver without stopping; we made one or two short stays at different places, but for no great length of time; so it was in reality a continuous journey, and part of it the most magnificent scenery conceivable. I should imagine this journey was always one of interest to any traveller; but to any one making it for the first time it is wonderfully so. The first part of the time the train goes through nothing but prairie, and this gets a bit monotonous; for the scene is only enlivened by the occasional appearance of an eagle or a hawk, and now and then some peculiar-looking animals, a seeming cross between a rabbit and a weasel, and called prairie-rats. There is a bit of a variation, however, at the places where the train stops; for then Indian men and women appear, and do their best to sell passengers something

or other. These Indians were very much like those I had seen at Buffalo Bill's show at Earl's Court; but I noticed that they hardly had such a decidedly Cockney accent as some of the showman's had. The atmosphere and climate may have some-



Stanley Wood
'94

BARGAINING WITH INDIANS

thing to do with this, though. The chief things they seemed to have for sale were buffalo horns, found on the prairie, and supposed to be about twenty or thirty years old. The Indian is a peculiar gentleman to do business with, and soon gives

evidence of his importance, for he won't take less than he asks for an article; when a smaller sum is offered, he stalks away with an air of offended dignity, and throws his blanket around him with a gesture which might have been learned from the Romans of old when the wind got blowing their togas about.

Buffaloes used to be very plentiful some time ago, but now they are almost extinct, apart from the specimens which are kept in the various parts. I am sorry for this, because buffalo tongue is very good, and when all the animals are dead I expect there will be no more of it. I don't know, though; for the whole continent of America is a wonderful country, and, as there are parts where I have heard six hams are got from one hog, I daresay that somehow or other the luxury of buffalo tongue will be provided for all time, whether there are any of the animals left or not.

The stations and bits of villages passed are very primitive, and all built of wood. There was a bit of a disturbance on board our train the second night after dinner. The chief cook was so indiscreet as to get intoxicated, very much so—indeed, I think drunk would be the more correct word—and, while he was in this state, got particularly argumentative with those around him. Well, that didn't matter much; but when he attempted to enforce an argument with a large carving-knife, the conductor thought it time to interfere. Mr. Chief Cook was taken to the end of the train and quietly dropped overboard, the conductor remarking, 'I believe he'll sober up soon now, for there's no place of any sort within a dozen miles of here, go which way you will.' Moral—If you get drunk on board a train in a prairie, don't try to stab anybody, unless you're prepared for a long walk.

The names of some of the places passed are very peculiar, but most of them have a meaning. For instance, one station is called Moose Jaw. This is an abridgment of an Indian word which literally means, 'The creek-where-the-white-man-mended-the-cart-with-a-moose-jaw-bone.' This is a refresh-

ment station, by the way ; there are several of them along the track, and the train generally stops about half an hour at these to allow any one who wishes it to regale himself. I remember seeing a notice stuck up in a restaurant in the States, 'Good meal, 25 cents ; regular gorge, 50 cents' ; and it is



A MEAL

something of the kind at these stations, for one can have a 'regular gorge' for 50 cents.

There are some enormous cattle-ranches passed on the way, and one man on the train told me that in his district these were worked almost exclusively by Cockneys and crofters. The crofters were sent by a Scotch lady, and they always proved a great success, for, although they were principally fishermen, they soon turned out first-rate farmers. They have one bad

habit, though, and that is a very bad one. They *will* distil their own whisky.

The Cockneys, who are sent out by some East End London Mission, are anything but a success, according to my friend. Still, as he was a solicitor, he said he didn't mind telling me that they had put some money into his pocket, for he was frequently engaged by the authorities in prosecuting them. It appears that after they have got located in the place, and begin to know their way about, they show their gratitude, at times, to their employer, by 'making tracks' with a watch, money, horse, or whatever they can most conveniently get away with.

Getting towards a place called Langevin, a little excitement springs up, for it is here that one gets a first sight of that wonderful range of mountains, the Rockies. It is just the higher peaks of them that can be seen, provided the day be clear, and from here prairies, ranches, and seas of waving grass begin to disappear, and a great change comes over the face of the earth. While travelling on the American route, one might well have put in his diary, 'This was a wheat day,' 'All corn again to-day,' etc.; but here things are different, and the acres and acres of prairie give place to the wild and magnificent grandeur of the Rockies. During the whole trip on this train we had been gradually ascending above the level of the sea, till, at a place called the Gap, an altitude of 4200 feet was reached, as against the 700 feet at Winnipeg.

But the Gap! This is the entrance to the Rockies, and is a fine foretaste of the scenery that is to come. Just before reaching this place, the Kananaskis river is crossed by a high iron bridge, and the sensation going over is peculiar in the extreme, to say the least of it; especially when, as I experienced it, the sun is just rising and shedding a warm, ruddy glow all around. High above the river the train rolls along, and as one is looking at the rapid current below, and listening to the roar of the great Kananaskis Falls—capped with snow and ice, and tinted with the rays of the rising sun, the majestic Rocky

Mountains seem to come abruptly forward, and almost before one is aware of the change the train goes round a curve, and is



ENTERING THE ROCKIES

between two vertical walls of rock, the height of which seems almost immeasurable ;

in fact, the Rockies have been entered.

From here to Vancouver is one vast and imposing panorama of

magnificent scenery. But how to describe this rugged, weird, and awe-inspiring view is beyond me. There is too much to describe in a few lines, or even a few pages; it is simply a series



A MOUNTAIN RAILROAD

of fascinating and beautiful pictures of Nature in all her wild grandeur. Here, ranges of huge mountains of dizzy height, forced, as it were, from the depths of the earth below, and

showing their strata as plainly and distinctly as before any disturbance, and looking as though they would every moment press forward and demolish the contrivance which the ingenuity of man has devised by which to enter their sacred presence; now through the gorge, a vast space opens up to view, almost



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

barbaric in its splendour, with here and there the charred remains of trees and brushwood destroyed by fire caused by the sparks from locomotives; now high up, and running along the side of a mass of rock, while below are rivers and rushing mountain torrents;—no, no, I will not attempt to describe it; I will simply say the whole sight held me spellbound.

A stoppage is made at Banff (at an altitude of 4500 feet), which is the station for the hot springs and the National Park. This park was formed at the suggestion of the Marquis of Lorne when he was Governor-General, and is a fairly good-sized one, rather different from Hyde Park; but then it covers about twenty-five square miles, so there is plenty of room to make a good show of mountains, waterfalls, and suchlike. At Banff I had a hot sulphur bath, the water coming straight from the rocks, and the heat being about 80 degrees. There is a very good hotel at Banff, that is kept open during the summer months, when the place is well patronised both as a health and pleasure resort. Not far from the hotel was a lady who, being so entranced with the scenery, was 'camping out' for the purpose of sketching and painting; the various kinds of insects that fly and crawl about this district had evidently been trying what they could do in this way on her, for she looked as though she had been thoroughly tattooed! They had certainly given her a most hearty welcome.

Not long after leaving Banff, which is really a most charming spot, the line reaches its highest point, a place called Stephen, at an altitude of 5296 feet, and called by this name in honour of the first President of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Still running through scenery increasing in grandeur at almost every yard, the train gradually gets on, until a perfectly lovely spot is reached called Glacier. Here I joined a very jolly party of twenty-one, who had had a rare good time hunting in the Rockies, and were returning with a tremendous 'bag' of deer and ducks—in fact, all manner of game, both large and small. All round here is a splendid hunting country.

The Fraser river must not be passed over unnoticed, for it is very important in its way, and gold is found in great quantities in its neighbourhood. Along the banks are immense tracks of timbered land, and numerous saw-mills hard at work; but, somehow or other, hard as they work, the 'lumberers' hardly seem to make any appreciable difference in the appear-

ance of the wooded parts, they cover such an enormous area. Some people who are more anxious to get the land ready for cultivation than make money on the timber, simply set fire to the trees and burn them down.

This sometimes happens accidentally, however, and now and then some terrible fires occur. The

river is well stocked with fish,

salmon being very freely caught, especially by the Indians, who spear them.

According to the inhabitants, the Fraser presents a wonderful appearance just about the spawning season, for then the salmon go up from the sea in such crowds that for some time there appears to be

far more fish than water; in fact, one would almost think it possible to walk across the river on the backs of the fish! Sportsmen are terribly cut up because the fish here won't take a fly; otherwise they would be in the seventh heaven of delight.



A LADY WAS 'CAMPING OUT'

A story is told that when the boundary line between Canada and the States was being arranged, some big authority (an enthusiastic angler) was appealed to about a part of the disputed ground; and the reply he sent back was, 'Country not worth consideration; fish won't take a fly.'

Just before getting into Vancouver, at a station—for some reason or other, goodness only knows what—I shouted to the engine-driver of the train in Gaelic, and to my astonishment, and also that of the shooting party I was with, he replied in the same terms; not only replied, but rattled out such a lot—he was a Scotchman—and was so pleased to hear the language again, he almost forgot all his duties connected with the train. Vancouver is a very nice place, and very pleasantly situated at the mouth of the Fraser River, on a large bay in which a quantity of shipping is always lying, including one or other of the magnificent steamships recently built by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to connect Vancouver with Japan. The harbour here is classed amongst the finest in the world, and there can be no possible doubt but what the city has a very good future in store. Times were good, and the place is prospering wonderfully; it only wants time to develop into perhaps the most important city in British North America. A peculiar thing is that it is the only place which has not been thoroughly boomed and worked up, as it were, artificially. It has grown rapidly, but genuinely; and no one can quite realise that in 1885 the site was a dense forest. Yet such is the case, and it was May 1886 when wooden houses first began to spring up, and they grew almost like mushrooms till the end of June, when there was a bit of a stoppage, for a big fire burnt down every house in the place, with one solitary exception. Almost before the ground got cool the inhabitants were at work building again; but this time they tried stone, bricks, and mortar, and laid the place out with a bit of method. The streets are good, and well lighted both by gas and electricity; while some of the buildings, both public and private, would do

credit to any city that could be mentioned. It is a wonderfully English place, and there are only a very few Americans and Canadians included in the 20,000 inhabitants which it now boasts of—not nearly so many as one would expect to find in a rising place occupying such a commanding position. There is plenty of room for another 20,000 people, or even treble that number; in fact, the cry all over the place is, ‘Labour with Capital.’ The two must go together; and for any one with a small capital, and able to work, Vancouver would be by no means an undesirable place. This must not be confounded with Vancouver Island, of which Victoria is the capital, for that is some little distance away. Small-pox was on the rampage on this island when I was at Vancouver (in fact, the ‘yellow flag’ was out at various houses in Vancouver); so I didn’t ferry across to it, but satisfied myself with reading and hearing about it, and looking at photographs.

John Chinaman is very much in evidence here, and, as everywhere else he goes, is reducing the price of labour. He is all very well as a washerwoman—that hardly sounds correct, but what I mean is, he is good at laundry work—in fact, he will give any European ‘chinks and a beating’ at it; but he is not admired much beyond this.

Now I started for San Francisco, and had a good overland journey. Baggage was examined on the American frontier; and although one of my travelling companions had been talking rather loudly about getting his trunks ‘chalked’ without their being examined, he seemed to forget all about it when he was ‘bailed up.’ He told me that a few years ago he landed in New York with a lot of dutiable stuff amongst his things, but didn’t want to pay the big amount it would come to; so he asked the officer if he could look at his things soon, as he was in a great hurry—in fact, a \$5 hurry. ‘Reckon I’m not,’ said the officer. ‘But I’m in a \$10 hurry!’ ‘Reckon you’ll have to wait your turn, mister.’ ‘I say, officer, how would a \$20 hurry do?’ ‘Ah! these your trunks?’ They were chalked! He

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declared this was true, but I had my doubts, as it was disparaging to the character of the American custom-house officers, and these worthies ought to be looked upon as the soul of honour. The dollar can work many wonders, but bribe an American custom-house officer! Well, of course, there's no knowing what *may* happen.

We passed through some most wonderful country, forest succeeding forest, and huge mountainous parts lending a fascinating grandeur to the whole scene, while the log-huts completed a picture which for its *extremeness* might almost be called domesticity and barbarity. The lumber-men all about this region are really young giants; scarce a man amongst them under about six feet, and broad and well made in proportion. It is true their appearance has not that innocent and gentle air so peculiar to childhood—in fact, in many cases it approaches the roughness of a horror seen in a nightmare; but they are by no means a bad set of fellows. The northern part of Washington Territory is developing wonderfully just now, but some of the places are rather what may be termed primitive. Seattle, for instance, is a very rustic-looking settlement. The whole country round brings one back to those schoolboy books so wild and exciting, and whose pages teem with thrilling adventures with Indians, burning forests, and feats of prodigious valour performed by some apparently insignificant youth, who, after slaying about a hundred Indians with his own strong arm and carving-knife, or putting out an acre or two of burning forest by a vigorous application of the watering-pot, would refuse to be thought a hero, and to those who wished to praise him for his doughty deeds would smile complacently and say (with our leading comedian), 'Oh, it's nothing!' It's all very well to laugh at those books now, but there was a time when such irreverence would have been reprehensible in the highest degree. This is really what the country looks like, though; and it was here that I came across the most peculiar specimen of a house that I think I ever saw. It was a kind

of wooden hut, and over the door was painted the word 'Bank'!

The journey by boat from Seattle to Tacona is past islands and land covered with timber, growing and cut down. On the waterside are immense piles waiting to be sawn up, and dotted here and there are huge saw-mills hard at work, and constantly on the go; yet, for all this, and despite the large army of

men always 'at it,'

it is calculated that several centuries will elapse before the land is clear. Settlers in this district, unlike those in the



'OH! IT'S NOTHING'

prairies, get
160 acres free
if they clear the

timber; and in heaps of cases they adopt the quickest method of doing this, and burn it down.

Portland (Oregon) is the next place of interest, and the journey there is through immense tracts of prairie and forest. The town is an old one, or at least fairly so; but still there are stumps of trees to be seen in the streets. The hotel in Portland that I stayed at was about the best that up to then I had seen, and the management was simply perfection. In the basement here, as indeed in most of the American hotels, are shops of

every description, not forgetting the indispensable 'barber.' These shops in the basement save a visitor a wonderful lot of trouble.

Now I get on board the train again, and make a real start for 'Frisco, the Golden City, stopping on the way at Mount Shasta to sample the water of the Shasta natural mineral spring, which is really very good indeed, and the sight of the water coming jumping up is very strange. The entrance to



SAN FRANCISCO : THE GOLDEN GATES

'Frisco by this railway is not calculated to make one go into ecstasies over the place, for bogland and prairie have to be passed through; but this is not much, and once inside the Golden City all the objectionable and disappointing features connected with the entrance are forgotten. California is a wonderful fruit-growing country, and one farmer's story was that if any one planted his, say, 160 acres with fruit, with

ordinary luck, after the third year, he should be making \$5000 a year nett profit. There is a sort of blackberry-bush that grows to an immense size if properly cultivated. I didn't see it, but I was told that it was nothing for one of these *bushes* to cover one or two hundred yards of ground; in fact, if a man had room enough to grow a couple of them he could make a good living! Wonderful place, America! Everything so large about it! At least, not exactly *everything*; minute, and at the same time objectionable, things might be mentioned.

Well, we're in the wonderful city of 'Frisco, and the Palace Hotel, where

I stayed, is always popularly supposed to be the largest in the world; the manager says he isn't quite sure how many people he can accommodate, but he thinks he can put up almost 1000 people! The Presidential election excitement wasn't quite over during my visit; and, I presume in order to stimulate the voters, a band of musicians — well, that's what they called themselves — dressed as volunteers, discoursed a terrible row every evening in the courtyard of the hotel. It would really be a libel on a noble art to call the noise music, for each man seemed to be imbued with the idea that all he had to do was to blow down his instrument as hard and energetically as he possibly could, while diligently chewing his 'quid' at the same time. Those abominable nuisances about the streets



ALL HE HAD TO DO

of London, the German bands or hurdy-gurdies, are refinement compared with that conglomeration of hideous noises.

The streets in 'Frisco are very good, and the cable-car system is just A1. When the cable-car system was first introduced, it was altogether too much for John Chinaman; his celestial mind couldn't grasp the idea at all, and he looked upon it as something almost supernatural. 'No

pulle e, no

pushee, go like

hellee,' John

would say, and

then jump

over the lines.

Nothing

would induce

him to *walk*

across. He is

getting to

understand it

now, though.

Theatres, pub-

lic-houses or

'saloons,' and

churches

abound all

over the city,

and all are well

patronised. The

Chinese are very nume-

rous, and their quarter of the city, called Chinatown,

is well worth a visit; but before taking a walk round,



'OCH, YE DIVIL!'

it is just as well for the visitor to prepare his nerves, and make up his mind not to be too squeamish, for during the whole tour he will be surrounded by dirt, stench, and immorality. I don't think I will go into details. There are a lot of French here, and the Irish muster very strongly too in different parts, but perhaps more especially at Golden Gate Park, and they are all 'patriots.' While touring round there one day, I heard a story of a green parrot whistling 'Boyne Water,' much to the annoyance of a Paddy. 'Och, ye devil,' said Pat, 'shure, it's only your colour

that saves ye! If ye were a canary, begorra, I'd wring your neck!' Poor Polly!

A long time can be very profitably spent in 'Frisco, for there is plenty to see, and the inhabitants are without doubt 'all sorts and conditions of men.' One day I was very much amused. I had just been to a Republican meeting, the principal part of the speeches at which seemed to be 'Fellow-citizens'; and outside the hall some man was suddenly inspired, and, jumping on a barrow, commenced to harangue the crowd on the evils of intemperance. He hadn't got far when he was ignominiously pitched from his barrow, and the little attentions he received from his erstwhile hearers were such that the

police had to interfere and protect

him. Just before leaving 'Frisco,

when I was buying a kodak, another customer was doing the same, but keeping up such a lively chatter all the time that I was obliged to begin

as well. On mentioning that I was leaving for Honolulu by the *Alameda*, he said, 'I'm pleased to meet you, Mr.



A JOLLY TRAVELLING COMPANION

Dour'—(he couldn't fix *Dewar*)—'for I guess that's who it is. Shake hands! I'm going the same trip. What's your stateroom?' To our astonishment we found we were to share the same stateroom. A friend had given him an introduction to me; but, making a bold shot for it, he had anticipated events, and not waited till he got on board. He may possibly have the temerity to read through these pages, otherwise I should say that a nicer American, a more genuine man, or a livelier or jollier travelling companion I never met. But there are times when it is not advisable to say all one thinks, so I will pass over the gentleman's good qualities in silence; but as he kept me company for some months, he will have to be mentioned more than once again.



Fish in this country
will not take a fly!



CHAPTER VIII

The Golden Gates—'Buy Brown's Boots'—Honeymooners and Missionaries—A Funeral at Sea—'A heathen grog-seller'—Honolulu—Tropical Scenery—'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay'!—Chinese prescriptions—Queen and Scotchman—Paradise and Inferno—Father Damien—Captain Cook—Going to Samoa—The Hurricane of '89—A Visit to Royalty—Grilled Missionary—Kava—Samoan Fashions—A Game of Clubs—A Native Service.

ALTHOUGH I really believe that, if a traveller wishes to go everywhere and see as much as he can, the best thing is for him to go by himself, I must say I was not sorry to fall in with such a genial and jovial companion as the one I met buying a kodak.

There are times when one meets unexpectedly a congenial spirit, and this happened to be one of those times. We seemed to have the same ideas and tastes in everything, and there seemed to be only about one trait in which we differed: he was extremely susceptible to the charms of the fair sex; I preserved the adamant nature which has been my inseparable companion from the earliest days of my youth.

The overland mails were late; so, as we had to be on board at the usual time, we had arranged our stateroom and made things 'snug and taut' before the *Alameda* parted company with the shore; and I wasn't sorry for it, for we had plenty of

time to enjoy the glorious view presented on leaving 'Frisco harbour.

We left in the evening just before sunset, and dropped gently down the waterway which connects San Francisco Bay with the Pacific, the rays of the setting sun lending a glowing colour to the magnificent scenery we were leaving behind; but as the steamer glided on, and eventually steamed into the great Pacific Ocean, a more than beautiful sight burst upon us. Far away ahead were sparkling, dancing, blue rippling waves, beneath which the monarch of the day was just dipping; while astern was the coast of that gigantic country across which I had travelled, the huge rocks on each side of the entrance to the bay we had left looking indeed the 'Golden Gates' they were called, for they were bathed in the glorious rays of that golden sun which was fast disappearing below the horizon. I'm a bit of an artist in a way, and must confess I was fairly carried away by this sight.

I said to my Yankee friend, who was by:

'This is magnificent!'

'Well, yes,' said he, 'I reckon it's fairly good; but would you believe it, not long ago some storekeepers tried to use those rocks for advertising. Right in front there, where everybody can see coming in, a coon got painted up big, "Buy Brown's Boots"; and two days later another coon painted underneath, and bigger, "If you can't get Smith's!" Smart man, Smith!' Smith may have been smart, but both he and Brown ought to have been hung on the scene of their vandalism. Boots indeed, advertised on such a spot! Why, if any announcement should appear in a prominent place like that—well, there are certainly better things than boots that can be mentioned!

Our steamer was full, and with a very strangely assorted cargo of passengers, for it comprised everything from honeymoon couples down to missionaries. The first evening was very jolly, although a lot of folks felt rather strange; but the honeymoonists were most amusing. I daresay it may be nice



THE WORLD EXISTS ONLY FOR TWO PEOPLE

to be perfectly and entirely lost in one of the opposite sex, and feel that the world exists only for two people, the other part of the inhabitants being thrown in just to do anything that those two require; but, all the same, it's rare fun for those not interested.

Ah, well, the ocean is a mighty leveller. It seemed to wake up a bit during the first night out, and in the morning was dancing to a very lively tune. The romantic and amorous thoughts of the honeymooners were rudely dispersed, and they fell suddenly from the heights of bliss to the depths of indescribable misery.

There were a very few people on deck—luckily, I am a very good sailor—but at quiet intervals a sad and desponding pair would ascend the steps. The newly made husband would heroically battle with his yearning



A SUDDEN LURCH OF THE VESSEL

feelings in the endeavour to make his two or three days old wife more comfortable, but a sudden lurch of the vessel would send them both rapidly to the side, over which they would lean to contemplate—at least, I presume so—the pretty white crests of the rolling waves; then with staggering footsteps and

deathlike faces they would anxiously 'seek the seclusion that a cabin grants.'

One or two lady passengers courageously braved the elements, and thoroughly enjoyed the breeze, also the breakfast after their blow. There were not many people at breakfast the first morning, or indeed at any of the meals the first day. As for the missionaries, I think only the steward knew where they really were. They were quite *non est*. There were a rare lot of missionaries on board, and two or three Scotch ministers. Folks began to turn up on the second day, when the weather cleared a bit, and then we could see who was who. The fourth day out was a very sad one, and we witnessed one of those solemn and distressing scenes, a burial at sea; and this reminded me of the first I saw some years ago, on a voyage to Natal, when a man who was leaving his country for his country's good, shot himself.

One of the passengers, a lady who was well and lively on coming on board at 'Frisco, had, so it was said, unfortunately indulged too much in morphia, which of course terminated fatally. That funeral was a most impressive sight. At sunset the body, stitched in a sail, weighted with iron, and covered with the 'Stars-and-Stripes' as a pall, was brought



A RARE LOT OF MISSIONARIES

near the side of the ship and placed on a plank, which balanced over the side of the vessel. Every one stood around, and a most unusual quiet reigned over all. The sea was calm, the light was fading away, and the gentle splash of the waves on the side of the vessel seemed to keep time with the words of the burial service as it was being read. Then, at a



A RARE LOT

signal, the screw of the steamer stopped, one end of the plank was gently raised, the body slid off, and with a quiet splash disappeared beneath the waves. Perhaps the most trying part of the whole scene was that minute when, in order to get clear of the body, the screw was stopped, and the almost deathlike silence was broken by the gentle splash which told that the body of one who a few days ago had been amongst us had been committed to the deep. However, not to appear irreverent, it was something like a soldier's funeral, where on the march to the grave the band plays funeral marches, but on the way back to the barracks indulges in 'The girl I left behind me, and similar tunes of a non-funereal character; for I am sadly afraid that a very short time after all was over, the whole matter was looked upon merely as an 'incident.'

It evidently, though, awoke the missionary crowd to a sense of their duties, and to the fact that they had 'played at Sunday' in their cabins on the first day out instead of trying to improvise a service; for in the evening one of them, a Scottish teetotal parson, endeavoured to do this on deck, and gave an address. He had evidently been foraging around amongst the officers and list of passengers to know who and what everybody was; for, when talking of the vessel on which we were as a sort



A MOST IMPRESSIVE SIGHT

of ark, and all that sort of thing, he drew comparisons of the people on board, and amongst others was: 'We have missionaries on board going to convert the heathen, and we have a heathen grog-seller on board going to convert the civilised to the evils of whisky-drinking, and encourage those who are already wallowing in that degrading and pernicious vice!' Good old missionary! I didn't pay him anything for the advertisement,

although at the time I wondered whether he would expect anything. I must say, how-

ever, that my feelings were very considerably hurt by being called a 'heathen'!

I, who had been brought up most strictly in the tenets of the Shorter Catechism, the Scottish Kirk, and porridge, to be called a heathen! It was too bad of the gentleman—altogether too bad. He could not have believed in—I believe it was Byron, who says:

'There's nothing cheers the heart so much
As rum and true religion.'

Very possibly he had tried the rum, but I am quite sure it isn't true religion to call members of the Free Kirk of Scotland heathens.

Well, on the seventh day from 'Frisco we landed at Honolulu, and I had my first sight of real Pacific, tropical scenery. Although I was well acquainted with that to be found in Africa,

Madeira, etc., I had only seen the Pacific in imitation at various places both in England and America, in hot-houses, gardens, theatres, etc.; but now here was the real, genuine thing, and I almost felt that I must take up my abode amongst it for ever. The Hawaiian Islands are



A SCOTCH MINISTER

called the Paradise of the Pacific, and no better term could be applied to them. Palm-trees, cocoa-nut trees, bananas, oranges, flowers, ferns—in fact, every conceivable kind of tropical vegetation, and all in profusion—a perfect climate, swept by ocean breezes,—what can one wish for more? It is fairyland in reality.

One afternoon I was lying on an almost velvet kind of bank, under palms and banana-trees, admiring the grandeur and beauty of everything around, and wondering whether I could really be in the world, or only dreaming. I had perfectly lost myself in the magnificence of the whole scene, and quite expected every minute to see fairies come tripping from between the trees and behind the gigantic ferns, when I was rudely awakened from my sweet *dolce far niente* by a dirty, dark copper-coloured native youngster who, carrying a huge bundle of cocoanuts, burst suddenly and unceremoniously through some beautiful foliage, and started at the top of his vile young voice that awful refrain, 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!' Ye gods! if I could have caught that youngster, or pulled up a cocoanut-tree and dropped it on him! or if the author, or even the lady who caused the popularity of the song, had hove in sight at that moment, their lives would not have been worth a cocoanut to an insurance office. Heartily sick of the thing in London, I had been treated to a dose of it in Liverpool, worried with it on board the *City of Paris*, had it dinned into my ears at all hours right away through Canada and the States; and now here, here in a place which is a



'WE HAVE A HEATHEN
GROG-SELLER ON BOARD'

perfect fairyland, to have it screeched at me by a copper-coloured youngster! It was too much. I went for that youngster; but either my sudden spring from a recumbent to an upright position, or the tremendous yell of rage I gave vent to, scared him, for he made tracks, and with a howl of fright disappeared about as suddenly and mysteriously as he had come upon the scene.

Honolulu, the capital of the group of islands, is a well-built and good business place. Like 'Frisco, it has a big Chinese and Japanese population, and Chinese labour is pretty general in the coffee, sugar, and rice industries. John Chinaman has his own part of the town, and imports from the Celestial Empire nearly everything he wants. I got a fine prescription made up here at a Chinese chemist's. It consisted of powdered glass, dried black-beetles, dried snails, dried worms, and a variety of other peculiar things. This had to be mixed in boiling water, stewed for a short time, and thinned down until liquid enough to drink, then taken off in one draught! I sadly wanted my American friend to try it, but he 'guessed he wasn't sick,' and would not be prevailed upon. Some people are obstinate.

The mosquitoes here were remarkably chummy—in fact, quite embarrassingly so; and they bit me within about an inch of my life. By the way, the Chinese gods in John's temple are most attractive-looking atrocities, but I won't attempt to describe them. My friend and I were told we ought to attend a service at the temple; but as we knew it took about a week to get through a Chinese comic song, and thought perhaps the service might take a bit longer, we simply said, 'No, thank you!' One night we went to the Honolulu theatre to see a native play, and were very pleased. The actors were all natives, and they spoke in downright good American English. The acting as well was very good. Queen Liliuokalani was in a box opposite ours with her chief minister—a Scotchman, by the way, who married the queen's sister, and whose daughter, Princess Kaiulani, is next in succession to the throne. Unfortunately,

at the time of writing this there appears very little prospect of the young lady ever attaining her rights ; but even revolutions sometimes get revolutionised, so the time may come when the daughter of a pushing Scotchman will rule over Paradise—I mean the Paradise of the Pacific.

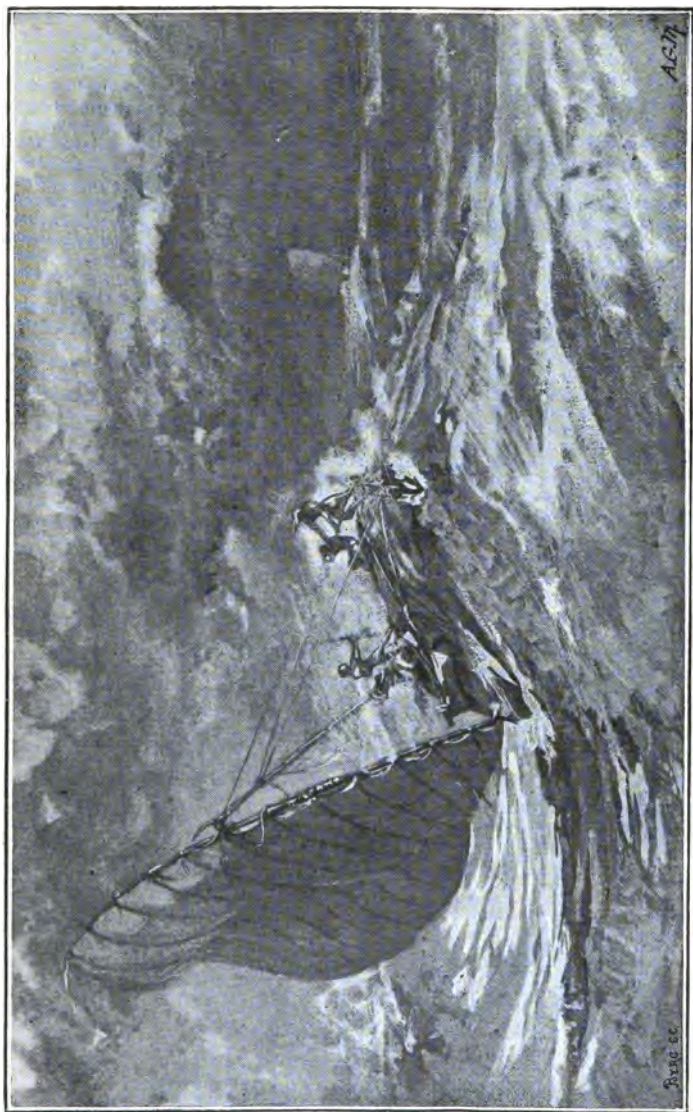
The population of Honolulu is chiefly European and American (not forgetting the Chinese and Japanese); but the natives are plentiful, and in some of the islands very much so. They are quiet and inoffensive people, and anything but objectionable, while the dresses of the ladies—Mother Hubbard costumes—put one in mind of the good old days of the nursery. Before leaving Honolulu, I must mention the ‘Hawaiian Band,’ for it is one which is well known in the western hemisphere. It is maintained by the Government, and consists of thirty native performers, with a German conductor. I am quite sure that if it ever came over to this country it would make even some of our military bands ‘sit up.’

There are twelve islands in the group, but four of them are barren ; and a tour in a steamer round the lot will soon show any one how it is that, as well as Paradise, etc., the ‘Inferno of the world’ is also so justly applicable ; for here is found, if not the largest, the most remarkable volcano in the world. I cannot really say all I want to about these islands here, for it would make a book of itself, and I almost think I shall some day write one specially devoted to their wonders and their beauties. One island which no one can visit without feelings of the greatest sorrow is that of Molokai, the home of the lepers, of whom there are some 1100 or 1200. Apart, however, from the sorrow arising from such a painful sight—although the lepers themselves seem happy and contented—one cannot help feelings of the highest admiration arising for those two really good, sincere, and earnest men, Father Damien and Pastor Hanaloa, who lived and died in their work amongst the poor victims of this frightful disease, and whose bodies lie buried on the spot of their noble devotion and self-sacrifice.

I needn't say anything about Captain Cook, who discovered the islands, and was eventually killed at Kealakekua Bay, in the island of Hawaii, for everybody knows all about that; but at the same time I should like to say that I saw here, at several places, the *identical spear* with which he was killed. I had seen several in London; but of course that goes for nothing, for one can see anything and everything in London, and no doubt the one in our Metropolis is the most authentic. After spending a most jolly time in these delightful islands, we went for another sea voyage, and shipped to Samoa. This voyage was eventful chiefly for the length of time we lay on our backs each day, for it was right through the tropics and across the equator, or 'line,' as sailors call it. Any one can imagine that rest was far cooler than exercise. Pheugh, it was hot! It was a perfect luxury in the early morning, in place of a bath, to have the hose turned on to you on deck; but even then the water was anything but cold. There was no 'bump' as we crossed the line, as some people had imagined; and when the officers said, 'Now we are across,' I looked astern, but couldn't see anything but water of mill-pond smoothness.

There was something left of us when we got to Apia, although we had undergone such a roasting for a week; and as we approached the place from the sea, I thought it was not at all strange that Robert Louis Stevenson should have taken such a fancy to the place, for it was really lovely.

Very few people in England, perhaps, knew very much about, or indeed the existence of, these islands until March 16, 1889; but the events of that day will never be forgotten. During the earlier months of the year, very violent and disastrous hurricanes spring up without much warning in these parts; and one of these occurred on March 16, 1889, when, together with American and German men-of-war, H.M.S. *Calliope* lay in Apia harbour. Every one knows the story of how Captain Kane, like a true British seaman, turned about, and in the teeth of a most terrific hurricane fought his way safely out of the



A SAMOAN CANOE IN A GALE

harbour and got to sea, while every other vessel in the harbour was lost and several hundreds of persons were drowned. The terrible disaster is still fresh in the minds of all the inhabitants, and is talked about now almost as much as it was at the time. Some of the natives speak fairly good English ; and one of these, a boatman who took us a sail round the coral reefs, warmed up immensely when telling us the horrors of the scene. He drew a most graphic picture of the whole, and we could almost see the *Calliope*, with the brave captain and his equally brave crew, battling with the storm to get free of the reefs, and hear the crews of the fast-sinking American and German vessels cheering that plucky handful of men, as, going about one mile an hour, inch by inch they neared the open sea. He described how terrible it was for those on land, who were powerless to render assistance although men were drowning within twenty yards of the shore, and wound up with, 'But English ships too strong, English sailors too good to sink.' Although he never even hinted at it, I heard afterwards that this man was one of the most energetic in rendering assistance during that awful time, and was instrumental in saving a great number of lives.

Although at present Samoa is under the triple protectorate of England, America, and Germany, from what I could see and what I heard, things seemed tending to the floating of the Union Jack alone. One native told me that they would never have the Germans alone, as they didn't like them ; but that they didn't mind either of the others, although they would prefer England, and, for his part, he thought England would be the first.

It was here that I paid my first visit to a crowned head. I have taken my hat off to her Majesty and the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family, and it has been acknowledged ; but until this time the nearest I had been to conversing with Royalty was one morning in London, in a quiet part, when I cannoned off a Royal Highness as he was going across the pavement to get into his carriage. I stopped

short and raised my hat. He touched his, and said 'Morning.' It was not a lengthy conversation, certainly, but quite sufficient to enable me to say that I had been in close personal contact with Royalty. Possibly closer than that Royalty cared for—but that is a detail! But now, here, thousands of miles away from home, I visited a King! Not only visited him, but had a long and friendly chat with him; also some bananas. It was King Malietoa; and although he couldn't speak English very well, his Majesty and I got on very well indeed together. His surroundings may not have been equal to those of European Courts, or even royal in the strict sense of the word, neither was his residence to be compared with Buckingham Palace; but, nevertheless, he was a king, and I visited him. Nay, more, I pointed out to his Majesty that his clock was wrong, and put it right and wound it up for him. This pleased him so much that he wanted to create me a Knight of the Order of the Cocoonut on the spot; but I explained that our Queen always liked her subjects to consult her before they accepted any distinguished foreign orders, so he allowed me to decline the honour. He is a nice, quiet old man, and the clock that I manipulated was a gorgeous piece of furniture; it was of American make, and would, I should imagine, cost at least a dollar! But then, Royalty spares no expense.

The same as in Canada with the Indians, any one selling or giving alcoholic liquors to the natives is fined or imprisoned, and any native found drunk or drinking is punished severely. The reason for this is that, when they reach a certain stage approaching inebriation produced by alcohol, the spirit of their forefathers arises within them; and being such thorough sportsmen, it is more than likely that they would then find it better fun to have shots at a white man than to go fishing, or more aristocratic to dine off grilled missionary than cocoanuts or bananas.

The drink of the island is *kava*, and there are two ways of making this—one the common or garden, and the other the

royal, method. My American friend and I went one day to see it made. The 'distillery' was a very large hut in the woods, and the working staff consisted of about five-and-twenty natives; but an admiring crowd had followed us to the place, so that there was quite an audience. The operation consists of grind-



THE SPIRIT OF THEIR FOREFATHERS RISES

ing the root of the *kava* between stones, then putting it into a bowl and making it into a pulp, then straining it off. Great excitement was caused when I tried my hand at making it, and this increased tremendously as I proceeded; all the 'staff,' as well as the audience, chattered and laughed so much and got so interested, it was quite amusing. One who spoke a little

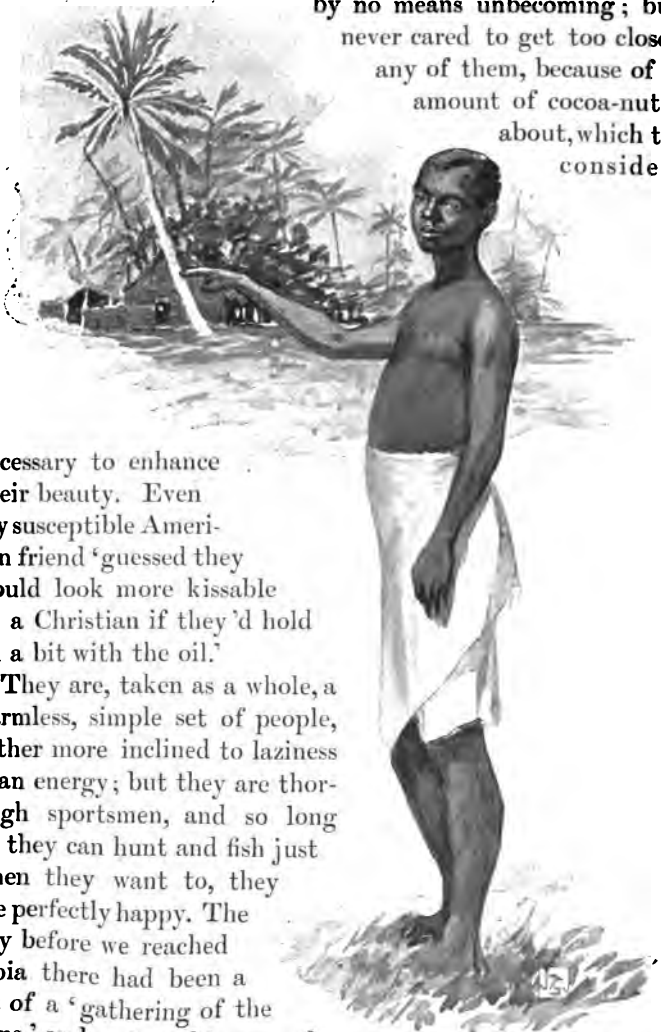
English said the cause of the excitement was that they all declared I made it as though I had always been in the business.

We tasted it—oh, yes! we tasted it; and then, to show the generosity of the white man, we distributed the remainder amongst the crowd. They liked it: we were very glad they did. Reader, would you like to taste this native drink? If so, boil a cabbage, when it gets cold squeeze all the moisture out of it that you can, flavour with soft-soap, and drink it—you then get a very fair idea of what *kava* is like. But the royal method of making it is different, and this is only adopted by persons of high degree, and when they wish to pay more than ordinary honour to some distinguished personage. It is made by young girls of from twelve to twenty years of age, having very good teeth; and the operation is very simple, for these girls simply chew the root and spit it into a bowl, instead of crushing it between stones! Several individuals, including my friend King Malietoa, were most anxious to extend this high honour to us; but we explained that we were modest in nature, and, although we might be princes in our own country, we were travelling strictly *incognito*, and that, while we appreciated the proffered honour at its very highest, we begged to be allowed to decline it. The guide who took us all over the island to see the different sights was about the most perfectly modelled young fellow I have ever seen; and although he was but fourteen years old, he stood just over six feet high. He gave me three sittings for my kodak, and this honour nearly made him another inch higher. The natives are very fond of tattooing themselves, and do it principally from the waist to the knees. They have evidently got an idea that this is quite sufficient covering to meet the demands of civilisation; for, although they are compelled by the authorities to have a covering over their loins, this is always very slight, and they undoubtedly strongly object to it, for a week seldom passes but one or two are fined or sent to gaol for a bit for promenading *à la Adam*! The Samoese ladies adopt a kind of

Mother Hubbard costume, which is by no means unbecoming; but I never cared to get too close to any of them, because of the amount of cocoa-nut oil about, which they considered

necessary to enhance their beauty. Even my susceptible American friend 'guessed they would look more kissable to a Christian if they'd hold on a bit with the oil.'

They are, taken as a whole, a harmless, simple set of people, rather more inclined to laziness than energy; but they are thorough sportsmen, and so long as they can hunt and fish just when they want to, they are perfectly happy. The day before we reached Apia there had been a bit of a 'gathering of the clans,' and a playful 'game of clubs' had been resorted to by



THE GUIDE

way of amusement. This pretty game is no child's play, and in this instance three of the players got clubbed a bit too much, and retired to other worlds 'where all is peace and happiness, and "clubbing" is unknown.' This little matter didn't trouble the natives, though.

We attended a native service on Sunday in Apia, and, although we couldn't understand, we were struck by the attention paid by the congregation. The ladies, dressed *à la* Mother Hubbard in Manchester prints of various and alarming colours, occupied one side; the gentlemen, dressed—well, slightly, occupied the other; while the white people were on a platform. Round the interior of the place several pictures were nailed up, such as Gladstone, Parnell, Irving, etc. One could hardly call them religious subjects; but still they were pictures. Most of them were from Christmas numbers of the *Graphic*, *Illustrated London News*, etc.; but one which particularly took my fancy was the large plate from the *Graphic* containing all the portraits of the members of the London County Council elected in March 1892, my own being amongst the number!





CHAPTER IX

Leaving Samoa—Trade Winds and Currents—Auckland—Pearls in Oysters—Maori Pennies—A Natural Hot Bath—Hot Springs—Rotorua and Geysers—Revolver Shooting—Maoris and 'Missionaryism'—Sophia—Card-playing—An 'Example' taken wrongly—Being Photographed—A Baby Geyser—'The Bone-scraper'—To Err is Human—A Hint for Justice Jeune—The 'Haka-Haka'—A Learned Landlord.

THERE is nothing like variety to keep the mind well occupied and prevent one from getting dull; and here was another change.

The poetic and romantic Samoa, with its hundred and one attractions, had to be left; for although I would gladly have followed the example of Robert Louis Stevenson and made the islands my home, to fulfil my mission I had other climates to sample. So with a good-bye sad and sorrowful, I once more packed up my nail-brush, sponge, slippers, and other *impedimenta*, and went on board a boat bound for New Zealand. I was sorry we could not look in at the New Hebrides, as the name was so familiar to me. I remembered I had often seen my mother writing to people about these islands, and I knew that many of my kilts and breeks of childhood's days had been sent over to the place, so I should like to have gone to see whether I could recognise any of my ancient habiliments.

By this time I began to realise that I had been somewhere about half-way round the world, and was really 'down under'; but there was no difference. At times my vivid imagination

would suggest the transparency of the globe, and the possibility in such a case of my seeing the soles of the feet of my dear old friends in London. But it never got as far as that ;



LEAVING SAMOA

everything was in the same place ; we sailed on the sea, as before, and not suspended from it, and no one could really have told but what we were on the top of the globe.

On this voyage the boat behaved herself very well. By the way, I wonder why a boat is called *her*. It has always struck me as being peculiar ; and perhaps, as, amongst other Companies of the City of London, I am a liveryman of that Worshipful



WRITING TO PEOPLE ABOUT THESE ISLANDS

Company the Shipwrights, I ought to know, but I don't. I know the craft are in the habit of displaying eccentric and erratic peculiarities, but I suppose there is some other reason even beyond *this* to entitle them to be classed in the feminine gender.

Between Samoa and New Zealand, both the wind and the sea have plenty to do to attend to their business, for they are very busy, although not boisterously so. Trade winds, etc., and currents are all about the place. I can't imagine how it is they don't get mixed up, but they don't.

The different winds about kept the air delightfully cool; and now and then, when a current would take charge of the boat, we went along at a much increased speed. One day we ran for over forty miles with a current; and then in the morning we had about four hours' very nasty rolling about, caused, as I was told, from going with a current that ran between two mountains under the sea. It would be better if those mountains were taken away; the motion of the vessel is not pleasant when in their neighbourhood. Then we crossed the meridian, and had to skip a day in the almanac, so as to make matters right on the other side, and not be a day behind. They manage all these things very well at sea: there is no arguing about it—they just do it, and there you are. The sailors don't get docked or credited a day's pay, so they don't mind a bit.

New Zealand is sighted, and before very long our anchor is dropped in Auckland harbour, and we are once more on dry land. I say 'dry land,' because I believe that is the proper phrase; but in reality the land was anything but dry—in fact, it was very wet, for it was raining very hard, and had been for some time. We were told that Auckland had more rain than any other town in Australasia; and we could almost believe it, for it was wet during by far the greater part of our stay there. And when I say wet I mean it, for the rain seems to be different from English rain. It is more like a heavy Scotch mist, and seems to come from everywhere—not in drops, as ours does; and it is pretty continual. However, we did see what the fine weather was like, and our first experience of this was grand. The air was quite fresh and balmy, and we could quite understand the almost perfect climate of the islands, which is so favourable to agricultural pursuits.

Auckland is a funny place, and a typical Scotch town. After the carefully and squarely arranged towns and cities of the States it looked a little 'straggly,' but at the same time it certainly looked 'homely.' The 'fire-bell' arrangement is peculiar; these bells are all over the place, and, when a fire occurs, first one bell goes, then the other, and the engine turns out. The inhabitants also are very homely, although they look a bit rough.

Ah, if we could only get oysters in London at the same price as in Auckland! The best are 3d. per dozen, and by the sack even less than that! They lie in thousands on the north shore, and the only expense is gathering them. In hotels 6d. per dozen is charged; but even at that advanced figure one's lordly feelings arise, and oysters and stout are indulged in without giving even one thought to the expense. How different from the Whitstable native in London, which is really no better! I was exceedingly lucky one day. My friend and I had bought some oysters, and were having a jolly *al fresco* banquet; at the finish one oyster was left. Politeness forbade either of us taking it, so we 'matched' for it. We call it tossing, or, as I believe it is vulgarly called, 'Tommy Dodd,' but my Yankee friend would have it the proper term was 'matching.'

Well, I won, and the oyster was opened, and I found I was the possessor of two pearls as well, for these were in one shell. One was as big as a small pea, and, mounted for a scarf-pin, looked remarkably well. The other one, inferior in every way, I handed to my friend as a consolation prize for losing. The time in Auckland was very jolly, although it rained so; and the mayor was most hospitable. We 'matched' for almost everything, including the hotel bill. One thing, however, we didn't 'match' in, and that was buying curios; we were both keen on this, so thought we had better run on our own line. Of course, now and then we got let in by being a bit too credulous; but that wasn't often.

One day at the hotel my friend came up to me with a big curiosity; it was a Maori penny, for which he had given a shilling! Yes, yes, I must have one of those coins, and was taking note where to get one, when the barmaid said, 'Why can't you buy some of ours? We've got a whole drawerful here, and I'll let you have a dozen for a shilling if you want as many as that!' I bought my penny at the hotel.

The great wonder of New Zealand is the hot-lakes district, and we decided to go right through this and see whether the region was really as marvellous as it was described, so started off for Okoroire, the commencement of the district.

Upon reaching this place, a drive of about two or three miles brought us to the hot-springs hotel—a wooden-built house with an iron roof, and situated in the midst of a perfect wilderness, although the grounds close round have been made very attractive, and the fare provided by the landlord was very good. Rain was in full swing here, and of another different kind. No mist. It reminded me of the way sailors put the hose on to us in the mornings when we were going through the tropics; but we were determined that we would lose no time in trying the open-air hot-bath, so under the guidance of the landlord, who had a big lantern—for it was very dark, and nearly 10 P.M.—we started, enveloped in macintoshes, for the spring and bath. When we got there—or, to be more correct, as we gradually got near—thoughts seemed to arise of what a foolish expedition it was—going to have an open-air hot-bath while it was raining so hard. And then there were such funny noises all round. We could hear the sound of water running, and a most unpleasant 'gurgling' kind of sound; and altogether, the only light we had being the rays of the landlord's lantern, the surroundings were peculiar, especially with the terrible down-pour of rain. We got used to the 'gurgling' noise before we had been in the district very long, but the first sensations were—well, strange. After about five minutes' walk we came to a wooden shed, which served as a dressing-room; and from this,



UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF THE LANDLORD

by the aid of the lantern, we could just see a bubbling pool. We were soon inside this, and thoroughly enjoyed it. The temperature of the water was about 75 degrees, and the depth a good five feet; the sand at the bottom was quite hot, and the tingling sensation in the lower limbs as a bather sinks to his knees in it is very strange. We got rather wet over the head and shoulders from the rain while swimming about, but that was rather jolly, for it seemed to act as a sort of shower-bath. After arranging our toilet again in the 'dressing-room,' the procession re-formed, and we returned to the hotel feeling much refreshed, but anything but at home with the surroundings, which seemed to be nothing but 'gurgling darkness'!

Had to be up very early next morning, as the coach started at eight o'clock, and, being of the 'mail' kind, was bound to be punctual. Our destination was perhaps the headquarters of the geyser and hot-spring arrangement, Rotorua, and Whakarewarewa, and well into Maoriland. The musical sound of the Maori language as applied to towns and districts is all very well, but the thing is how to pronounce the names, and remember them after they have been pronounced. We used to bet on them as we came across a good one; but as a rule we were both wrong, and eventually gave it up, for it was tiring work walking round a Maori word three or four times before you could fix it. For instance, in one of the Maori legends there is a chief called Tamatepokaiwhenua, and a pool we passed in our travels went by the name of Te Mimiahomaiterangi! These come fairly easy when you've been in training a bit; but they want some very careful handling at first, especially by those who suffer from weakness of the jaws.

Our drive was through about forty miles of country, and a great part of the road was mud. However, the New Zealand coach-horses are good, wiry animals, and are good for forty or fifty miles any day, although twenty is about the average they do. They are very cheap, and run from about 50s. to £5 each.

At some parts the mud was so bad the coach sank in up to the axles; but the horses worked with a will, and we were landed at the end at registered time. There was not much to see on the way, barring the mud and 'bush'; here and there a squatter's sheep-farm could be seen, and now and then a *whare*, or Maori's hut, as well as occasionally a Maori pig; while to me a strange item was the peculiar chattering of strange birds.

One very peculiar tree grows on the road, though. The Maoris call it the *rata*, whatever that might mean; but, 'pon my word, I don't know what I should call it unless it were a 'serpentine.' It grows up to a fairly good height, then a branch sprouting out from the top grows downward, twining round the trunk on its way, as though it wanted to see how the bark was getting on. Then when it reaches the bottom it goes into the ground to see if the original roots are all right, then turns round, and starts an upward journey once more to see how affairs are up at the top, twining round again as before, eventually swallowing up the whole of the original trunk.

My American friend, who always carried a loaded revolver, was firing at everything we came across, just to keep his hand in, as he said. Judging from the number of times he hit his mark, notwithstanding the jolting of the coach, I didn't think his hand wanted much keeping in, and should not like to have played at being the target with him. I chaffed him about carrying the thing, but he said, 'My dear Dour, I reckon if you'd travelled in some of the Southern States that I have, where you almost want an umbrella to keep off the bullets, you'd carry a revolver pretty slick!' Well, perhaps I might—I don't know; but I almost fancy I should be more inclined to give that district a very wide berth. This revolver-carrying business always seems particularly ridiculous to me; and, as I told this amiable possessor of the six-shooter, I had not up to the present, although I had been in nearly every country in

the world, seen any place where revolvers were required—with the exception perhaps of the West-end of London, which part I considered was really dangerous; but that even there I thought there were better ways of relieving oneself of the attentions of 'prowlers' than by shooting.

We arrived at the Geyser Hotel, Whakarewarewa, just in time for dinner, and quite ready for it, but also very much inclined to walk as lightly as possible, for fear our weight should break through the crust of the earth and send us to explore the hot springs at their base. The 'gurgling' was going on all around, and here and there geysers were shooting up scalding water high into the air, steam was blowing about like smoke from a prairie fire, and altogether we could but think we were treading on 'delicate ground.'

This is such a wonderful place, and visited by so many tourists, it is hardly to be wondered at that the Maoris have settled around in the quantities they have; for, like all other tribes, they prefer to get their living as easily as possible, and do not care to do more work than they are absolutely obliged. Still, they are a fine race, and it is sad to think they are dying out; but no doubt they are disappearing, slowly but surely. They are very different now from the original Maori, and the attempts at civilisation have by no means improved them. Of course, it has put a stop to cannibalism; but that is a detail. What poet is it that says something about 'first comes civilisation, then industry, then wealth, luxury, vice, and last again barbarism'? Whoever it may be, this seems to be the case with the noble Maori, and it makes one think that those who take the civilising business in hand go about it in altogether a wrong direction. I know of Indian tea-planters who will on no account employ a native who has been what is called converted; and they do this from experience gained. So long as a native retains his own religion (and even savages have a religion of some kind), he is to be trusted to a certain degree, for he goes in mortal fear of after consequences should

he do anything egregiously wrong; but, once taught to believe there is an all-forgiving Power, his natural instinct for doing wrong strongly develops, and no dependence can be placed upon him. This is their experience, and it would appear that things are very similar in Maoriland; for, the same as all savage races when they get Christianised or civilised, they also get thoroughly demoralised by acquiring all the evil habits of the low whites, without attaining to any of the better qualities of the good ones. It is an altogether mistaken idea that putting a nigger into a pair of trousers and a tall hat makes a Christian of him.

Many instances can be quoted in any *kainga* (Maori village) of full- or half-bred Maoris who have been educated, and have lived for some time amongst white people, going back to the *whare* and living Maori lives as before—but *plus* the failings and vicious accomplishments of their recent associates. This seems hardly possible to those who have not realised it; but none the less it is a hard and stubborn fact, and shows that the whole system of 'missionaryism' wants thoroughly overhauling and rearranging, and to be undertaken by competent and educated men alone. That may be considered a little digression, but I mean what I say.

The Maoris are a wonderful people to study: happy, light-hearted, and merry. They are more like a host of big children



A NIGGER IN A PAIR OF
TROUSERS

than anything else; and although in days gone by they were good at carving, mat-making, and many useful occupations such as these, about the only thing they really do now is to plant and cultivate potatoes—their staple article of food. Occasionally, when the Government buys up some of their land, the money is divided equally throughout the tribe; and then, until this is exhausted, better living than potatoes is resorted to—in fact, to use a common expression, the whole lot have a ‘high old time.’ They just start in and spend the money in a most reckless manner; nothing is really good enough for them; and, like thorough sportsmen, they are always ready to try some other experiment whereby they may either win or lose more money.

Everybody who has been to Whakarewarewa during the last—well, number of years, knows of Sophia, the Maori lady-guide, who takes the money at the entrance to the large area of geysers, and shows you round, explaining how hot this is, how high this water shoots up, etc. etc. Sophia is a very shrewd, intelligent, and interesting individual; she has very good manners, can talk well, and is by no means devoid of humour: moreover, she is a bit of a power amongst the tribes. The lady and I got very great friends: perhaps Sophia will forgive me if I say I didn’t fall in love with her; she was a good fifty years old, so quite safe, but very charming all the same.



SOPHIA

I would often leave the hotel, and go and sit by her *whare* and discuss Maori subjects over a smoke. The lady generally used to smoke a pipe, but she would always discard this for a cigarette. The real way to win a Maori's heart is through a packet of cigarettes.

Once I touched upon politics, and then Sophia waxed very eloquent. 'White man no *capi* (good) coming and take land for beads, tobacco, rum, knives, pistols from Maori. Now you boss what Maori should boss—Maori outcast, slave!'

'But,' I said, 'Maoris all right; you do better now than before.'

'Yes, but Maoris dress now; white man clothes get wet, got no change to put on, get damp, catch cold and die, else undress and sit in hot spring till clothes dry! Maori now get sugar, tea, beer, rum, and all that, and not want Maoris' right food. No, no; white man no *capi*. Maoris better never saw white man. Maoris not be alive soon!' I am bound to say that in a measure I was obliged to acquiesce, inwardly, with a lot that Sophia had said. She has one great grievance, and I think a just one; and that is, she did not get a medal for all the work she did during the night of the great eruption.

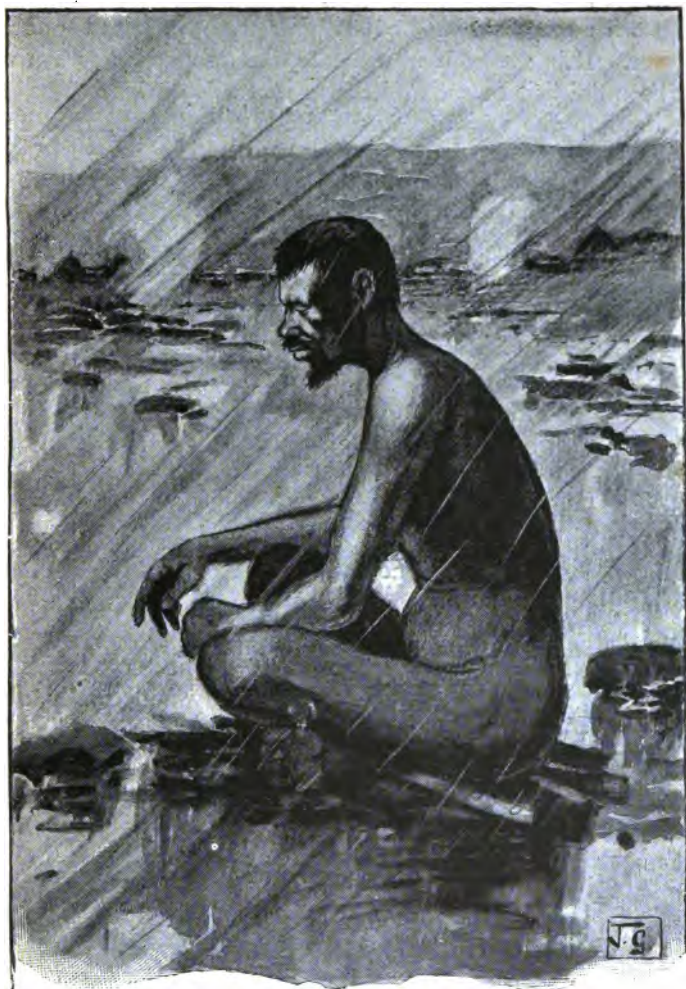
In a way this lady rules over the whole lot of Maoris in this district, and she is a person of great importance, living almost in luxury. Her *whare* is the aristocratic meeting-place, and at times a kind of levee is held there, and cards are indulged in. The stakes played for are not enormous: matches are very popular, but cigarettes are looked upon as very 'swagger' play. The *élite* of the tribe occasionally play for real money, Sophia attending to the financial business and keeping accounts. At these times the assembled chiefs watch the lady balancing her cash with most earnest anxiety, as though they had grave suspicions Sophia 'made a bit' for herself. I never broached this subject, as, after her tirade about white men and Maoris, I deemed it advisable to be very careful as to the subjects I



MAORIS CARD-PLAYING

selected for conversation. I was sorry for this, as I wanted to hear from her whether it were really true that when the Maoris first began to dress, when the rain came on they would take off their clothes, fold them up, and sit upon them until the rain had finished, to keep them dry ; but, expecting such a query would in all probability raise the lady's ire once more, I refrained.

Another story I wanted verified, but which I thought it advisable to 'ease off' on, also related to the earlier days of the noble Maori and some of his manners and customs. I had heard that among their other national games and sports an entertainment called 'clubbing' was very popular, and frequently indulged in. It was a somewhat rough game, and at its conclusion many corpses strewed the ground ; but what did that matter ? The natives were very fond of it, and saw no harm in it ; but for all that the authorities determined to put a stop to it and make an example of the chief 'clubbist.' The tribes were summoned, and the chief secured ; then in a harangue of the best Maori language at their command the authorities explained to the multitude what they were going to do, and why ; then, dressing the victim in white, they concluded the proceedings by hanging him on the branch of a tree. Long, silently, and gravely the assembled Maoris looked on, then quietly and thoughtfully departed to their own quarters. A week's quiet assured the white men of the success of their experiment, and they were pleased ; but in the midst of their congratulations came a rude awakening. Seeing and hearing signs of an awful carousal going on in the Maori districts, a deputation of the 'reformers' went to inquire the cause, and found not one, but many corpses hanging from the trees, while other victims were being swung up ! In the innocence of their hearts the tribes had taken the 'example' for an illustration of a new entertainment, and had taken to it most kindly !



SIT ON THEIR CLOTHES UNTIL THE RAIN HAS FINISHED

One day I persuaded Sophia to have her photograph taken with me, as I wished to patronise the local photographer. Being a bit of an amateur photographer, when we had been finished I went into the gentleman's dark room to see him develop the negative, and while there experienced a new fri—, no, sensation. Just as he was beginning operations, the wooden floor, which was about a foot from the ground, seemed to get rather unsteady, and there was a very ominous bump, bump, bump, directly underneath, that was the reverse of pleasant or reassuring. The photographer explained matters.

‘That’s only a small geyser beginning to work,’ said he. ‘I have three below here that work at regular intervals—the one just starting, another one there’—pointing to a corner—‘and the other one just underneath where you are standing.’

Geysers!—starting! I could see it better outside, so outside I went.

I don’t quite remember now whether I opened the door, or whether it opened of its own accord, or whether it fell down; but I know in my anxiety to see the marvellous sight I didn’t take long in getting out of that dark room. The photographer went on with his work coolly and calmly, and let the baby geyser bubble and gurgle under his floor just in its own sweet way, whilst I, watching it from a position of advantage, expected every minute to see the ‘dark apartment’ lifted high into the air on the summit of a boiling column. But no; the building stood firm, the photographer developed the plate, and the infantile geyser gurgled and fizzed itself out. Of course, being an F.R.G.S., I ought to know everything about these things; but, somehow or other, I don’t.

I was introduced to two old Maori gentlemen who had not forgotten the cannibal days, and who, for a few cigarettes, told some most remarkable tales of the fighting expeditions got up

by various tribes with the sole purpose of getting plenty of dead men in order to celebrate a birthday or some such important anniversary. I don't wish to impugn the veracity of these gentlemen; but while they were talking, the wonderful tales that had often been told to me by sailors came to my mind



I WAS INTRODUCED TO TWO OLD MAORI GENTLEMEN

more than once. They said, however, that they had never cared to eat white men; as they eat salt, and such a lot of salt things, they always tasted too salt.

The old 'bone-scraper' of the tribe was an interesting individual in a way, and his occupation is a most lugubrious one. When a Maori dies, he is buried in the usual course;

but after being 'down below' for a couple of years or so the corpse is dug up again, and all the bones, after being well



OLD BONE-SCRAPER

scraped by this old gentleman, are removed to another place. Possibly this burial business is enforced in order to do away with any opportunity for returning to cannibalism; for, although

having forsworn such habits, if the scraping were a first operation, I am sadly afraid that, being in the midst of it so much, the temptation to have a chop or steak as in the days of yore would be a little too strong for the old gentleman. I hinted at this to Sophia, but she wouldn't say anything about it. Civilisation has even extended so far as to the scraping performance, for the old man is armed with a large and most unmistakable Sheffield knife! This he is always ready to lay aside for a time, and 'rest from his labours,' when he sees there is a chance of a chat, with a cigarette or two thrown in. He is not nearly the dull or morose individual one would imagine his occupation would cause him to be; but, on the contrary, he is an agreeable, chatty old fellow.

The Maori ladies find that 'to err is human,' and, as others of their sex in different countries, they occasionally show their humanity. It is a serious matter, though, for the family and relations of a wife who becomes untrue; for the husband and his friends take all the father's cattle, and in addition to this her brothers, cousins, etc. etc., have to give up something by way of compensation. After this the whole tribe hold humiliation meetings over the delinquent, and then, as a rule, she is received back by her husband. Before I left this quarter I witnessed one of these meetings, and a more gloomy, dismal affair I cannot imagine. The wailing and doleful chanting over the unfaithful wife were most miserable.

This idea does not seem at all a bad one, although perhaps it would hardly work in such a crowded place as London. It would be a remarkable sight to see, after the delivery of a verdict in a 'society' case in our court, a grand stampede of the successful one's friends and relations up the Strand to the west, in order to grab up plate, furniture, and knick-knacks from the residence of the delinquent. The police might object to the continuous obstruction of traffic; but then, if they did, the adherents of the opposing parties could assemble

in Hyde Park (if it were large enough), and await the result there.

Using her influence amongst the Maoris, Sophia got up a *haka-haka*, or native dance, for our benefit. This resembles the Moorish and Egyptian dances, and is very similar to the *hula-hula* of Honolulu, or the *meke-meke* of Fiji, etc. Twenty women and twenty men took part in this performance, and kept it up most vigorously for over two hours, only stopping occasionally for cigarettes and beer. They did not have much beer, though, although some of their number were told off to superintend the drawing of what they did have ; for they had found out that landlords had a trick of drawing *some* beer, and filling the gallon measure up from 'the cow with the iron tail' ! Excisemen were not plentiful, so this didn't matter.

But to the dance. All engaged worked very hard, but the chief performer put them all in the shade by his exertions. His bloodvessels must have been tin-lined, otherwise I am sure they would have burst. He began the business with a weird and dismal kind of chant, which was afterwards taken up by the native orchestra, and eventually the forty performers commenced their part, which consisted of yelling and shrieking at the top of their voices, and putting themselves into almost indescribable positions. As the dance proceeds, both men and women work themselves up into a perfect frenzy of excitement, until they are hardly answerable for their actions ; and then it is as well for the younger members of the audience to suggest to their mothers or aunts that they had better retire. Perhaps, as the London County Council have not approved of many things on the *variety* stage here, I should not have sat the performance out ; but I hid my blushes, and satisfied my conscience with the fact that I was 'only investigating.' Although such a wild and almost fiendish dance, it must want a lot of practice, for it is gone through with much precision ; and at a signal from what may be called the master of ceremonies the

whole thing stops dead, and the performers squat tailor-fashion all over the place, and indulge in a smoke or a chew. Before leaving this chapter I must really mention the proprietor of the Geyser Hotel, for he was the most extraordinary philosopher

I ever met. The son of a Swedish professor, he

ran away to sea when a boy, and went

through a whole heap of experiences

in every corner of the globe,

until now, at over sixty

years of age, he 'bosses'

the Geyser. He is

a perfect master of

fifteen languages,

and his occupation

previous to hotel

proprietorship was

that of interpreter

and land-purchase

agent to the

New Zealand

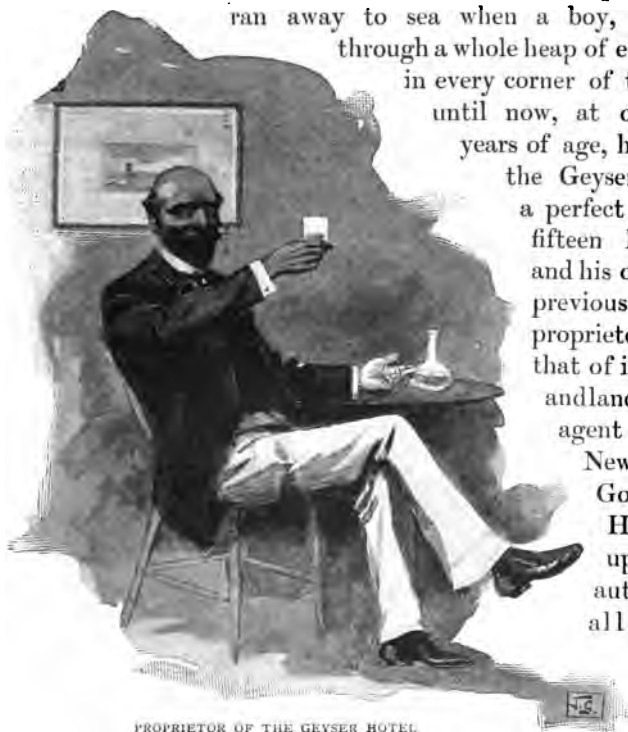
Government.

He is looked

up to as an

authority on

all Maori



PROPRIETOR OF THE GEYSER HOTEL.

matters; and as he has lived amongst them, and almost as one of themselves, for fifteen years, his experience is undoubtedly of a kind called practical. He has his ideas as to the origin of the race, but says that he is contradicted on it at times. He insists that the tribe originally came from the Persian Gulf, and, gradually getting across to the Malay Archi-

pelago, landed at Java and other islands ; then, going through the Torres Straits, they got into the Pacific, and amongst the islands there—for, as he points out, they are of the Polynesian race (Shemites). There seems to be a lot in his theory ; but, as is known, recognised authorities contradict it, and, as he himself points out, the strange part is how they came to miss Australia. However, this is almost too deep a subject for me to go into here.





CHAPTER X

Digging a Bath—'Here is Hades'—Early Rising—Across Country in a Coach—A 'Spill'—'Tipping' Proprietors—Sights around Taupo—Tarawera—The Landlord's Niece—Shattered Hopes—Dairy Work—Poetry—Magnificent Scenery—Maori Socialism—Return to Civilisation—Napier—Luxuriant Grazing-land—My Friend in Love again—Wellington—Humane New Zealand Little Boys.

THERE does not seem much doubt about the fact that sooner or later the land all round the Geyser Hotel will subside and make a big extension of the lake close to.

According to all accounts, there is already one village at the bottom of this lake; and I am really not at all surprised at it, for the earth seems to be simply a kind of thin and dilapidated lid made of hot cinders and lava, partially covering a huge caldron of boiling water, and through the worn-away parts of which the scalding water and steam are continually escaping. While we were at the hotel, the proprietor thought he would try and get another bath near the house, so started a Maori digging about ten yards from the place. When he got down some three feet or so, he came into the hotel and told him he could go no further: 'Burn my feet, water come up!' Then, again, one night a baby geyser about a foot high bumped a way through the earthen floor of the kitchen, and disported itself for some

little time, sending up water which was far too hot to touch. My Yankee friend very irreverently suggested to the landlord that he should hang some beef and potatoes down the hole, and get them cooked on the cheap. Some people really seem to have no soul.

Now, I don't wish to be thought conceited, but when I found that scalding water was spouting through the kitchen floor, my thoughts tended more towards the wonderful formation of the earth, and I contemplated how terrible were the dangers with which every human being is surrounded. In London, one might get knocked down by a hansom ; in a train, one might get pulped into an unrecognisable mass through a collision ; on board a vessel, one might suddenly descend to the depths of the ocean through too close contact of the vessel with a snag of rock ; and here, in New Zealand, one might find himself, or herself, suddenly squirted from below by a stream of scalding water !

It needs a Dante to at all adequately describe this hot-spring district ; for, setting apart the wonderful sights on every side, of steam and hot water bubbling up a few inches from the earth or shooting high into the air, or the little lakes and fountains of mud, there is that weird and haunting bubbling and gurgling which cannot be seen, and a rumbling as well, which would almost convince one there was a thunderstorm going on deep down in the bowels of the earth. The whole business is so different from anything that is seen in other parts ; it has not the awe-inspiring grandeur of Niagara, nor the barbaric splendour of the Rockies ; the fairy scenery of Honolulu is absent from it, and so is the picturesque beauty of Samoa. It has a certain fascination about it ; but at the same time one cannot help thinking, ' Here is Hades,' and it really only wants the sudden appearance of the gentleman clothed in red, with cloven hoof, barbed tail, and trident, to make the picture complete—in fact, one almost looks for this.

After we had done a thorough round of all to be seen in

Rotorua and Whakarewarewa, we took coach again and set out for Taupo. This is a drive of about sixty miles through



A GENTLEMAN IN RED

uncultivated land, little else but wild ferns and bush, with, of course, springs and geysers thrown in.

There is one thing I must say about New Zealanders, and that is, they do get up early in the morning. Why, these coaches leave at seven o'clock in the morning as a rule! Considering what has to be done in the morning, one way or another, it seems hardly worth while going to bed at all to get up so early; but then the weather is nice first thing in the morning, provided always—as lawyers say—that Jupiter Pluvius locks the hose up and doesn't let any of his assistants play at squirting the people down below.

At parts, during this drive, the scenery was very like the Highlands of Scotland. Larks, hawks, and other birds were flying about, and now and then we saw herds of wild horses, wild cattle, and also wild pigs; but it must not be thought that these are really naturally wild, for that is hardly the case. Horses and cattle often escape from stations, and, roaming about, come across a herd of their kin, join lots, and so become wild and uncivilised. Then, again, mares in foal often get away; and there are many instances on record of their being caught some years after their escape, but then being blessed with a family.

About the only part showing signs of human life between Rotorua and Taupo is a place called Ateamuri, and here we stayed for lunch. The house of call was not a bad one, and the owner was very jolly indeed. Referring to what I said a little while back about cattle straying, he told us that, some time before, a bull of his strayed from his paddock (paddocks vary from one to several thousand acres), and four months after, when on the coach one day, he recognised him, and, everybody getting off the coach, the truant was eventually captured. As my friend and I were the only passengers on the coach, we had a good time with the landlord, and the driver didn't altogether seemed pleased that we were not in a hurry to start. When we did get away, we tried to chaff him out of his bad humour by talking of his team, suggesting that the rest would do them good, etc. Our remarks, however, had the reverse effect to that we had intended, for he got angry, and

took us clean across country for about a dozen miles at a gallop! It seemed more like fifty miles from what we could think between the times of holding on and saying our prayers. Conversation wasn't very brisk during that bit of the ride. Now and then one or other of us would summon up courage enough to yell at him to stop, but he only answered the yell with a 'Whoop!' that made the horses put on an additional spurt. I verily believe that if my Yankee friend hadn't wanted both his hands to hold on by, one would have gone in search of his 'six-shooter,' and then the genial driver would suddenly have felt a pain somewhere. However, at last he pulled up, with his good-temper restored, and said, as he thought he had given us a good doing and shown us what his horses *could* do, he hoped we were satisfied. Satisfied! We'd be anything, so as to be on a fairly decent road again, and know that our Jehu was really sane.

The road that we got on to was not quite like an English highway, though, as I soon found out. It was a downhill part with plenty of mud and boulders about, and the way was not smooth. During an extra lurch I parted company with the coach rather suddenly; in fact, I was hardly aware of it until I found myself in the mud. This was great amusement to the driver and *other* passenger; in fact, the latter laughed so, he nearly came off as well. As it was, I only strained my wrist a little, beyond leaving a pretty good 'mould' of my figure in the mud. After these two experiences we not only made a point of advising others always to be polite to their drivers, but we never lost an opportunity of impressing upon drivers the ridiculousness of being reckless, and the importance of the people's lives who might entrust themselves to their care. When I had been cleaned down a little, and taken my seat again, I took the ribbons, and drove up hill and down dale for the rest of the journey.

Well, we got to Taupo all right, and in plenty of time for dinner, before starting which we took a hot-spring bath, but the water was much too hot to be comfortable. The hotel we

stayed at was a very good one, carried on by a limited company consisting of three people, all of whom worked hard in their different departments, one being waiter, the other boots, and the third coachdriver, while all three were Scotchmen. It was not until just before we were leaving that we discovered

that we had been giving 'tips' to the proprietors!

The population here is not very extensive; but what is missing in numbers is made up by loyalty, for this is most openly demonstrated, and pictures of the Queen and



I PARTED COMPANY WITH THE COACH

Prince and Princess of Wales are to be seen everywhere. 'The picture ain't much in itself, Dour,' said my friend; 'but, by golly! the spirit's there, and that's the loyalty that's good!' He got quite excited by such a display of loyalty, and tried hard in the few shops about to buy a 'Stars-and-Stripes,' that

he could hang it out somewhere; but this was an article not kept by any one. There are many little excursions to be made from Taupo; and it is a pity that the majority of tourists only stop at the place one day, for a week can be put in very easily.

The trip to Alum Cave is a peculiar one: driving part of the way, riding part of the way, a bit of boating thrown in, and lastly a walk up a gentle slope—like the side of a house that had been knocked about a bit by a gas explosion, and had got the washing-day steam fizzing out of the cracks. It was actually fine when we got there, and the sun, shining right into the cave, lighted it up beautifully. The opening is about thirty feet wide and high; and just through this is another slope, but this descending, and at an angle of about forty-five degrees for nearly fifty yards. Then comes a very nice, clear pool. On the way down are some very fine tree-ferns, which lend a singular and beautiful aspect to the scene, especially when taken with the delightful colours of the roof. Large blocks of rock are strewn all over the floor, and these are coated with a very fine deposit of alum, almost marvellous in its whiteness. This is all very beautiful and very nice to look upon; but, at the same time, one cannot get rid of the ‘inferno’ idea, for by the pool is a large cavity in the rock, and from this the most unearthly noises, rumblings, bumps, and thuds proceed, as well as a stifling heat, flavoured with sulphur, though all the time nothing can be seen.

Within a few miles of this region is a whole forest of geysers and hot springs, but it is not considered safe to get too much amongst them. From here a good view is obtained of those enormous volcanoes, Ruapehu and Tongariro, the latter of which still emits large clouds of steam and smoke. Then there are the Champagne Pool, the Great Wairakei, the Huka Fall, the Crow’s Nest Geyser, Lightning Pool, and all manner of wonderful places, but which want a book to themselves to do them justice. Of course, we did the lot; and, having escaped tumbling into a mud-pool, getting scalded with the spray of a

flighty geyser, or dislocating our jaws in trying to pronounce the names of the various places we visited, we got on the move again, and took the coach to Tarawera.

The road was very much similar to the ones we had already been doing, rather different from the Row or Piccadilly; but we were very careful this time not to keep the coachman waiting, or to make remarks other than complimentary upon his teams, while, as an extra precaution, I again 'took the ribbons.' There was a *whare* to be seen here and there, and now and then a herd of horses on the loose; they had gigantic manes, but still more prolific tails, and they added a life to the wild scenery which made it still more attractive. Getting to Tarawera in the evening, we found it a very nice little place in a valley; and the sight of the mountains on the side from which we had to get out made us think it would be almost a week's journey to get to the top, but we dared not speculate on what was to happen going down on the other side. The Tarawera Hotel was our stopping-place, and our first business a swim. After nearly seventy miles' driving, this was very refreshing, and we were then both of us ready to show the landlord what an American and a Scotchman could do in the way of eating.

Ah, me! That stay at the Tarawera Hotel nearly altered the whole course of my future existence. My friend said the same about himself; and I am sure, had it not been for a little incident, I should have had to buy a revolver, practise shooting, and then play at making targets of each other with him! There would have been no help for it! That landlord had a niece, and she was really a lovely girl. Never before had I thought of the loneliness of a bachelor's life; never before had I thought of the happiness of a married life; never before had I felt my heart turning to wax, and wax of the softest nature. My Yankee friend was the same; I know he was, because he said so. I kept my burning passion to myself. Just before dinner was over I made an excuse and left the room. My mind was made up; I would hazard all, and fling

my hand, my heart, my luggage, and myself at the feet of my fair enchantress, and ask her to be mine.

I went out, and, going to the part of the hotel where I thought she would be, I suddenly came upon her—kissing our coachman! I coughed demurely, but they both burst out laughing, then told me they were sweethearts, and were going to be married very shortly! Alas, for the hopes of man!

With my one great (though sudden) thought of happiness so rudely dashed to the ground, I returned once more to my adamantine shell, and the dining-room. With a liveliness born of despair, I chaffed my friend upon his susceptibility, and worked him up to such a frenzy of excitement that, avowing his determination then and there to risk his future, he left the room hurriedly, but soon came back crestfallen and sad.

I offered to 'match' him that he had seen our divinity kissing our coachman. First he glared, then he grinned, then he roared, and finally offered to 'match' me that I had tried to steal a march on him, and been floored first. I owned to the soft impeachment; so, being brothers in misfortune, with



THE LANDLORD'S NIECE

a fervent 'hand-shake' we buried our sorrow and—had a smoke.

Next day, in order not to be too near the house and temptation, we took a wonderful interest in gardening, and while our coachman 'spooned' we assisted the landlord in planting

potatoes and doing dairy work. Having learned to milk cows in my juvenile days, I was soon busy, and going at it like a veteran.

'Say, Dour, that looks easy,' said my friend. 'Guess I'll have a try.' 'Do,' I said, and put him on to a cow whose tail I had observed twitching rather uneasily.

He started, and in a second, pail, stool, and Yank were all flying in different directions, and a sound as of language filled the air. It is wonderful how the misfor-



KISSING THE COACHMAN

tunes of some administer to the pleasure and welfare of others. My woe was all forgotten, and I felt that there was something to laugh at in life after all. My friend remarked, 'Guess if there'd been a lantern about the fire of Chicago wouldn't ha' been in it, for this whole blooming

little island would have been burnt down!' And then he retired.

We had made a point of always putting poetry in the



PAIL, STOOL, AND YANK WERE FLYING IN ALL DIRECTIONS

visitors' book at the various hotels, borrowing from different poets. But this time we were determined to be original, and as briefly as possible describe our adventures at the place;

so before leaving here we composed and inserted the following :—

‘ Tarawera hotel is all very well,
If you don't milk cows or fall in love,
Do either of these, and then, if you please,
You 'll come off your perch with a shove.’

The lines seem simple, but to the initiated there is a great amount of pathos in them.

Leaving the place that had nearly turned the tide of our existence, we entered upon the last stage of our coach-drive, and started at eight o'clock in the morning for Napier, the capital of Hawkes Bay.

A strange change seemed to have come over our coachman, and, instead of his fidgiting about as usual a quarter of an hour or more before the time we had settled to start, we had to worry him up. I believe he would like to have stayed there another day. When we did get away, we found very soon that we were fixed for the grandest scenery on the whole route, and my friend afterwards admitted that it beat anything that he had ever seen. This from an American means a lot, for it takes a great deal to move one of our transatlantic cousins to admit there are finer sights outside the land of Stars and Stripes than there are within it.

None the less, he was quite right; and although when we started we commenced to while away the time by playing poker and other games of cards, we soon gave up all such things, and for the rest of the journey were lost in admiration of the lovely landscape around us. The first part of it was over the high mountains we had noticed on our arrival, and the ascending was a job indeed. In some parts it was simply awfully steep, and, sitting on the box of the coach, by hanging a stick over the side, I could almost touch the hub of the hind wheel! Those who have never had the good fortune to visit the spot may gain some little idea of it from the fact that in a distance of about three miles an ascent of 1600 feet

is made. The highest point is 3000 feet above the sea-level, and here we found that the beauty of the scene reached a climax, for we could turn and review the whole. And a magnificent panorama it was.

Away in the distance was the village of Tarawera that we had left in the morning, looking little larger than an ordinary white speck; and now and again parts of a white line, looking like a huge serpent twisting itself through the fern, showed us the road up which we had climbed. Blue-peaked mountains, backed by a bright purple sky, seemed to extend for miles and miles; cliffs and glens gave charm to the scene; shaded valleys surrounded by verdure-clad hills; and the majestic native trees added to it, the indescribably beautiful ferns which were to be seen on every side studding hill and dale, and the soft, delicate-hued haze which seemed to form the vanishing point for the whole, made up a picture of unrivalled and enchanting beauty—a picture that must be seen to be realised—a picture that, for majesty and magnificence, nature alone can produce.

By the way, it was about here that I found Socialism had entered even into Maori life, for we heard one of the tribe ‘going for’ a chief, and saying: ‘I do not care for you. We are all equal. I am the same as you. I got hair, fingers, feet the same. You look no different; and if people not say, no one know you are a chief!’ Here was insubordination! The maligned chief arose in all the majesty of offended dignity, and stalked away, saying: ‘I treat you as mud on my feet, you are not better!’

There was some grand land on the top of this mountain; and, indeed, in many places grass was far more plentiful high up than in the valleys. Flax grows well, too; but being so far from a railway station, it does not pay to make use of it. Rivers seem to be all over the place; but eels are about the only original fish contained in them, although things will be different soon, as others have been put into the water, and are

doing well. Some very large hawks, almost like ravens, were hovering about; and our driver told us they were very destructive amongst the lambs. They fly down and kill them, but only eat the fat from around the heart.

All this part out of the volcanic belt is being cultivated now fairly rapidly; the ferns are cut down and grass-seed sown, and the sheep being turned on to it trample the seed well in. While going up and down these almost precipices, we remarked to our driver what a pity it was such good land wasn't on the flat. He said it was; but if we looked at the survey-map where this was marked out for sale, we should see it described as 'slightly undulating ground'! If a gradient of about one in two is slightly undulating, the description is perfectly correct.

On the last stage of our journey we got thoroughly into cultivated parts, and seemed to be almost suddenly shot into a world of luxuriant crops. Fields of corn and hay were all around; sheep stations, looking like young mansions, after what we had been used to for some time, were dotted about; but the greatest sign of return to civilisation was a school that we passed just at 'coming out' time. Fine specimens of young New Zealanders these youngsters were. Strong, healthy-looking lads and girls, freckled and bronzed by being so much in the sun and fresh air, and with a free and happy look upon their faces that was quite enjoyable to see. There were a dozen or more ponies about the school door, and these we were told belonged to those who came from a distance, some of the scholars coming seven, eight, and nine miles to school. We cheered the youngsters, and they cheered us—in fact, we felt almost like schoolboys again ourselves; and then we stopped and took as many of the boys on our coach as were going our way, starting off again with tremendous cheering from the coach party, the cavalry and the foot scholars. We met a very smart dogcart containing two charming ladies, which showed us that 'savagism' was left behind; and just about six

in the evening we drove into Napier, and ended one of the most interesting coach-drives it has ever been or will be my lot to experience.

It took us some little time, after getting into civilised



A VERY SMART DOGCART

quarters again, to get used to the surroundings. After being so long amongst Maoris, geysers, volcanoes, and mud, to get into a decent town, and a town as beautifully situated as

Napier, was something we could not all at once understand. It is a quiet, peaceful town, with a natural sea-frontage of about four miles; and the people claim that the bay there is second only to Naples. It is one of the principal ports of North Island; but really everything was so quiet, I couldn't help likening it to London on a Sunday, or say about three or four A.M. when returning from a dance, etc., which are about the only times in the London streets one can hear the chirp of the cheeky Cockney sparrow, or the ponderous footfall of Robert on his beat.

We naturally went to see the works where mutton is frozen for transit to England and elsewhere. This freezing process was a perfect godsend to, if not the salvation of, New Zealand; and the stations are now having far better times than previously. In fact, as farming generally goes, I soon made up my mind that New Zealand was the place of the future. I am not a farmer; but at the same time, if I were, I really think I should give up engagements, etc., in this country, and make a start in New Zealand, where the climate and everything seems to be so much more in favour of prosperity than here. Now, we made up our minds to go to Wellington, and do this journey by rail. We nearly lost the train, for my friend was late; but just through this fact we had a rare good example of New Zealand courtesy and good-nature, for the station-master actually kept the train back for him when I explained, 'Very sorry, wanted to go, etc. etc.—friend saying good-bye to sweetheart,' and all that sort of thing. Good Mr. Station-master, thank you for your kindness! But, all the same, I believe you were in love, and that it was that sweetheart tale that fetched you.

The railways are all under Government, and are very successful; but this, the New Zealanders say, is owing far more to the fertile country and to grand climate than Government enterprise. The journey from Napier to Wellington is one above all others to show the fertility of New Zealand when under

cultivation. Land was selling at from £30 to £40 per acre in some districts, and at this price yields sufficient to pay well. Round about Hawkes Bay district hundreds and hundreds of acres of grass are seen, almost burying the fine large sheep for whose benefit it is grown, and who simply eat just as much as they like without having to move a yard unless they wish it.

‘Say, Dour,’ said my friend, ‘I guess some of our Californian sheep ’ud like to be over here. Those poor beggars have to go into training if they want to walk far enough to get a decent feed!’

I always live on the product of the country I am in, and I must praise the mutton I had, for it was certainly the finest I ever tasted; and yet they say, as we say in Scotland about the salmon, that all the best goes to London.

A New Zealander can form no idea of what London can be like; to him it is the mainspring and heart of the world, the place where everything goes to and everything comes from, and that is about as far as he can go. There being no cable from the Pacific side of Canada or the States, all telegrams from these countries have to go to Australia and New Zealand *viâ* London; and this increases the importance of the metropolis most wonderfully in the minds of the people in those territories. We got to Wellington about 11 p.m.; and as it was then too late to do anything, we went to bed.

Next day—alas! alas! that I should have to say it!—my susceptible friend, forgetting all about his experience in Tarawera, was in love again. He was in love twice, and the second day we were there he had three divinities amongst whom to divide his attentions; and so deep was his affection for each, he could not decide which of the two he ought to make miserable by transferring his whole devotion to the remaining one. Happy time this for the jewellers and watchmakers, to say nothing of the candy merchants; for he bought presents for all, from all.

Wellington lies rather low, and, although it is the capital, I must say I was not downright enraptured with it. The

Houses of Parliament and Government House seem to be the only places of any interest, though the harbour is very good. The town is said to be the society centre, but I presume this is owing to its being the capital. However, it is growing rapidly in importance, and nowadays many steamers leave the harbour direct for England, *viâ* Rio de Janeiro; in fact, a great part of the frozen meat goes this way.

One morning, while rambling about outside the town enjoying the beautiful air, which reminded me so much of an English summer's day, I saw some boys with a bird-nest, and my heart went out to them at once.



SOME BOYS WITH A BIRD'S-NEST

My old rat-tail selling, rabbit-catching, pigeon-dealing, and bird-nesting days came back to me at once, and I loved those boys. Somehow, however, those boys seemed a bit frightened of me, and were very loath to talk until I discovered it was a thrush's nest with eggs in.

Then the little chorus began about the eggs being quite cold, and the mother having deserted the nest before they took it; how much they liked thrushes, and how they wouldn't for worlds take a thrush's nest, unless forsaken, etc. These boys puzzled me; they were rather more humane than boys were when I was a boy, and I rather liked them for it. I certainly never took a nest with the mother in it, because she always flew away when I got up to it; but these boys, carefully waiting to see whether she would come back—well, it was new to me. Not for long, however; for later in the day, when I was mentioning the matter to some one, I was informed that, as thrushes had only been introduced into the district during recent years, it was a crime to kill them or rob their nests, and that every such offence found out was rewarded with ten days' imprisonment. Then I saw through the professed humanity of the little boys.





CHAPTER XI

An Antidote to Love-making—'Juicy' Fresh Air—Pulpy Baggage—Christchurch—A Dinner-party and Result—Dunedin—The 'Whisky Steeple'—A 'Washing Name'—Stewart Island Oysters—'Dirty' Weather—Professionals—Hobart and the Olden Days—Hobart in the Present Day—Off to Melbourne.

BEGINNING to feel nervous lest my friend should so far forget himself as to propose to one of his charmers, I made arrangements for leaving; and, having heard that a sea-blow was a really good antidote to love-making, I persuaded him to tear himself away and leave by boat for Lyttleton, in South Island, and the port for Christchurch, where I had some friends. The parting was rather affecting, but it was soon over, and on a lovely evening we steamed away and left Wellington behind. We soon 'turned in,' and found that the steward had carefully fastened our porthole, so that we didn't get the fresh air we wanted. We altered this, and got the thing open; then I fell asleep with a beautiful cool breeze blowing in. After sleeping for some time I was very rudely awakened, and thought at first I was going down to see what the bottom of the sea was

like, for a wave came right through the porthole and landed in the lower berth, which was mine. A second dose of seawater brought me to my senses, and I struggled to close up the hole, but was met by a third sea which nearly flooded me. I can't be exactly sure of the amount of pressure to the square inch, but the effect seemed to me to be about the same as though a dozen or two fire-engine hoses had joined into one and delivered themselves in one big squirt. The idea can be arrived at by trying to imagine a good-sized wave coming



THE PARTING WAS AFFECTING

swish through a hole as big as a soup-plate, and concentrating all its energy in the reduced volume. I believe this is expressed somewhat nautically, but am not quite sure. Soon after the third attack of the sea my friend woke up, and then by his working from the top berth we managed to get the thing shut, but not before I was nearly drowned.

'We got the fresh air, Dour,' said my friend; 'but I guess it was a bit juicy.' Juicy wasn't the word for it, for our cabin was converted into a little lake, and boots, wearing apparel,

and small luggage were holding a gay regatta on it. A pretty state of things, seeing all one's belongings turned into a nice pulp! It was rather an upsetting piece of business, and spoilt our night's rest; but by the time we reached Lyttleton in the morning we were able to laugh at the whole business, although it was aggravating on opening portmanteaus to find gloves, ties, and other things that had been carefully stored away in



FRESH AIR A BIT JUICY

England for use in Australia all one mass of pulp, and showing most plainly that they had been 'steeped in brine.'

We found Christchurch, which is very near Lyttleton, rather a swampy sort of place; and, seeing that it is only about seven feet above the sea-level, this is hardly to be wondered at. On arriving here our first business was 'renovating,' and on the first day we had to put up with a lot of inconvenience consequent on the interference of the ocean with our luggage. When we could get about again looking fairly decent, we were not disappointed with the place. It reminded me very much

of the Thames district at home, about Maidenhead or Goring ; for there was a very pretty river running through it, with some remarkably good weeping-willows growing on the banks. This tree was imported from England, and has turned out most successfully, for the climate suits it wonderfully, and it really grows far more luxuriantly than in England. I soon felt thoroughly at home in Christchurch, and my friends were quite determined that I should have a rollicking time, for I seemed to be going somewhere or other every minute of the day—or night, even to shooting black swans at most unearthly hours in the morning. Ah, that shooting business was all very well when it was once started, but the preliminaries—such as ‘turning out’ in the very early morning, etc.—were anything but pleasant. Still, when you were at it, it was really downright good sport ; and I can now almost hear the splash as the birds came down into the water after they had been hit.

To wind up everything I gave a dinner-party, and I really thought this was never coming to an end. Everybody had a toast to propose, not only connected with those present, but of whatever they could think. Loyal and patriotic toasts were uproariously received ; frozen mutton was greeted with vociferous cheers , and, in fact, shouts of approval hailed everything. Early in the morning this jovial party broke up, but the last was not heard of it. I had one or two pressmen amongst the party, and the morning papers contained a long account of the whole proceedings, embellished with many flowery additions.

This was too much for the teetotal faddists of the place, and next evening they held a special meeting in one of their halls to protest against what I had said. A reverend gentleman of the name of King orated himself nearly hoarse in an address, the subject of which, he said, was, ‘Mind your own business’ ; and if words had had any effect I should have been dead a dozen times, and pulverised out of recognition. Most earnestly

he besought the young ladies of the place never to think of marrying any but total abstainers, and strenuously exhorted every one to join him and his brethren in their work of trying to 'sweep away the mischief caused by those who sold whisky.'

Gentle, kind-hearted man, to trouble himself so much on my behalf! I didn't want to marry anybody, and yet this tender-hearted Christian gentleman warned all the young ladies against me! He hammered at me and all whisky-sellers during the whole of the address, and yet he said he was addressing the crowd on 'Mind your own business'! This sort of thing may be showing a Christian spirit, but to me it seemed remarkably like either boycotting or intimidation. Which ever it may be, it was certainly rather hard on a timid young bachelor like myself to be howled at in such a manner, especially as some day I may alter my views on bachelorism.



HE HAMMERED AT ME

Well, festivities couldn't last for ever, and we had to 'make tracks' at last, this time shaping our course for Dunedin. Arrived there, I at once began to exclaim that my foot was on my native heath, for the place is thorough, downright Scotch, even down to the number of kirks about. The spire of one of the kirks reminded me very strongly of that of one of the Free Kirks of Scotland, which rejoices in the name of the 'Whisky Steeple.' The reason of this is that—so it is said, and I believe with truth—the greater part of the money for it came from profits on whisky-selling. How do the conscientious in-veighners against the 'evils of the drink traffic' reconcile their consciences to this, I wonder? The whole place was so very

much like being in the land of my birth that I didn't stay very long. In fact, it is said the place is so very Scotch, the Chinese laundrymen won't leave the washing unless the owner has a 'Mac' before his name, so that every one who uses a Chinese laundry has a 'washing name'—Mac-So-and-So.

However, it is the most important city in New Zealand, and has been going well ahead ever since it was founded by some members of the Free Church of Scotland in 1848. The population is not enormous yet, but it is steadily increasing; and the place possesses several good schools, as well as public buildings, etc.

Here came my first 'indisposition' since leaving home, for my friend and I both caught hay-fever, influenza, or something of the kind, and had to 'lay up' for a few days. It was very touching, the way in which we endeavoured to nurse each other; but it was really owing to the good treatment we received from the proprietor of the Grand Hotel, where we were staying, that we pulled through so quickly. He was a rare good fellow, and we were sorry, when the time arrived, that we had to leave him.

Not far from Dunedin is a place called the Bluff, and thither we repaired in order to take a boat for Tasmania.

Amongst other things, when we arrived here, we went a tour to try some of the famous Stewart Island oysters. These were really excellent, and after we had sampled a dozen we 'matched' for nine dozen to take on board. Proudly, carefully, and expectantly did we carry our purchase on board; and soon after we put to sea we started on our feast. Oyster No. 1 had not a very appetising look, so it went overboard. No. 2 having a decided tortoise-shell appearance, speedily went to look after No. 1; while the scent from No. 3 as the shell was being opened was such that we promptly conveyed it to the waves without investigating its hue. Each of the first dozen was consigned to the vasty deep; then our jolly old captain, who had been looking on, greeted us with a mighty roar. 'You have been

done,' said he, 'like a lot more people before you. Those thieves keep two sacks of oysters. You would taste some out of the good sack; then, when it came to buying any for fetching away, you would get the "wrongers."' Acting upon the captain's advice, we did not waste more time, but dropped the whole lot overboard. We had been done—there was no mis-

take about it; and it was lucky we only paid 3d. per dozen for them. However, it was consoling to know we were not the only folks who had been 'sold' so.

The captain told us he had fifteen dozen once, and there wasn't a single good one amongst the lot!

We settled down for this voyage to Hobart, and expected a good trip, for we had on board a concert company, a nigger troupe, and a theatrical company; so we were right as far as entertainments went. It was beautifully fine when we started, but before evening things began to look a bit 'dirty'—that, I believe, is the correct nautical expression—and before morning things began to look extremely 'dirty.' About an hour

after we had gone to our cabin—

we were careful to keep the porthole closed this time—we heard the wind whistling through everything on deck, and howling round the vessel; then the rain came down in torrents; and, what with the thunder and terrible roaring of the waves as they dashed against and over the ship, the noise was terrific. Then the boat wasn't quite so steady as it had been in the harbour, and it was almost difficult to decide which was the floor, the roof, or the sides of



THE CAPTAIN GREETED US WITH
A MIGHTY ROAR

our state-room, so continually and rapidly did they all keep changing places. There was not much sleep about with all these noises; especially, the tremendous 'swish' of the waves as they dashed over the deck didn't exactly make one feel drowsy, although being 'rocked in the cradle of the deep.' About 2 A.M. a tremendous sea struck the bow of the boat with a thundering noise that almost deafened us; there was a terrific crash of glass, a terrible rush of water down the stairs, and for a moment the ship seemed perfectly still. 'Dour,' said my friend, 'guess this means foundering!' Those were just my thoughts, and I imagined I had finished my mission of sampling climates on this side the Styx; but we were not in doubt long, for we were rolling about and pitching and tossing in no time, and during one good lurch we saw daylight through the glass of our porthole. Once through stress of weather I was in the Bay of Biscay for two days longer than was usual, but even that storm fell short of this one. It was two days before things cooled down sufficiently to allow of the deck being made a promenade again, but at the end of that time we began making appearances by detachments. There was a lot of talk about, for everybody seemed anxious to relate his or her feelings during the storm. The women said that when not ill they were at their devotions.

The captain, of course, like all skippers, said, 'Oh, that was only a squall; you should be in a gale if you want to see what weather is!' The majority thought that, having experienced a 'squall,' they would prefer leaving the gale alone.

Squall or not, the vessel had been very much knocked about; and, although fastened down with chains, one poultry-coop had cannoned against a lifeboat and made a hole in her, a hatch had been broken up, the saloon skylight had 'gone by the board,' and the awnings were simply a display of shreds. One very peculiar sight was the funnel of the ship, for from top to bottom it was ornamented most picturesquely with what looked

like hoar-frost. This was caused by the heat of the iron condensing the salt as the waves dashed over it.

The remainder of the voyage was very good, and the time passed most pleasantly. Deck-quoits and all manner of games went on during the day; and in the evening we would turn on some of the professional talent which abounded on board, and have concerts and other entertainments. Of course, it goes without saying that flirting was also indulged in. In fact, this was a very important item in both the day and evening programmes. My poor friend was again hopelessly gone, but this



ANXIOUS TO RELATE HIS FEELINGS

time he found he had to 'play careful,' for the young lady got very spoony as well.

We arrived at Hobart about 7.30 in the morning, and very nice it looked in the early morning sun. Far different from what it looked some fifty or sixty years ago, when it was almost the headquarters of our convict system. It is forty years now since transportation to the island was abolished, and since then it has gone well ahead, and luckily all signs and traces of its earlier days have disappeared. But the recollections have not, and many are the spots pointed out in Tasmania having a more or less horrible and gruesome history connected with the convict days. Take that awful place on the east coast, Mac-



DECK-QUOITS

quarie Harbour, which some sixty years ago was far more appropriately called 'Hell Gates'—not only because of the bad entrance to the harbour, but of the fearful atrocities committed there, both by the convicts themselves and, I am afraid, in only too many cases by those placed in authority over them. Suicides of most appalling character took place here, and death was freely courted except by those hardened ruffians whose death would have been a blessing to the community. Escape, although almost impossible, was attempted time and again, with the nearly certain fate of starvation or recapture taking place ere long, because of the 'hell' of the surroundings. Men have been known to escape in parties of small numbers, and evade recapture for some weeks, and then one, or perhaps two, to give themselves up half dead and half crazy, with the tale that the others were dead. True enough, they were dead; but it was their very death which had enabled the others to keep out so long.



PROFESSIONAL TALENT

Some few miles out of Hobart Harbour a place is pointed out where an escaped convict was discovered after being away several weeks. He escaped with three others, and when found here, dying, had by his side the remains of his last companion, the others having gone previously one by one to satisfy the hunger of the remainder. Then again there is Port Arthur, another old convict settlement which has its tales to tell. But luckily all this is changed, and, where so many years ago oppression, misery, cruelty, and vice used to reign, there are

now only signs of industry, prosperity, and happiness. Mining and agriculture are the principal industries, especially mining; and gold, silver, copper, tin, and coal are found in great quantities. Fruit-growing is also much upon the increase, and is being developed very largely. One orchard we saw covered an area of nearly fifteen acres; it was laid out some few years ago by three Germans, and their enterprise has now been rewarded by a grand show of magnificent fruit-trees and a good income.



FLIRTING ON DECK

There is a very large and fine park in Hobart, and the harbour is reckoned amongst the finest in the world. There is also a great eucalyptus-oil establishment to be seen; and there are prospects of a big future trade, for the opinion seems to be daily gaining ground that this oil will soon supersede all other medicinal oils. Hobart itself is just a regular colonial town, and there is really nothing much to be seen of any importance in the whole island. I must say that in travelling about—most likely it was from having such recollections of lovely

New Zealand in our minds—it seemed that the island was parched in a way, and seemed to lack the benefit of those nice night-dews which do such service in the other colony. We did not stay very long in Tasmania; there seemed to be a lack of excitement about the place. My friend didn't notice it, because he had his young lady friend to look after; and as she and her party were going over the same ground as we were, and then on to Melbourne, why, I didn't see much of him. After leaving Tasmania we had a good look at the coast, and it certainly looks very dangerous—very much like the Giant's Causeway; and the sailors said they always had to keep as far off land as possible because of the numerous snags of rocks which were just hidden by the water. Luckily we had no 'squalls' on this trip, and two days after leaving Hobart were safely made fast to a pier in the harbour of 'marvellous Melbourne,' of which we had heard so much.





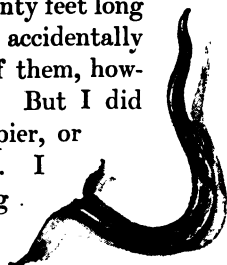
CHAPTER XII

Snakes and a Shock—Melbourne—Australian Hospitality—A Picnic—Yarns, Mosquitoes, and a Snake—Rabbits—To Sydney by Train—Changing Trains—The Heat—Sydney—My Friend's Concert-party—To Hong-Kong.

AMONGST the many truisms written by Shakespeare is the one that

'Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises.'

This, however, cannot be said of Melbourne, although I must say, after all I had heard about it, I was in a way prepared to be disappointed. Of all the tales I had heard of Australia, there was not one unconnected with a snake; and these all came crowding into my brain as we neared the pier, and made me wonder where the snakes commenced. I was pleased to see the sailors on land used good old-fashioned hawsers for securing the boat, instead of defunct reptiles, as I had almost expected; but still, when I tripped off the gangway, and got on shore, I must say I kept my eyes steadfastly fixed on the ground for a little bit, for fear a ten or twenty feet long serpent should be wandering around and I accidentally tread on him. Nothing was to be seen of them, however, although I kept a careful look-out. But I did have a fright before I got clear of the pier, or quay, or wharf, or whatever they call it. I was just getting used to it all, and chatting gaily to two friends as I went along, when I stepped on to a rope, and at the same



time a steamer close by let off steam, not with a whistle, but with a 'hiss'; not only this, but a man some way off who was coiling up this rope gave it a pull just at the moment my foot got on it. Pheugh! It was a shock! For a moment I thought I had been bitten in a thousand places, and felt just about at hot and cold, one after the other, as many times in the space of a second as I had been during the previous twelve months. It is all very well to laugh; but most people feel a little nervous when they first enter a country where they have been led to believe it is an everyday occurrence to find a little snake taking his *siesta* in your waistcoat pocket when you put your hand in for your watch to see how the time is, or that it is nothing to find one curled round your feet for warmth when you awake in the morning, or a dozen other things that we are not used to in England or Scotland, or indeed in Ireland since the days when St. Patrick 'closed and named them,' and so got the whole lot out of the place. I was surprised soon after landing to find that I had been somewhat misinformed before leaving home about these wretched reptiles, for I think I only saw one during the whole of my stay there; but that one—well, he'll be accounted for later on.

But so far as Melbourne itself went, I found it everything—indeed, perhaps more than—I had anticipated. The approach is strange, but impressive; for after steaming through a very narrow opening called 'The Heads,' each side of which is strongly fortified, an immense land-locked bay, called Port Philip Bay, bursts into view. The first land of Australia has been passed; but Melbourne has not yet been reached, for it lies at the north of this bay, and is some hours distant from the entrance, or 'The Heads.' The growth of Melbourne is almost similar to that of some of the large American towns of which we hear so much—Chicago, for instance—for it has sprung up most rapidly. It was only occupied as a settlement by whites in 1835, but in 1841 had a population of 11,000, and

twenty years after—1861—close upon 200,000 was the total, while according to the census of 1891 the inhabitants were over 490,000. Of course, coming after spending so much time in the Pacific, New Zealand, etc., such a large and different kind of town would strike one as impressive at first; but even after I got used to it my opinion was the same—that it was a well-arranged, well-built, clean city, with good streets, and a cable-car system which was as perfect as any I had experienced. The systems at Washington and 'Frisco are 'real excellent'; but Melbourne comes as an improvement on both. From the width of the streets and the height of the sky-scraper houses, the place might easily be taken for an American city; but everything else about is 'quite English, you know,' and, looking into the shop-windows and different stores, one is able to realise something of the market for English goods. But why in the world the free and independent colonial, who, presumably, cares for 'nothing and nobody,' should go in so much for imitating Londoners as to wear a tall silk hat in his sweltering climate, is—well, there, it is one of those things that no fellow can understand. There are some fine parks in and about the city; also a first-class university, with three affiliated colleges. The Houses of Parliament form a magnificent pile of buildings; they were completed in 1891 at a cost of close upon one million sterling. Then there is a very fine and well-appointed public library containing about 200,000 volumes. Cathedrals (two), churches, public buildings, law-courts, all are well and substantially built; and it only takes a short stay in the place to see how it is it has acquired its title of 'Marvellous Melbourne.' All honour to those men who took the matter so well in hand, and have been instrumental in bringing about this state of things. Their names are well known; but there is one ex-Premier in particular—the Hon. James Service—who deserves to be mentioned, for only just before the time of writing this he was largely instrumental in saving not only



DISTURBING STUDIES

Melbourne, but Victoria, from the financial ruin that threatened them.

One thing I must say about colonial people, and that is, they are downright hospitable. Melbourne society I found very jolly and gay, and I believe if I had stayed in the city twelve months I could have gone to a different house every day. As it was, I had far more invitations than I could accept; and my friend and I had, as he expressed it, 'a real good time.' Houses are not considered complete without a ball-room, and most families have one night a week for a sort of open house, when there is a dance, or a dinner, or a supper, or perhaps all three. And very jolly entertainments they are, too. There is a freedom about the colonial girls that is very good. The 'insular stiffness' so prevalent in England is entirely absent; and the easy, buoyant manner which they all seem to possess adds an additional charm to them. What wonder, then, that my poor susceptible friend once more lost his head, and in more than one direction? He would even disturb them at their studies to have a talk. I must confess I had hard work to keep myself from falling in love with at least a dozen, especially Georgie, to whom a number of others were also rather attached.

One day we had a water-picnic up the river Yarra. This is where the great floods were some time ago; and I got a very good idea of what a disastrous affair the whole business was, for, when going up the river, at times we saw rails from fences, posts, etc., on top and in different parts of trees, and these Georgie informed us were what remained after the water subsided! The trees were not little, stubby ones either. Of course, it doesn't do to doubt a lady's word; but what I thought was that if the water rose as high as that, the snakes and other wild beasts must have had rather a bad time of it. Many parts of the Yarra reminded me of parts of the Thames, although, without wishing to be unkind, I don't think the picturesqueness was quite equal. The water doesn't look at



GEORGIE

all clear, and I got into serious trouble by remarking how muddy it was. I was soundly rated by the young ladies, and made to dip a tumbler in the water and see what it was like. Wonderful! it was quite clear! The fact was accounted for from the bed of the river being a dark reddish clay. I suppose it was just by way of making my friend and me feel at home and comfortable that all these young ladies talked so much. Their

talking was very nice, their pretty, laughing voices being particularly pleasant to hear; but, then, the things they talked about!



PICNIC UP THE YARRA

They hardly did anything all the way up to the spot selected for the picnic but tell snake stories just as hard as they could, one after the other! Snakes above all things, when we were going on to the grass, and would perhaps have to sit down! No; it was not pleasant. I tried to turn the conversation more than once; but, no, back it came to snakes. I don't think some of them were quite true; but then, the solemn and earnest faces of the pretty little story-tellers made one

think they must be. For instance, one young lady said she had a little snake at home that she had a great liking for, because some time ago, when her little brother was sitting out in the garden trying to do a sum in addition, this little snake coiled up on his shoulder, then let his tail down, and 'slimed' out the correct answer on the slate. I naturally wanted to know the name of this marvellous reptile, and when in reply to my query she said it was an 'adder,' and everybody laughed, I came to the conclusion I had been made a fool of somehow. Still, I laughed like every one else, and thought it a good joke; but up to the present have not quite fathomed it. However, I believe there is one, if any one cares to look it out. When we landed and selected a shady nook in which to locate ourselves, we found that, bad as the mosquitoes had been all the way up the river, they were far worse on land. Flies are bad enough to people who don't like being tickled in England, but mosquitoes give them a good beating. It is a wonderful thing how a man can keep his temper and tongue under control when ladies are present, even under such trying circumstances as a cloud of mosquitoes. I certainly did say 'Bother!' once or twice, and with a good emphasis; but that was all, although a word of one syllable would have relieved me better. Still, I was like the sailor's parrot, and thought a lot more. We had to make a good fire and get plenty of smoke in order to keep the little wretches off, for, luckily, they are very fastidious, and like a pure atmosphere. But I don't know which was the worst, the malady or the cure; for the smoke was awful, and having to be near a big fire on a sweltering day such as that was more awful still. The girls didn't seem to mind getting their dresses well smoked through, so I suppose I ought not to grumble.

Some of the parts of the Yarra, as I have said, are very much like our Thames, as far as scenery goes; but there it stops, for the chirping of the sparrows is superseded by the cheerful notes of the cricket and the locust, the singing of the

thrush by the crazy melody of the laughing jackass, and the dulcet voice of the cuckoo by the entrancing scream of the mynah.



There is a fine of £20 for leaving a fire on the banks of the river; so while the others were fixing things up in the boat, I stayed behind with one of the men of the party to put our fire out; and it was at this time that I saw a snake, the only one during my tour in Australia. It was what is called a

black snake, and there seems to be some kind of unwritten law declaring it to be high treason to see a black snake and not kill it, or at least try to do so. Being rather a student of natural history, as soon as I heard the man who was with me call out, 'By Jove, there's a black snake!' I left the fire and got up a tree as quickly as I could, to get a good view of what he did. The whole proceeding was very strange, and showed the artfulness and reasoning power of the snake.

Running towards a large rail lying on the ground, my



IT WAS A STRUGGLE

Sydney Gould

companion looked round, and saw the snake (about ten feet long) would reach the hole it was making for before he had time to get the rail and interview the reptile with it ; so, rushing back, he was just able to catch hold with both hands of about the last twenty inches of the snake, and then he began to pull. It was a struggle; but having the advantage of leverage, he managed to pull Mr. Snake from the hole and by a dexterous movement send him flying over his head some distance backward, and then rush off again for the rail; but he wasn't quite quick enough, and had to hurry up to repeat performance number one. This time he threw the snake much further back—in fact, in far too close proximity to my tree than I cared for, for I can always see things better at a distance—and then, going at a great speed, managed to get hold of the rail and make for the snake. But Mr. Snake by this time had got hold of some idea of what was likely to happen, and, when he reached the hole, faced round, found the opening with his tail, and went home tail first, hissing and looking very dangerous, and thoroughly keeping my friend at bay, so that, after all, there was no killing done. This was the only snake I ever saw, and therefore the only snake story I can relate from experience.

I felt very sorry for little Australian boys, for they are not allowed to keep pet rabbits ; in fact, the fine is £20 for each one. When I was small I wasn't allowed to keep pet rabbits, but I did. The penalty, if I were found out, was only an 'administration of discipline,' so I didn't mind so much ; but I almost think, if there had been a fine of £20, my interest in rabbits would soon have disappeared. From all I had heard about rabbits in Australia, I really expected to find them flying about everywhere, both in and out of the various towns ; but, curiously enough, I did not see a single one all the time I was there, although Georgie told me she often went 'rabbiting' with her favourite greyhound.

Everything was very bad when I was in Melbourne, and it

was quite pitiable to see strong, able-bodied men begging. I remember one evening, while I was sitting on the verandah of



WITH HER FAVOURITE GREYHOUND

the hotel, eight well-grown, strong, and healthy men came up soliciting alms in the space of half-an-hour.

My American friend did not stay with me the whole of the

time I was in Melbourne, as he was anxious to get on to Sydney, so went round by boat, leaving me to join him later on. I went to Sydney some time after by train, and was rather sorry for it afterwards, for the journey was a perfect nuisance. We left Melbourne at five o'clock in the afternoon ; and at 11 p.m., just when



A BEGGAR

every one was thoroughly tired and ready to 'turn in,' we had to 'turn out.' This was at a place called Albury, just on the borders of New South Wales; and as Victoria goes in for the narrow-gauge railways, and New South Wales patronises the broad-gauge system, a change here is inevitable. Why on earth the two colonies cannot go in for the same thing, and so save everyone the bother and nuisance of being hustled out just when they are

ready to go to sleep, I cannot make out. Perhaps when that much-to-be-desired result, Imperial Federation, becomes an accomplished fact, these little details will receive attention, and the journey between Melbourne and Sydney be robbed of its greatest inconvenience and worst annoyance. The New South Wales part of the passage, though, was very com-

fortable, for the carriages were 'Pullman.' At eleven next morning we arrived at Sydney; but, really, from the heat I thought that the engine-driver had altered the route, and taken us to another destination. I was quite prepared to find a little heat at Sydney, but not quite so much as there really was, for it was awful. It puzzled me how water could be kept from boiling, or meat from being cooked. I didn't try it, but I am quite sure if I had stuck a slice of bread in the sun, it would have been toast in no time. The houses give off the heat tremendously, and the pavements are like hot bricks; if the free-spitting American were about, one would see nothing but little phizzing geysers all over the pavement. Even the asphalt is soft, and retains the impression of one's boots, as well as sometimes the heel of the boot. No, I did not like Sydney; it was too hot, far too hot. Otherwise, it was not half a bad place, although the huge donkey-engine pulling a clumsy-looking lot of carriages up the middle of the street—playing at steam-tramways as it were—looks so ridiculous. This must be dangerous for traffic; for, although a man stands at the corner of streets with a big red flag to warn anyone coming along, horses are sensitive creatures, and object to red flags, just as they do to other things of a peculiar nature calculated to upset any one's highly-strung nerves. Melbourne is far ahead of Sydney in the matter of streets; but Sydney Harbour, or, to be more correct, Port Jackson, is simply magnificent from a picturesque point of view. Botany Bay is close handy—a name which conjures up all manner of visions of the old convict days, for here the members of the firm of Bill Sykes and Co. of the period were sent in very large numbers for a change of air, but unfortunately many innocent persons were included in the shipments. The University, which stands in a domain of some 150 acres, is the most important building in the whole of the Australasian Colonies, and indeed there are few to beat it in the Mother Country. Churches are very plentiful, and so are public-houses. There are several theatres,

hospitals, etc. etc., and 'larrikinism' holds its own. The people of Sydney are no doubt pretty well accustomed to this most objectionable feature of life in their city, but to a stranger it is absolutely detestable.

A surprise awaited me in Sydney in connection with my irrepressible Yankee friend, for he had struck out in a new line

altogether. He had gone mad on music, and the long-named Italians he spoke of was something appalling, and indeed to my non-musical ear sounded very bad. I thought at first he had contracted the very bad Australian habit of using wicked words, but was assured he only spoke of composers, musicians, and artists, so I was agreeably relieved. But the surprise was, for the sake of amusement—the steamer mania having set him on—he had arranged to take a concert party round New Zealand, etc. He had intended going to Japan, but thought it would be too cold on arriving there. The enthusiasm with which he described and eulogised his company was most amusing—and such a company! Yes, yes, we had a private concert in order to test the individual merits of the members, and then the whole of the artists were assembled together. Savile Row had cer-

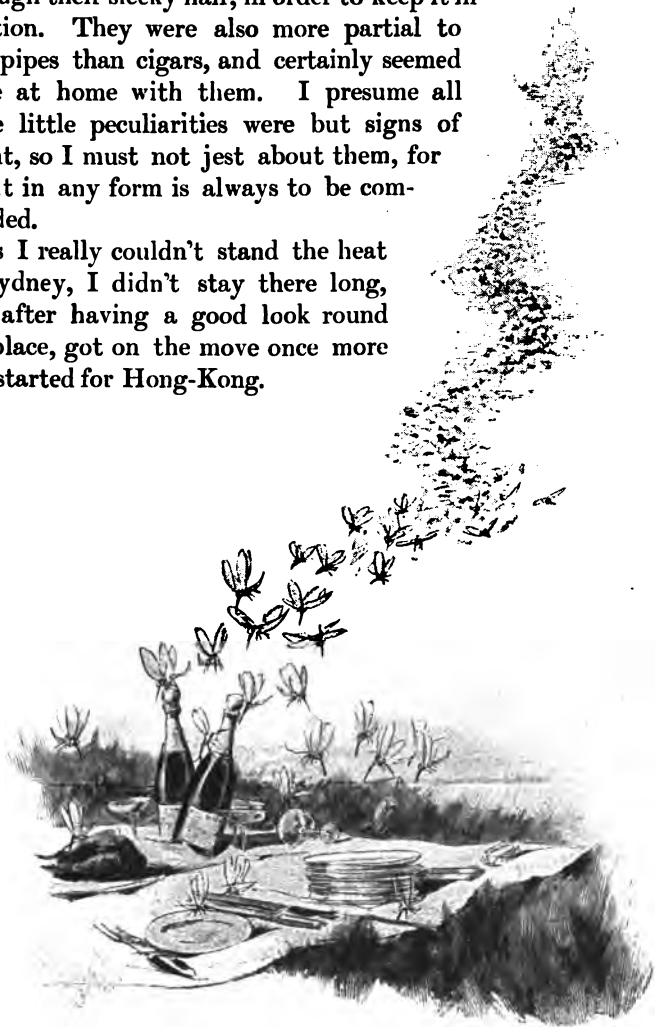
tainly not been the address of the tailors who fitted any of them out, and in some cases the apparel wore a look of vacancy, as though the memory as to who its modeller had been had faded away. But the gentlemen, if not over-careful as to their clothing and finger-nails, were most particular in the



ONE OF THE COMPANY

arrangement of their long and somewhat greasy locks, and through constant practice had acquired a noble artistic finish in the manner in which they gracefully passed their fingers through their sleeky hair, in order to keep it in position. They were also more partial to clay pipes than cigars, and certainly seemed more at home with them. I presume all these little peculiarities were but signs of talent, so I must not jest about them, for talent in any form is always to be commended.

As I really couldn't stand the heat of Sydney, I didn't stay there long, and, after having a good look round the place, got on the move once more and started for Hong-Kong.





CHAPTER XIII

Port Jackson—Scenery and Sharks—Cockroaches and Rats—Chinamen on board—A Rat Hunt—On a Coral Reef—Thursday Island—A False Alarm—A ‘Celestial’ Fight—Port Darwin—Frightening Chinamen—Cockfighting—Earthquakes—A Shark in the Saloon—Musical Portuguese—Tackling a Monsoon—Propitiating the Josses—Shipping Corpses—Hong-Kong in sight.

THE voyage to Hong-Kong!—Yes, it was a voyage and no mistake, and it was also an experience I have no wish to repeat. But of that later on. The name of the boat I went by was the s.s. ——. Well, it was a name I shall long remember; but, with the terrors of the libel law rising before me, I will refrain from mentioning it. I heard of a bankrupt once living in grand style in a huge mansion kept up by his wife’s money, and who, in a way to appease his creditors, invited them all to a musical evening; they went; he sang ‘You’ll remember me,’ and there was an almost unanimous chorus of ‘We’ll never forget you.’ That’s how I feel about this boat.

From Sydney to the Heads, the entrance to the harbour—Port Jackson—is about an hour’s run, but the view in steaming down is really magnificent, while the harbour itself is as fine a one as any in the world. As ‘Frisco and as Melbourne, it is

natural and land-locked ; but, good as I had thought the two former, they paled immeasurably before the grand, the unique, the magnificent harbour of Port Jackson.

The hour's run down to the Heads is anything but an uninteresting passage, for the scenery on both sides is most attractive, and keeps the mind well occupied during the whole time. There are sharks, too, in Port Jackson, and not in small numbers



'YOU'LL REMEMBER ME'

either—in fact one would almost think it was a kind of headquarters in the shark world. I spent the time steaming down admiring the scenery, keeping my eye on the water, wondering if any one would tumble overboard to give the sharks a treat, and also let other people see how sharks behaved as soon as they heard the cry 'Man overboard.' This didn't come off, though, so I am still ignorant as to the behaviour of this kind of fish under peculiar circumstances.

Out once more on the open sea, the breeze comes with most refreshing delightfulness after the intense and suffocating heat of Sydney, and although it may be a bit rough, the change is grand, for one feels that at last it is possible to breathe. A feeling of laziness came over me though, and from that time I have discarded razors, letting my beard grow *à la Nazarite*.

Now, however, began that month's experience, which I never want again.

The assortment of travellers was varied in the extreme, including both those who had and those who had not paid their passage. Fourteen days before sailing I had booked a cabin which was said to be the best on the ship and next to the captain's. However, at the last moment I was advised by the manager of the company to exchange into another which had just been forfeited, as it was so much better than the one I had originally selected.

I changed.

On retiring to rest, I began to think what an excellent article a boy John Chinaman was, for the one told off to look after me had laid out my sleeping-attire most carefully.

I began to unrobe. Coming to my necktie, I threw it down, and it went on to the floor; but it didn't lie still. No, it moved most perceptibly. Watching to discern the cause, my eye came in contact with a movement on the part of the left leg of my pyjamas so carefully laid out. This was very strange—and yes, my pyjama jacket made a movement as though it had heaved a sigh. Then the necktie moved again *en bloc* at least an inch, and there was a disagreeable noise about—not loud, but a sort of filling-the-air, ghostlike kind of noise. Then something crawled over my stockingless foot, and gave me a shock. Cockroaches! Yes, cockroaches in swarms and not the common or garden kind of little insects so well known to Britishers. Oh dear no! Cockroaches of a size that would make the ordinary kitchen black-beetle think himself a dwarf—tropical cockroaches that grow in size as the heat gets greater; and they were present in crowds!

After putting on my slippers, and executing a wild war-dance over the floor, each step being accompanied by a crunch and a swish, I perceived the endeavour to lessen the multitude was vain, so I resigned myself to the inevitable, and slept. Yes, I slept, dreaming that I was a Maori chief ruling over the destinies of a large country, which was a kind of amalgamation of Fiji, the Highlands of Scotland, Seven Dials, American Prairie, Sydney and New Zealand geysers, and that all my subjects were cockroaches, beetles, and snakes. But my rest was not for long, neither were my dreams to be undisturbed.

After reaching a point where a military tournament was being held in a stalactite cave of huge proportions, and a grand tug-of-war was going on between fourteen snakes of immense length and 173 brobdingnagian cockroaches, I awoke with a start, and the impression that a steeplechase of some

kind was being held on the floor of my cabin. I was not far wrong, for upon getting my match-box from under the pillow, and striking a light, I beheld a by no means small assembly of rats. I knew they were rats from their shape; but from the size any one might have been excused for mistaking them for well-grown Ostend rabbits. The light startled them, and their conclave was suddenly adjourned, the one I took to be chair-



COCKROACHES

man of the meeting making a hasty drive for somewhere, and disappearing. The rest followed his example with all speed, and once more I slept.

At daylight I was awake again, and a chattering noise as though ten thousand monkeys were discussing some important question came floating through the open portholes of my state-room, which looked towards the hold. Cockroaches had worried me, rats had disturbed, but it was left for about 250 Chinamen to put on the finishing touch. I looked through the porthole, and within a few yards a strange scene came to view. A whole crowd of Chinamen, lying and sitting about, some asleep, some smoking opium, but the majority squabbling over their 'chow,' were all mixed up with the thirty sheep, the cow, and the calf that had been brought on board for catering purposes. 'This was the climax, and I got up. It appeared this party were returning to their fatherland, taking with them all the gold they could, and had engaged part of the hold for the voyage. The shipping company don't mind them doing this, as they pay better than freight, and only eat rice, fish, and such like!

After the first night's experience I moved aft—another nautical expression—and got into the cabin I engaged in the first instance. Here the things were not quite so bad, for the Chinamen and smell of opium were further away, and the cockroaches were fewer in number. The first evening here was uneventful, and the second commenced quietly, but ended uproariously at daybreak. A heavy thump on my chest brought me quickly from the land of dreams to find the grey dawn creeping in through my porthole, and a huge rat, which had made a landing-stage of my chest in jumping from the rafters of my cabin roof, scampering about my berth, frantically endeavouring to find an exit. All the enthusiasm of my younger days for 'ratting' came back with a flash, and springing out of the berth, I rolled up the sheet, and made a dive for him with it as he sat grinning in the corner. He was a bit

too quick, and after a wriggle and a squeal he sprang to the floor. Then the fun began. Seizing a stick, I went for him round my cabin. He got into the saloon; I chased him round there, and up on to the deck where six or eight people were sleeping. I fell over one of these, rather disturbing the lower regions of another as I went down, and the rat put his foot in the mouth of another, so it was only a few seconds before all were awake, and joining in the chase. The light was better on



THE RAT-HUNT

Sydney Currell

deck, and we thought we had him, when he gave a tremendous spring, made a bee line for the hold, and landed on the face of one of the Celestial passengers, who awoke with a scream! In a second the whole colony were on their feet, and in the noise and confusion they made the rat effected his escape, or else died of fright, for we never saw him again, or at least we didn't recognise him, although almost similar hunts were of very frequent occurrence.

It seemed that we were to have nothing else but experiences on this voyage, for just about the Torres Straits, where coral reefs are plentiful, the good ship—which shall be nameless—steered right into one of these, and stuck there for about four hours. The sight, looking into the water from the bow of the vessel, was very beautiful, for there was coral all round, and it really looked like some magnificent garden and grotto below the surface of the sea, with a kind of pinky whiteness pervading the whole. In fact, one young lady was so entranced she wanted to get out and take a dive, but the captain didn't approve. We only cut into about nine feet of coral, but still all efforts to back off were fruitless, and cargo had to be moved before any impression could be made; then, with the aid of the tide, and the engineer putting on full pressure (he was great on full pressure) about 900 lbs.—or perhaps it was 90 lbs.—and going astern, we got safely off.

Thursday Island is a very primitive-looking place, and also unattractive; but, looking at it from the sea, it is rather pretty. Pearl fishing goes on rather extensively about here, and we saw the upper part of a smack that had been sunk. One of the sailors, who had heard me give vent to my feelings and prescribe a remedy for ridding the ship we were on of its cargo of rats and cockroaches, pointed to this vessel, and said: 'Ah, they kill rats and cockroaches.' In fact, I was told that such things were often done in these parts.

By the way, just before reaching Thursday Island, I had another impression we were going to the bottom. It was early morning—that's the worst of these things, they always happen when one wants to be asleep, or something of that kind—it was rough, the wind was blowing pretty stiffly, while the rain was coming down—well, the fire-engine hose kind that we had got used to in New Zealand was nothing to it. All at once a noise began, then shouting and screaming and a lot of rushing about; eight bells was rung from the bridge, and in my bewilderment I thought, 'Yes, yes, that's a signal for

going for the boats,' so before I was properly awake I sprang out of my berth—nearly killing a rat that I stepped on—and, clutching a spare suit of pyjamas with one hand, and a pair of trousers with the other, rushed out on deck to be almost drowned with the sea and rain, nearly blown overboard by the terrific wind, and to find that all the noise and shouting came



A FIGHT BETWEEN TWO
CELESTIALS

from the Chinamen's quarters, consequent upon a fight between two Celestials!

My sudden appearance almost in their midst, in a half-drowned, semi-dazed condition, and clutching desperately to articles of wearing apparel, had a terrible effect on the Chinese gentlemen, and frightened them far more than the storm. Several of them howled with fright, and rushed away as well,

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CELESTIALS.

from the Chinamen's quarters, consequent upon a fight between two Celestials!

My sudden appearance almost in their midst, in a half-drowned, semi-dazed condition, and clutching desperately the dripping apparel, had a terrible effect on the Chinese. I frightened them far more than the storm. They howled with fright, and rushed away.

and as fast as the rolling and pitching and tossing of the boat would let them. The belligerents were so astonished they ceased their strife, and I went back to my cabin 'a sadder and wetter man' than I left it. Never again, if I can help it, will I sail in a vessel that also contains a parcel of inhabitants of John Chinaman's land. They were at it all day long—noise, squabbling, and fighting—with an occasional rest for a few whiffs at the opium pipe, and then at it again. Morning was the time, though, when rice was served out. That was the time for noise and fighting, and I really thought more than once that we should only land about half the original number alive; but, somehow, the fights never ended in a fatal manner. Then, again, the smell of dirt and opium was awful, and once I suggested to Mr. Speedy, the chief engineer, that the hose should be turned on to the whole crowd; but he knew more about the nature of a Celestial than I did, and said: 'No, no, mon; water will kill a Chinaman!' By the way, this chief engineer was a very nice fellow—came from Perth, in Scotland, a place famous for 'Fair Maids,' at least, so we read in books—and he was always talking of the girls he'd left behind him.

On the map it doesn't look very far from Thursday Island to Port Darwin, but it is a three days' trip; and the Gulf of Carpentaria, which is passed, suggests something to do with carpenters, but we didn't see any. On the way Melville Island is passed—a most interesting place, or would be if it were not for the blacks, who are particularly pugnacious, and greet any one wishing to land with a shower of spears. Needless to say, I did not court this delicate little attention.

What Port Darwin would really be if it were not the point where the cable comes on shore is not very easy to guess, although under present circumstances it is certainly an important harbour. It is rather pretty to look at from the sea, but land there, and then—well, 'Oh, what a difference,' etc., as they say in the classics! Most of the gentlemen—young, old, and middle-aged—who are engaged in the banks and offices

there have migrated from Threadneedle Street, Broad Street and neighbourhood, in the city of London, but have had to leave the habits, manners, and customs of the 'city man' behind them. It would do incalculable good to some of you immaculate young gentlemen at home, to whom frock coats, silk hats, tall collars, and cigarettes are of most vital importance, if you just went over to Port Darwin to see how your *confrères* worked. The work has to be done, and done in the sweltering heat of the tropics—but where is the tall hat? where the frock coat? where the light trousers and patent leather shoes? Again to quote the classics, they are 'far, far away!' The lightest of gear for head and feet is called into play; flannel pants do service for the well-cut trousers, and the long frock coat is cast aside for a singlet only. This is how business has to be done in Port Darwin, and how the gentlemen of the place have to array themselves for doing it.

John Chinaman is very much in evidence in Port Darwin, and, as in other places, he is always ready to do laundry work for the passengers on board a boat, though he doesn't care to do it so much for folks on shore, making the excuse that there is not sufficient rain. The night before our boat arrived with its passengers and freight of rats and cockroaches, there had been five inches of rain in two and a-half hours (the greatest on record for about ten years, I was told), so that how much is really wanted to satisfy the gentlemen must remain a question—I am not going to attempt to answer it. However, we managed to get some fun out of the place while we stayed there, some of the blacks being always ready to sing even the latest music-hall ditties, including the horror that disturbed me in Honolulu, etc.

One passenger in particular had a funny experience while on shore. He was a bit of an observer of human nature, and very anxious to see a Chinaman with an expression other than the one with the 'smile that was childlike and bland' he universally wore. Wanting something fresh to do while stretching

his legs on dry land, the happy thought struck him : he would try and frighten a few Celestials. He succeeded, and succeeded so well that the authorities on shore took charge of him for the night. It was very funny to see John so frightened. Our colleague started by stopping in front of one and smiling. The Chinaman smiled also.



FRIGHTENING CELESTIALS

Our colleague grinned. The Chinaman grinned also, but not for long, for our colleague suddenly sprang into the air with a most demoniacal yell, furiously whirling a great umbrella at the same time. The smile of the Chinaman turned to a look of

indescribable horror and fright, and with a terrified scream he turned and fled. This proceeding was repeated in a shop where some six or eight Chinamen were making purchases, and with a much funnier result. The Celestials forgot their purchases, and in their wild fright and hurry to clear out of the place nearly all came to the ground, and the floor seemed to be covered with a kicking, screaming, and struggling mass of Chinamen.

Dilly, the capital of Timor, was the next place we touched at, and a very miserable place it was. The natives here are awfully keen on cockfighting, and numbers of them walk about with a bird under their arm, and a 'quid' of tobacco in their upper lip, ready at any moment to set their bird against another. An acquaintance of mine has since told me that this can be seen at any time within a mile of Bow Street, in a back cellar. Well, if so, it only shows that London can supply anything. When we were anchored here, or rather moored to a tree on the coast, we experienced—to use an Irishism—an earthquake at sea! The sensation was very peculiar, to say the least of it. The ship shook as though the screw were out of the water, and the cries of the natives were distinctly heard. It seems they are rather good at earthquakes here, and do not think very much of one that only lasts a little time. I was told that about two months previous to this there had been one that kept the earth on the move for eight days! Of course I was not there, so would not really care to vouch for the absolute truthfulness of the fact; but as it was told to me by the same individual who told me that once out there during a terrific cyclone, every feather was blown out of the fowls he used to keep, just as though they had been plucked, I presume it is fairly correct. An old African soldier wanted us badly to take him to Mozambique, where the ground was 'no shaky, shaky; dis place no good, all shaky, shaky.' My friend Speedy was very good and useful

here, for he 'knew the ropes' a bit, and we soon saw all there was to see, including one of the very few men who spoke English, and he happened to be a Scotchman, and spoke Scotch! He had been sent out by a syndicate from Hong-Kong to explore for kerosene, and had just been successful in finding it. He had not been there very long, but had already been 'down' with fever five times. While we were there, a few of the inhabitants came on board to lunch, including Mr. Scottie, who was placed next to a Chinese judge, one of our passengers, whom we had nicknamed the Lord High Executioner. Now any one who has been in the East for about six months won't sit next to a Chinaman, so Mr. Scottie went out, and off the boat, followed by a look from the judge which showed plainly what would have happened had they been in Chinaland.

We met with Scotchmen everywhere we went—they seemed to be all over the place—and I never called down into the engine-room of any steamer I was on, 'Hey, Mac!' without getting a reply in broad Scotch that Mac would come up.

An interesting gentleman we saw here took a great fancy to us, and in order to show us special attention, made his black boy scale a cocoa-nut tree to get us some nuts. I've always heard there's a special providence over drunken men and children, and this climbing business proved it fairly successfully, for to see a youngster almost run up and down trees of about 100 feet in height, and throw down cocoa-nuts without breaking his own juvenile neck, is rather remarkable. Rambling about the beach was a good change to being cooped up on board, and many of us got heaps of little turtle eggs on our walks, which we ate in the same manner as oysters.

We had an addition to our passenger list on leaving here, and amongst the new arrivals was a contractor for wrecks, and diver. He told us that once he came up to the top rather quicker than he intended. He was preparing to raise a vessel, and had gone down to the wreck, and found his

way into the saloon, but only to find it already occupied. A large shark was having a look round, and swimming about inside, so Mr. Diver postponed his operations, and politely withdrew. I don't know, of course, what I should have done under similar circumstances, but I dare say I should have been about as polite as the diver was, and not have interfered with the tenant in possession.

Others of the new comers were Portuguese; and they were rather a rough lot, sleeping in all their clothes, and not even removing their boots and spurs. They were musical—in a way—and for a time we had plenty of music, such as comes from bad musical boxes, and that soul-scaring horror, which is a sort of a cross between a piano and a concertina, such as is used in the English streets by imitation blind men, while their half-starved dog runs about with half an old coffee-tin in his mouth, trying to collect coppers. Luckily the wind sprang up to rather a brisk tune, and the noble Portuguese had to drop the instrumental music and go in for vocal. This was extremely guttural, but as they kept to their cabins during this exercise they didn't annoy any one. The wind freshened up more, and my friend Speedy told me in a most cold-blooded manner, 'We'll have to look about us now, for we're going to tackle a monsoon!'

We did tackle it, or rather perhaps I should say it tackled us, and for over two days we had a very lively time of it. The poor Celestials were awfully frightened, and the scared look they had on their faces was quite comical to behold. The second night of the monsoon they took the matter into their own hands, and held a kind of prayer-meeting—supplicating their 'Josses' to send fair weather. It was a very strange sight to see the whole 250 of them on their knees, holding a lighted taper stuck into a potato, and hard at it, pouring out their supplications, making a most indescribable and confused babel. After going at this for some time, they all got up and threw the tapers and potatoes into the

sea, and then resumed the happy and contented smile that is peculiarly John Chinaman's own, for they were quite certain they had appeased the wrath of their 'Josses,' and that fine weather would soon follow. And so it did—the next day. But I don't think the tapers and potatoes had anything to do with it. The first officer very artfully made out that he had the most to do with it, for he knew how long he would



A CHINESE PRAYER-MEETING

be steering through this pretty monsoon, and that evening he harangued the 250 Chinamen very sternly, and for the time was one of themselves as far as religion went; but here I must make a little divergence to show where the *point* comes in.

Every Chinaman dies with the idea that he is going to be buried in his own country, and his compatriots do their best to carry out his ideas by shipping his remains to John

Chinaman's land by the next boat any Chinamen are sailing in, after his decease. These religiously see to the safe transit of the remains, as the Josses credit them above for this, but they are not over scrupulous as to how they get them on board. Now, in the present instance, one Celestial, perhaps more timid than the rest, told the officer quietly and mysteriously that the 'Josses' sent the storm because some of the Chinamen had smuggled some corpses on board without paying freight for them. He told him who they were, but begged and prayed most piteously that the source of information should not be divulged. The subject of the officer's harangue was the wickedness of displeasing the 'Josses' by being dishonest, and he said he was quite certain that they had amongst their baggage some that had not been paid for, and that until the money had been paid over, bad weather would continue. All the luggage was examined, and sure enough in one carpet bag three skulls were found, in a dilapidated chest two or three limbs, and in an old champagne case an assortment of limbs and a skull. To teach them a lesson, he made them all pay something, and collected a good few pounds, then rated them very soundly, and said the 'Josses' would send fine weather in the morning. By the early morning we had got clear of the monsoon, and were in lovely weather, and as soon as the first officer made his appearance on deck, the whole of the Chinamen approached him, and thanked him for teaching them their duty. 'It was so nice of them, I thought,' said a lady passenger, 'and didn't they look pleased?' Pleased? whoever saw a Chinaman look other than pleased? Why, his round shining face with a big smile on it would be a fortune to him in England, if he could only persuade theatrical managers, in a play where a moon is required, to cut a hole in the sky scene and let him look through it.

All this time it had been gradually getting cooler, and there was not so much necessity for sleeping on deck as there had

been in the tropics. It is not quite so comfortable, perhaps,



A CARLTON CLUB GENT

sleeping on deck, but it is decidedly cooler. A Carlton Clubgentleman who was amongst our passengers soon got used to sleeping on the floor, although no doubt he would have preferred the luxury of the palatial edifice in Pall Mall. As for my friend Speedy, he could sleep anywhere, or at any time. A berth, the floor, a rope, it didn't matter what it was, or how the weather was. If Speedy wanted to sleep, why, he just slept there and then, and would say, 'Mon, it's a' richt up to noo!'

At last Hong-Kong hove in sight, and the scene was rather an imposing one, although there was such a tremendous drop in the temperature, it being only 58 deg., whereas two days before we had been

sweltering in 95. The idea of a sleep on shore again, away from rats and cockroaches, was grand, and more than one of the passengers, including myself, hailed the announcement with delight—but as some one says somewhere, ‘More of this anon’; for in starting more shore experience, it would be just as well to start a new chapter.





Hong-Kong—Sampan and Floating
Mansions—Chinamen stout in winter—
'English as she is spoke'—Victoria Park—
Canton—'Flower-boats'—Cantonese Perfumes—
Sign-boards—Temples and Josses—A Chinese Lunch
—The Science of Cruelty—Chinese Punishments—Going
to Shanghai—Wreck of the *Bokhara*—Shanghai—More Smells
—A Religious Service—A Chinese Funeral—Rings round the Eyes
—Missionaries.

AFTER touring for so long amongst the islands of the East Indian Archipelago, and seeing so much of the apparently half-civilised, the downright lazy, and all-round lethargic Portuguese, it was really a treat to think that once more there was a chance of being amongst civilisation, and at home in a British colony.

Watching from the bridge of the rat- and cockroach-laden boat as she neared the harbour of Hong-Kong, the gradually developing scenery attracted greater and greater attention, until, at the time the anchor was dropped, the scene was one that only a painter or a poet could adequately describe. Imagine a high background of rock, half barren and half studded with trees, and, rising in terraces amongst this, good-looking and substantially-built residences, some in rows and some dotted here and there, a foreground of a magnificent sheet of water, with the blue rippling waves dancing and sparkling in the sunshine, a crowd of shipping, consisting of

merchantmen, men-of-war, passenger boats, and mail steamers. steam-launches darting here and there and everywhere, with their screeching whistles going all over the place, the rough business-like appearance of the whole being pleasantly broken by quaint Chinese junks flitting hither and thither, and a goodly collection of the almost clumsy-looking sampan, and there you have some idea of the view of Hong-Kong, after passing through the famous Ly-ce-moon Pass. As a Portuguese captain exclaimed, it was a sight to give any one an idea of England's power in colonising ; but, apart from that, quaintness, novelty, and thorough picturesqueness all lend themselves to give an additional charm to the scene.

Then, again, thoughts of very diversified character rise in one's mind. Here are we, approaching a corner of John Chinaman's land, and a place which, although a British colony, is also largely peopled by a very good supply of Chinamen.

What is he like at home ? It is all very well to have seen John in 'Frisco, Honolulu, Australia, and other places, but what are his semi-heathen ways at home ? Now comes a chance of seeing the Celestial 'in his habit, as he lives,' and almost in the midst of his native surroundings.

But to digress a little. Hong-Kong, or, to put it more correctly, Hiang-Kiang, which, being interpreted, means 'the place of sweet waters'—the waters may have been sweet, but I didn't try them—may really be taken as a very fine example of British enterprise and energy ; for, when we visited the island, and came to stop in 1841, there were only about 5000 people there, but in 1851 there were 37,000 and a gradually increasing trade, both export and import. Matters continued to prosper, and such was the importance of the place in 1871 its population numbered over 123,000, while at the time of writing it is close upon a quarter of a million. It is finely situated, and makes a capital naval station for the East, while its value as a commercial centre is increasing each day. There is a strong contrast to the islands round about, which are under Portuguese

saw, for in these things are in such a wretched state they have advanced scarcely one iota since they were occupied some three hundred years ago. The Portuguese captain just mentioned was very bitter against his people for not making more progress, and their laziness in letting things take their own course, as they were doing in Timor and their other possessions around, but consoled himself by saying it was all very well to talk, but that enterprise and prosperity followed the British flag wherever it went, and there was no country in the world that could stand against, or compete with, the English.

Our boat did not anchor close up to the quay, so we had to be taken off in sampans, and the short trip from the vessel to the shore gave me an insight of a very peculiar part of Chinese life—the manners and customs of the floating population. The boat was not much more than twenty feet long, and although I did not measure, I should say its depth would not be more than two feet, or its beam over five feet, and yet it was not only used as a means of conveyance, but it was the domicile, home, and family mansion of the owner, his wife, and family of three children! We heard that the previous night two men had been suffocated in such a similar hold, the cold being so intense they had shut themselves in, but that such things were by no means of any uncommon occurrence—and I can quite believe it.

The forepart of these boats is decked over, and this forms the 'house'—certainly not a commodious domain, for the measurements couldn't possibly be more than five feet by four; but John doesn't mind, and it doesn't seem to matter to him how many youngsters there are about. During my stay I saw more than one boat where the children numbered five and six! I heard—and I believe it is correct—that there are over 20,000 Chinese living entirely in these boats and junks in Hong-Kong harbour. It is hardly comprehensible to a Britisher that such could be the case, but it is so.

Safely landed, came a new means of locomotion—a jinricksha

—a concern rather after the style of a nursery mail-cart or a miniature hansom, and drawn by a Chinese coolie.

Hong-Kong contains a large number of Europeans and Americans, but the majority of the people are Chinese, and to be thrown right into the middle of them, all at once, is very strange. I don't wish to infer that my coolie came to grief,



A JINRICKSHA

and that I had a spill while travelling to the hotel in this—to me—novel conveyance, because the journey was performed without mishap, although once or twice I did fancy there was a chance of my leaving the concern rather suddenly and the reverse of gracefully. No, I mean that, all at once as it were, to find oneself surrounded by Chinamen in all their glorious garb of many-coloured silks, their wooden shoes, round skull-caps and trailing pigtails, and to see shops, houses, and other

things so reverse of European, makes one think they have been suddenly transported to Drury Lane stage, with a pantomime of 'Aladdin' in full swing, or else to one of those fancy fairs, bazaars, 'religious swindles,' or whatever may be their correct name, where young ladies and even men take such a delight in 'dressing up' and then try their hardest to sell things at most exorbitant prices, 'all for charity.'

My first night in Hong-Kong—it was the end of January—happened to be the coldest (so the people said) ever experienced, and yet the thermometer only went down to 26°. My, how people did complain of the cold in the morning! To tell the truth, though, I joined them, and was well to the front in my grumbling; but then there was an excuse for me, because only two days before I had been sweltering in 95°—rather a sudden drop. I couldn't quite make out how it was all the Chinese people looked so stout, until it was explained to me, and some one said, 'Man, they can't walk for clothes.' It appears that as the weather gets colder, these interesting and ingenious people just stick on another suit of clothes—if that be the correct term to apply to the wonderful arrangements with which they clothe themselves—and there they leave them until the warm weather turns up again. It often happens that a Chinaman will be carrying his whole wardrobe on his back. Curious people!

John prides himself very much on his English; but it can hardly be called 'English as she is spoke,' especially judging from the signboards, one of which, I noticed, read, 'Dealer in tailor and draper, Manila cigar, all kind silk handkerchief outfitter.' On the whole I was very pleased with Hong-Kong, barring the cold weather, but this couldn't be helped, and I had to put up with it. Considering the island is only about ten miles long, and varies from two to five miles in width, any one can see that it isn't very big—but it is big enough. I have heard of an American author, who, wishing to be thought facetious, said that the first night he was in England he felt too

frightened to go to bed, for fear he should turn round in his sleep and roll over into the sea, but I didn't feel nervous on this score in the slightest degree when in Hong-Kong. The island is very mountainous, although so small, and Victoria Peak, the highest point, has an altitude of somewhere about 1825 feet. Of course the proper thing to do is to go to the top of this, so, wishing to be always proper, I ascended. I wasn't sorry when I had reached the top, and my thanksgiving was fervent when I was once more on the level of the sea. You don't walk up, neither do you ride on donkeys or mules ; a cable car is the conveyance that takes you up, and it seems more like going up a great height in a lift with the sides out, so that you can see all round. It is decidedly not the kind of recreation I should advise to any one of nervous temperament, or any one whose appetite suddenly disappears at the sight of the matutinal frizzled bacon. Still, although the ascent is made by means of such an almost sensationally vertical tram, it is worth the fright when the summit is reached, for the picture all round is a perfectly grand one. In the air, at an elevation of about a third of a mile ; below is seen the whole of the island, but most distinctly the splendid harbour of Hong-Kong, with its crowds of shipping. On every hand is the sea, while away to the north is the mainland of China itself. It is really a glorious sight, and such a one as perhaps it is impossible to see elsewhere.

Well, after a fairly long stay at this place, I got a bit restless, and wanted to be off to somewhere else, so decided to go to Canton, as I thought I should there have a better chance of really studying the manners and customs of the Celestials.

It almost reminded me of being back in America when I got on board the boat bound for Canton, for the vessel was just like one of the American ferry-boats ; but pigtailed and moon-like faces soon recalled the fact that I was bound for a famous and important city, really in that wonderful land of the willow-

pattern plate. It is not a very rapid voyage from Hong-Kong to Canton, for although the distance is only ninety-five miles, it takes close upon fourteen hours to do the passage. But when the place is reached at last—what a sight! Junks, boats, and sampans of every description, shape, and size are moored in long lines, and almost give any one the idea of the place being composed of streets of water, with boats for houses. They really are houses, too, for each one has a family on board, and it is supposed that the river population here numbers about 300,000. Some of these boats are a kind of floating restaurant, and are called ‘flower-boats.’ Pretty name, but there the prettiness stops. They are hardly the places that a young lady would take her mother to if in need of refreshment, for I am sorry to say that some of them are very much in want of a thorough ‘London County Councilising.’ My sensitive feelings were upset very much at some of the manners and customs of the gay natives as depicted in some of these boats, and I had to whisper to my guide in the best ‘pidgeon’ I could command, ‘Me wantee go away ; me catchee too much blushee.’ I don’t know whether he understood me or no, but we went away.

Talking this ‘pidgeon’ English is very funny, and seems very much like talking to babies, like mothers and nursemaids do when they say ‘Catchee, catchee, catchee,’ or something like that, finishing up with a ‘boo’; and then, when the baby gives a semi-idiotic grin, does a gurgling sort of chuckle, and dribbles so that it wants a new—feeder on, they say, ‘Isn’t it a dear?’ but Chinamen really understand it, and one gets used to the seeming absurdity of it in time.

Canton itself is—well, as the costermonger said when he was so flabbergasted he couldn’t even swear, ‘there ain’t no word for it!’ I went with a friend and a good guide to ‘do’ the place, and we ‘did it,’ by being carried round in a chair. We had not proceeded far, when—shades of Rimmel, what a smell! By the aid of very strong cigars, burning incense, and tying a



'ISN'T IT A DEAR!'

lump of camphor to our moustaches, we managed to make things a little more pleasant; but even then it was the most horrible, abominable, and disgusting conglomeration of vile smells that any one can possibly imagine. John Chinaman must be tough indeed to be able to live through all this.

Going into Canton puts one in mind of the very old, or even barbaric period, for it has a big wall all round it, and the gates in this are shut all night. This wall is a wondrous affair; it is about twenty-five feet high, on the average, although at places it goes much higher; it is twenty feet thick, and there are twelve gates for ordinary traffic and two water gates. There are over six hundred streets in the city, and every one of these is awfully narrow. Why, when we were doing our tour—it was certainly not a very wide chair we were in—we happened to meet another chair coming in the opposite direction in a rather narrow street, and, as there was not room to pass, both parties had to get out, in order that one chair could be lifted over the other. Some of the streets are really very peculiar, for they are not only narrow, and have tallish houses on each side, but they are covered with a kind of bamboo wicker-work, so that they look more like the arcades we know in England rather than streets, though not quite up to the Burlington in Piccadilly; and then the signboards, or flag advertisements, as one man told me they were called, which hang about from the various windows, make them look more like bazaars. Talk about ‘dangerous structures,’ why, they are nothing else. To understand what all the peculiar signs and things mean that are marked on those swinging signs may be all very well for a Chinaman, but I didn’t attempt to decipher any of them, I was too busy trying to keep the smells out of my nose; still I must say they looked to me like a grand display of tea-chest labels.

Next to smells, I think Canton, or to give it its Chinese name, Kwang-Chow-foo, seems to be famous for temples, for there are a tremendous lot, although the place is not many miles in circumference, and they have very peculiar names.

The largest covers about seven acres of ground, and is called Hai-chwang-sze, which means the Temple of the Ocean Banner; then there are such names as Temple of Filial Duty, the Temple of Longevity, the Temple of the Five Hundred Genii, etc. etc. This latter is a marvellous place, and contains five hundred images, life size, set out in rows for the natives to go and bow down to, and to say their prayers to, and otherwise worship. The whole five hundred seem to be on very amicable terms, for internal dissensions are never heard of, and one Joss never quarrels with another.

Getting to a more salubrious and less smelly part of the place about the middle of the day, our guide inquired, 'Can do Chow Chow?' (are you able to eat?) We made another shot at the 'pidgeon' language, and said, 'Yes, yes, hab catchee topside hungry.' He evidently understood, although I do not think it is quite real 'pidgeon,' and we were 'chaired' to a very fair restaurant, in order that we might try a real, genuine Chinese dinner. With a heroism worthy of far greater deeds, I stuck to my guns, and went through the whole lot of courses, although at times I must say I nearly gave in. The hedgehog soup was very passable, but I can't say I quite relished the boiled owl with beetle sauce; the fricasseed kittens were not at all bad, but I soon left off when the stewed puppy dog was put in front of me. I had a try at it, though, just to say I had some. It is not a dish I should encourage my friends to try, although they might do worse than get familiar with grilled horse steak. We did not try that peculiarly Chinese epicurean dish 'blind mice,' and I don't think I should care to do so either. They call this 'Milhi,' which really means 'mice'; they are placed alive on a small tray before each guest, who, taking them one by one by the tail, dips them in honey, then swallows them! It is said that when the Emperor's wedding was celebrated a few years ago, 50,000 of these young mice were consumed at the banquet!

The Examination Hall for the Civil Service is a notable

feature in Canton, for it is really a very good building, although rather like a prison, and the students are guarded by soldiers during the time they are in the cells at their work.

Not being subject to any English or European influence, Canton is not the place it should be by a very long way, especially as regards her treatment of prisoners, etc., for the Chinese seem to have studied cruelty till they have brought it almost to an art, and I am very much inclined to think with others that for the real *science* of cruelty in the way of punishment you must go to China.

It makes one feel quite 'crawley' to *hear* what is done; but what it would be to witness any of the scenes I leave to the imagination. I understand a favourite diversion used to be to strip a criminal, seat him in a barrel, fill the barrel with lime till it reached the victim's chin, then secure him so that he could not get out, place the barrel facing the sun, cut off the poor wretch's eyelids, and pour water into the barrel! Horrible as is such treatment, it is mild compared with other 'treatments' I heard of, but would be sorry to repeat here. Amongst the milder 'discipline' is a barbarous fashion of hanging a victim upon a bamboo pole by his hands and feet, face downward, and then, he being clothed simply in nature's garments, thrashing him with a split bamboo.

When a criminal is sentenced to death, he is lucky if the sentence is carried out by his head being 'chop chop,' as they say, or lopped off while he is kneeling on the ground, although such punishment is considered a terrible disgrace, and all chance of going to heaven is lost. The head being gone, the pigtail also is gone, and therefore there is nothing left whereby the head Joss or his assistants can draw the deceased up to brighter realms. As a rule, various rather excruciating preliminaries are gone through before the end is reached, and perhaps the most severe of all is first crucifying the delinquent, and then at leisure inflicting upon him *seventy-four cuts*, a skilful executioner being careful to keep his victim alive until after the

seventy-fourth cut, and then despatching him. They are called *cuts*, but really that is hardly the word, for the eyelids go, then the ears, and so on, until the wretched victim, lacerated, mutilated, and gashed in every quarter, is put out of his misery by the last and most merciful stroke of the knife.

At times, when the culprit has money, or his friends have anything to spare, an arrangement is made with the executioner to give only a light punishment, consisting of about twenty-one cuts or less! While I am on the horrible, let me explain how at times evidence is got out of a witness in a court of justice(?). The all supreme mandarin (whose tyrannical sway is far greater than was that of any of our old feudal lords) has his idea of what a witness ought to say, and takes means that the same shall be said. In many cases that simple means is resorted to that most of us have experienced in our earlier days of school life—the birch; but in some instances, where the witness persists in telling his own tale, thumb-screws are used, or he is suspended in the air by his thumbs and big toes, until the truth is extracted, or else he has to undergo the awful ordeal of ‘knee-grinding.’ The agony of this may be better imagined than described. The poor wretch is made to kneel on a stone, or tiled floor, his arms are put out at full length, and fastened to a horizontal bar of bamboo, while his legs are secured together by a chain, and a long and by no means light pole is placed inside the bend of the knee. Then, until he gives answers *to the satisfaction of the Court*, a weighty man stands at each end of the pole, and the pair play at what we know as ‘see-saw’!

Such is the Chinese mode of extracting ‘the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth’ from unwilling witnesses and prisoners. All this is in full swing in the present day in this important city of the Celestial empire; it is just what happened a century ago, and there is no reason to believe that there will be anything like a speedy reformation.

It would take too long to go further into Canton, so I must

be off again back to Hong-Kong, and from there take a boat to Japan, calling in at Shanghai on the way up. The ninety-five miles between heathenism and civilisation is safely traversed, and then, after transshipping, I am once more under weigh. The voyage to Shanghai from Hong-Kong takes about three days and a-half, but unfortunately it is at parts rather a dangerous one in more ways than one; for instance, the wretched heathen Chinese sailors will run their junks as close under the bows of a steamer as they possibly can, as they have an idiotic idea that if they do this their 'Joss' will be pleased, and send them fine weather and plenty of fish. In fact, the closer they can get the finer will be the weather, and the more plentiful the fish. They all fish, and turn their hand to a little bit of piracy when it can be done with tolerable safety. However, the Chinese Government recently gave them a bit of a lesson—some say after a hint from John Bull—and one fine morning as many as forty, who had been caught pirating, were removed from the face of this earth, and sent to realms above, or elsewhere. Some people do say that the Admiral simply went up the coast and collected the pirates from anywhere, saying that if they had not been at piracy that day they had been previously, or else would turn to it some day, so that it didn't matter.

Then, again, the fish-traps which are laid about here are an intolerable nuisance, and by no means devoid of danger to passing steamers, as, should the spars or net get mixed up with the screw, something would be bound to go wrong. The traps are an ingenious contrivance of bamboo spars, ropes, and nets, and made so that the fish get hopelessly entangled, and are then collected with ease by the fishermen. Our voyage was thoroughly uneventful, but we passed one spot which will always be remembered with a shudder by those whose friends and relations met such a terrible death when the *Bokhara* was shipwrecked on October 10, 1892. This was Sand Island in the Pascadores. It was blowing pretty freshly when we passed; but it must be simply impossible to realise or describe

the awfulness of that night, when, after bravely fighting a typhoon for two days, three terrific seas struck the vessel in succession, and smashing through the stokehole doors put out the fires, thus destroying the last ray of hope, and putting the ship entirely at the mercy of the waves, not only in one of the most dangerous parts of the ocean thereabouts, but in the midst of a raging typhoon. After this any chance of weathering the gale was perfectly hopeless, and it was not long before, with a terrible crash, the good ship *Bokhara* was dashed upon the reef. Within about two minutes of striking—so we are told by the few survivors—all was over, the vessel had disappeared, and the lives of some hundred and twenty-five persons were lost. Terrible, indeed, as was such a death, almost worse were the sufferings of the twenty-three survivors for the next two days before they were discovered and rescued by some natives; but all these details are, no doubt, still so fresh in the minds of all that I need not go further into them.

Shanghai is on the Woosung River, before entering which a rather awkward 'bar' has to be crossed, and there are times when some steamers cannot get across unless the tide is high. As luck would have it, we were not detained outside, owing to an accident that had happened about two months previously. A steamer was run down, and sunk in mid stream on this bar, making such a rush of water one side that the waterway had been deepened by four feet or more.

On landing, our impressions were very good, for the aspect of the place was thoroughly business-like and prosperous. As usual, we found a big river population, the number being put down at from 12,000 to 15,000. Like in other Eastern places, the Europeans here seem to have a knack of making themselves comfortable and building good houses, for the private residences as well as the clubs are all that possibly could be desired. The Shanghai Club is the principal one, and it really is a marvel. It is the meeting-place of the European business men; and about twelve o'clock, midday, all the offices

are closed, and the majority of the people go to the club, which is for the time being a kind of Exchange. The members are a very jolly set of fellows, and I soon felt quite at home there.

It was cold here, colder than even the oldest inhabitant could remember, and so it ought to be, for 10 below zero is all very well now and then, but to have it as a regular thing every winter would get very monotonous. There was a lot of snow as well, and a number of large lumps of ice were drifting down the river.

A British Supreme Court for China and Japan sits here, and this has jurisdiction over all British subjects in Shanghai, and is also a Court of Appeal from all British Consular reports in China and Japan.

Of course I went to the Chinese city, and was very much surprised at the reception I got there, for, from one or two things I had read, and a few more I had heard, I quite expected the chances of my returning in anything but a battered condition were very few, but—of course putting aside the question of smells, which I must say almost equalled those of Canton—really I did not meet with the slightest incivility from any one. My experience was that the natives seemed only too pleased if you took notice of their work. Quaint, very quaint, were some of the parts of the place, as were also the stuffy little workshops. In one shop, about ten or twelve feet square, I counted eleven workmen—tailors, tinsmiths, shoemakers, etc.—all trades were represented in these small shops—and the workmen seemed very comfortable. One reason of this is, there are no trades unions or large monopolies. In many cases I found the master gave his men, who were generally relatives, an interest in the work, lived with them under the same roof, and fed with them out of the same bowl of rice—in fact, each establishment seemed to be a family concern. The gorgeous mandarin, however, is the lord of creation among them, and he takes the pool.

The Joss houses are very much the same as in Canton; but

a most peculiar and eccentric performance was going on in one of those I visited. Three priests were arrayed in robes, of most glorious and astounding magnificence, and reading or rather howling something from a board, very much after the shape of a huge razor strop, which was held in front of them; then everybody in the place would moan terribly, after which all would bawl out their loudest, and every now and again the monotony of this was broken by an awful clashing of cymbals, making me think I was in London once more, and that some milkman outside had upset his milk-barrow, and spilt his tins on the pavement; or that I was at Waterloo Station when a country milk-train was being loaded. Every one was most solemn and earnest over the business, which I found out was going 'Chin-chin' to the Joss for warmer weather! If that Joss had a sensitive ear, or in any way suffered from nerves, he would have at once ordered up a blazing sun, and sent the temperature with a gallop up to about 120° in the shade, in order to put a stop to the horrible din; but as the weather continued cold all the time I was in Shanghai, I presume his 'Joss-ship' was either remarkably deaf, or else he had moved to warmer quarters himself, and had forgotten to leave a deputy behind to attend to business.

Just before completing my round of the city, I thought my last hour had arrived, for all at once a most frightful noise arose about twenty yards in front of me; a bonfire was also lighted, and upon this, boxes, boots, papers—in fact, all manner of things were being thrown. 'Here,' thought I, 'is another occasion when discretion should for a time take the place of valour. I will return by another way. I do not mind being drowned at sea during my travels, smashed in a railway accident, devoured by Japanese land-crabs, or having this mortal coil shuffled from off me by any such romantic means; but never, never will I be frizzled by a Chinaman!' Thinking thus, I was upon the point of retracing my steps, when my guide stopped me. Was he in the plot as well? Should I

brain him and fly? My fears—no, not my fears, because I was not afraid; no, my determination was altered—that's better—by the soothing tones of the gentle Chinese, as he pointed to the place and said, 'Ah! one piecee man hab catchee die!' I thought as he hadn't caught

me, the 'piecee man' could catch just whatever he liked; but I found after that the meaning of the phrase was that *a man had died!* Yes, so it was; a man had died and in order to propitiate, or 'Chin-chin' the Joss to send his soul somewhere where it would be comfortable, all this noise was being made. The *paid* mourners, wrapped in sackcloth, were lying in the gutter wallowing in all the filth—wailing, moaning, and groaning to such an extent that I got fairly bewildered, so went off without waiting to see the finish of the performance.

Like Canton and other Chinese cities, this Chinese part of Shanghai is walled in with an enormously thick and high wall, in which are, I think, seven great gates that are shut and guarded at night. By the way, a wholesale wine merchant in the English settlement told me that a Chinaman made the best of all ware-

housemen in a wine merchant's establishment, not only because they did not

drink very much, but that if they did, any one could always tell, for half a glass of wine, or anything intoxicating, caused a large red ring to appear round his eyes, and by looking at him and counting the rings, it was possible to find out just exactly how much he had imbibed. Very ingenious this! I had never heard of it before; but I suppose it's true. I know that the age of a tree or a cow can



AN AMERICAN WHO WORE
A PIGTAIL

be told by looking at the rings of the trunk or the horn, but this way of telling how much a man has had to drink was quite new to me. It would be a good thing sometimes if this were the case with Englishmen, and would assist most materially in 'drunk and disorderly' cases. Imagine a man denying before a magistrate at Bow Street that he had been drunk; how easy it would be for his worship to say, 'Constable, did you examine his eyes?' 'Yes, your wusship; but the rings all round each eye were so mixed up over 'is nose, and went right under the 'air of 'is 'ead, we couldn't count how many there really was!' 'Ten shillings or seven days!' Why the whole thing would be as easy as A B C.

Missionaries are very thick about Shanghai, and some of them—in fact, a good number—have gone to the ridiculous extreme of wearing pigtails. One of them, an American, who wore a pigtail, said that if you didn't have one, and dressed European fashion, over three-quarters of your time was taken up in answering questions as to the price of your clothes, where did the boots come from, and all such like, instead of propounding the gospel.





CHAPTER XV

John as a Business Man—Woosung Railway—Chinese Enterprise—The *Empress of India*—Coaling at Nagasaki—Japanese Coal Trade—Rickshas again—A Fight—Temples—Gods and Goddesses—Japanese Politeness—Etiquette of the Sandals—Japanese Dress—Language—The Inland Sea—Poetical Scenery—Pickles and Curios.

LEAVING Shanghai in the tender in order to get outside the bar to board the *Empress of India*, although there was some fog about, looking at the banks of the river every evidence could be seen of the Chinaman's industry, for there hardly seemed an inch of ground that was not cultivated. It is said that the Chinese make the best gardeners in the world, and from what I saw, I should really think this was correct; in fact, I almost agreed with those people who called Shanghai the 'Garden of China.' Of course, I had not seen much of the Celestial empire; but it must be something very good indeed to beat what I saw here. For once in a way while I was on board this tender, I fell to ruminating on what I had seen in this land of industry and atrocities, and I came to the conclusion that I ought to alter the opinion I had formed of John Chinaman from what I had heard and read. One must take for the starting-point they are a very peculiar people, and consider themselves the oldest nation on the earth, therefore superior to every other. Even the greatest Chinese ruffian it is



THE 'EMPRESS OF INDIA'

possible to find, is, in his own estimation, far superior to any European, whom he considers, if anything, just a shade lower than street mud !

The general opinion is that the Chinese, as a race, are born thieves and swindlers, and on no account to be trusted. Well, in striking a bargain with any one, one has to 'keep the weather-eye open,' and perhaps it is a little more necessary to do this in dealing with a Chinaman, for (although I am told there are honest ones) if they can do you, they certainly will. But then,

who won't? Is our standard of commercial morality so high at home that we can take everything for gospel that is told us in trade? As I said, a Chinaman will do you if he can; but he will do it in a straightforward way. Still,

they are very intelligent and clear-headed, and if they know that they are well looked after, are as honest as any one can find man. They will stick to a bargain when once made, whatever may be the consequences; but, again, against this we have to put the undoubted fact that they are most awful liars. Heathens they may be; but at the same time they are industrious, diligent, and intelligent, and in these qualities might well be taken as a pattern by the inhabitants of many a Christian land.

Nothing perhaps hurts a Chinaman so much as to think he has been 'had.' As an instance of this, take the short line of railway that was laid down from Woosung Bar to Shanghai. A concession was granted for the laying down of this, and it



was first used as a horse tramway, then kind of donkey-engines made their appearance, till at length, I am told, it developed into almost a regular railway. Then the Chinese Government bought the whole concern, and tore up the rails, some say because they declared they only granted the concession for a horse-tramway, and that they were of opinion that had been 'got over.' The trades union theory comes in very strongly here, for the great reason given was that it threw thousands out of work, by taking away from them the trade they used to do by bringing up goods in junks, etc. However, whatever the reason may have been, the railway has been destroyed, and now every one has to put up with the inconvenience and loss of time in waiting for tenders or rickshas.

One instance of Chinese enterprise amused me very considerably. The previous day I had been out in a ricksha the best part of the day, and the next morning when I left the hotel there was a grand rush of about a dozen coolies shouting, 'Ha, ha, me belong you!' just like our cabbies sing out 'Cab, sir?' I shouted back, 'No, no, me walkee'; but that didn't suffice—a procession of 'crawlers' followed me for some time, my man of the previous day being amongst the number. One by one they gradually dropped off; but he remained, and followed me about for hours from shop to shop and place to place. If I stood still for a bit to have a look round, so would he; if I sat down anywhere, down he would squat about ten yards off, and all this just for the chance of getting a fare. After an hour or two of this sort of thing, I took compassion on him, and got trundled back to the hotel. The look of triumph on his face as he rushed up to the steps, scattering in different directions some of the other ricksha men who had started in the procession, was a picture indeed. This ricksha business is a wonderfully cheap way of getting about, for you can hire one for the whole day for 50 cents. This shows that opposition is not confined to home.

But so much for ruminating; back now to business.

On the high seas once more, and on board a boat—*The Empress of India*; I can give the name this time, for she is a boat of which any company might well feel proud. Ah, what a difference to the last one I was on! Everything here nice,

clean, tidy—in fact, down-right spick and span. Again it is possible to sleep well, for the rats have ceased from worrying, and cockroaches are at rest. At least, that is, if there are any on board, for certainly I never saw or heard of either of these abominable pests.

Out on the open sea again, I am bound for that most interesting country, 'the land of the Rising Sun,' the home of the jolly little Japs. Nagasaki is the first place reached, and a prettier harbour could not be found anywhere. It is rather narrow; in fact, the entrance would, I suppose, be about a quarter of a mile wide; but inside are several little



bays, and the whole seems surrounded with hills, picturesquely covered with trees, well cultivated bits, and studded about here and there with pretty little houses. With a little more majesty about it, the whole thing would be Scotch 'to a T.'

Almost before we hear the sound of the anchor, a swarm of

sampans, junks, and immense barges come floating towards us, as though we were in Venice, containing scores of men and women, boys and girls, and as soon as they reach the side they commence building a sort of hanging scaffolding. This is completed with marvellous dexterity and speed, and, when finished,



LEAVING THE BOAT IN A HURRY

looks a huge erection of steps. Every one is busy running about up bamboo poles or ropes with the agility of monkeys, and in the distance looking like a mountain of bees. Then begins the great work of coaling.

With wonderful rapidity, baskets containing about 20 lbs. of

coal are passed along lines of some twenty-five or thirty Japs, and in this way two thousand tons is got on board. Ten hours is given

for the work, but on this particular occasion it was done well under the time, and then the bamboo erection disappears, the boats glide away in the darkness, the jolly little Japs singing most sweetly as they go, and impressing upon all hearers that they are really the happy

and contented people they have always been depicted.

For all this work the girls receive 15 cents (7d.) per day, and the men 25 cents (1s.) per day! How would

that suit some of our home 'unemployed,' or 'labour leaders'?

Ten hours at nearly one stretch, working hard, and nearly all the time spent on a plank, with about eight fathoms of water beneath, all for 1s.! I fancy few of our 'Tower Hill gentle-

men,' who make such a parade of their woes, would care to take the job on, and yet these little Japs work

with a will, and are as happy and jolly over it as though they were getting ten times the amount. They were singing and

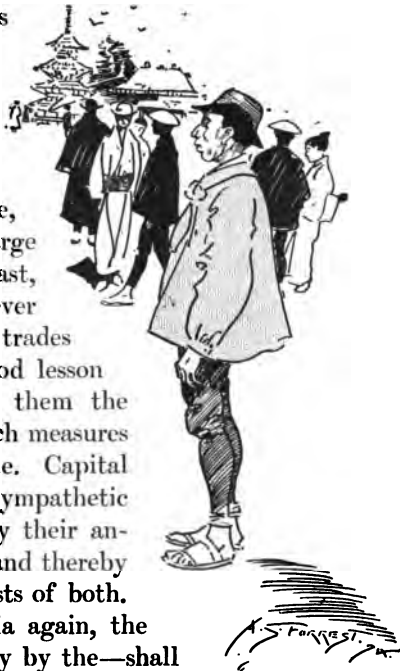


chattering all the time, reminding me very much of the monkeys in the trees when I was in Africa some years ago.

By the way, the coal trade of Japan has largely developed in recent years, and perhaps chiefly from a cause that it would be as well for 'trades unionists' and 'labour leaders' in other parts to look at. Some time ago the whole coal trade in these parts was in the hands of Australia,

but when the labour disputes arose, and strikes took place, of necessity steamship companies and others had to look elsewhere for their supplies, and consequently the trade was, as it were, forced on the Japanese, causing Australia to lose a large and lucrative trade in the East, which, in all probability, will never return. Radical statesmen and trades union leaders could take a good lesson from this, for it should show them the futility of trying to enforce such measures as eight hours days and such like. Capital and labour should be more sympathetic towards each other, and not by their antagonism force trade elsewhere, and thereby irretrievably damage the interests of both.

Moreover, returning to Australia again, the coal trade is damaged, not only by the—shall we call it 'boycotting' by the steamship companies; but knowing what the resources are, China and other places are all going to Japan for their coal, therefore the chances of Australia's trade returning are getting more remote every day, while each day strengthens and increases the coal trade of Japan. It is too late now to alter this state of things; the working man has played his game, and his country has



lost, as other countries will lose too, unless the labour party bring common-sense to bear on their actions and alter their present mode of procedure.

The sampan conveyance was used for transporting us from ship to shore, and my first impression of Japs on land

was that they were an

uncommonly peculiar

lot. A body of about

twenty ricksha men

rushed at me almost

before I was landed, and

I found myself seized by the lot. The atmosphere became

somewhat azure round about

for a little time, then I managed

to shake a few off, and say,

'Who talk English?' This

brought the whole pack back,

and amidst the noise, I heard

several shouts of 'Me talk

English!' This was getting

a bit too warm, so, with a

struggle, I got one arm free,

and then 'landed out.' Five

of the party were on the floor in

no time, and during a bit of a

pause, I jumped into the nearest

ricksha, and yelled to the man to

go like — well, very fast, up to

the hotel. Then there was another

hullabaloo, the crowd caught hold of the concern, and refused to let the man go. My stick came into very active service now, and eventually I got off. It was the same with all the people who landed—a perfect fight to get them as a fare!

Really I hardly know how to set about describing Japan, for



to do it in anything like the way it should be done—like the Hawaiian Islands—it ought to have a book to itself. Miles have been, and could still be written, on this most interesting country, and then the whole subject could be turned up again fresh.

So far as the towns go, they are all pretty much of a muchness—good thriving places, with every one happy and contented, and working

hard. Starting at Nagasaki, one can go through the whole island if they wish, looking at nothing else but temples; for they are about as thick all over the place as 'real estate' offices are in America, while 'kirks' in Scotland, and public-houses in Sydney, are simply not in it. They are not ordinary sort of places either, for some of them cover a lot of ground. I got rather tired of 'doing temples,' so generally told my guide to just switch me on to something else, as the almost innumerable tales of the various gods and goddesses I was 'hearing from morning to night were beginning to have a confusing effect on my brain. Some of the pictures of these deities show them to be most mar-

vellous conceptions, and so are some of the images themselves; for instance, the figures of Nio, which stand at the outer gates of most temples to keep guard, and frighten away any demons who might be prowling about. These figures are of enormous size, and their appearance is such, that certainly any well-conducted demon, or one who has the slightest regard for himself, ought, upon looking at them, to be simply scared out of his life, and immediately register a solemn oath never to go near a temple again.



Kompira, another deity, must be somewhat of a gentle looking creature. There was no life-size model of him on view, but he is supposed to have 1000 heads, 1000 arms, and to be 1000 feet long. The goddess Kishi Bogin must have been the original old lady who lived in a shoe, etc., for her family is put down at 500.



A goddess called Amu-terasu (the Heaven-shiner, or Sun Goddess) was possessed of undoubted feminine instincts. After a tiff with her brother, Susa-ho-o, this lady deity retired to a large cavern in a fit of temper. This was very awkward for the other gods and goddesses, because, of course, she being the Sun Goddess, when she was not in evidence there was nothing but darkness about, for gas had not been invented in those days, so a musical evening was improvised at the mouth of the cave, all the deities getting there as well as they could in the dark. Naturally Amu-terasu came to see what all the noise was about, when a very artful god held a large looking-glass in front of her. This was too much for the lady, the sight of herself in the mirror made her forget all about the quarrel; and instead of going back to the cavern, she went home like a good goddess, taking the looking-glass with her, and all was

sunshine again. Ah me, where is the woman, goddess or not, that can resist a looking-glass!

With tales such as these being dinned into one's ears nearly

all day long, what wonder if the thing should get a bit monotonous. I heard such a lot about these gods and goddesses, I half expected to meet a few every now and then.

The turtle has a happy time of it in Japan, for he is a sacred animal—query, though, is he an animal? He certainly isn't a fish. Well, whatever he may be, he is held sacred.



A VERY ARTFUL GOD HELD A LARGE LOOKING-GLASS BEFORE HER

Great attention is paid to him by many thousands of people in our own country, but of a different nature.

For thorough downright (outward) politeness, commend me to the Japanese. They beat the French out and out, for they make a visitor feel that they really mean all they profess. I think it would be almost advisable to alter that saying about paying 2d. for manners to 'why don't you go to Japan?' As far as dress and a certain amount of custom go, the Chinese and Japanese are not very far removed, but when you come to

manners and general habits, John Chinaman is miles and miles away behind the jolly Jap. John Chinaman has a crude practical roughness about him, while the Jap is more refined. To make a homely comparison — the difference between the Japanese and the Chinese is about the same as that between our real aristocrat and a gentleman resident of Whitechapel. It is the same with all classes, high and low, courtesy is the

rule, and bowing, curtseying, and hat-raising goes on continuously.

One custom which prevails, though, is rather awkward to a beginner, and that is taking off one's shoes before entering a house. Of course, the idea of this is not to soil the mats that lie about the



floor, and are used for sitting on, instead of the ordinary Christian-like chairs. When making a call, you can always tell how many people are in the house by counting the sandals at the door. This would be a very good idea for the authorities here at the next taking of the census, and it would certainly save a lot of expense, if, instead of filling up papers

and all that kind of thing, people were simply sent round to count the pairs of boots on the door steps. Some plan would have to be devised, though, to keep Messrs. Sykes & Co. asleep, or else fewer boots would be taken in in the morning than were put out at night. The first day I was in Nagasaki, I think my boots were unlaced and laced four times, and naturally getting a little tired of this, next day I procured some real Japanese

socks, that have a special place for the big toe, and a pair of sandals—they were called sandals, but in reality they were more like—well, say clogs on stilts. With these I thought it would be all right paying calls, because it would be so easy just to kick them off and hang them on the hat-peg. I tried them first in my room at the hotel, and gradually got used to walking in them. At first my carriage was hardly what one would expect to see in Hyde Park, but I soon got into the ‘swing’ of the thing, and was prepared to sally forth in these ‘new boots,’ when my friend, who was ‘showing me round,’ gravely told me that the previous day he had only been joking when advising me to buy sandals, and that the difficulty could be got over by carrying about a pair of cloth kind of goloshes to slip over the boots. My practice and my purchase had been thus in vain.

However, in the best tea-houses the boots have to come off. My ricksha man took me out to one of these one day, and when I got there, I almost fancied it was a rather large house out of a box of toys.

Looking in through the doorway, a large room could be seen with matting on the floor, and paper windows, some of them open, and through these orange-trees and oranges could be seen. There was no tea to be seen, neither were



chairs or tables in evidence—in fact, the whole place looked like a well swept granary or malt barn. While wondering what to do, four little Jap girls suddenly appeared, and pounced on to my boots. I have had fox-terriers and puppies worrying at my laces, but I could not understand what these four little Japs were doing. Being too amused to ask questions, I submitted quietly, and listened to them chattering, till at last I had to

lift up one foot, and off came the boot, up went the other foot, and off came the other boot; then two girls dodged from behind me, went down on their knees, and each one adjusted a slipper. When these were properly fixed on my feet, the six little Japs ushered me into the matted room.

There was still no tea, but a large and elaborate

cushion was brought and placed on the floor by me, also a kind of small brass bucket containing about a handful of charcoal fire in a

sand arrangement. Then about another half dozen young ladies appeared, and all suddenly squatted on the floor, tailor fashion, pointing to the cushion by me at the same time, so that it dawned on me that I was to 'squat' on this. I 'squatted,' but not being used to the performance, my actions were not elegant, and reaching the floor rather hurriedly,



amusement was caused to the young ladies, but discomfiture to myself. All this time a most sage and austere Japanese chaperon had been superintending operations, and now she summoned music. Tom-tom things, like mandolines, were brought in, and while these were being played (?), half a dozen little Japs danced to me, while I was occasionally asked, 'You piecee 'Merican man? You piecee English man?' Then green tea without sugar or milk was brought, and I *had* to drink it! Then lumps of dough or suet, with sugar on, were brought round, as well as pastry and toffee. Oh, this was *so* nice! Awfully nice! But



THERE IS AN ART IN SQUATTING

—there always is a but—it was about the most awfully indigestible assortment of things that any one could devise. All this business amused me very much, but I must say one thing, and that is, that this tea-house was conducted in a most proper and respectable manner, so far as I saw. For all my enter-

tainment I gave two dollars, and thought it cheap, but next day I heard I had paid three times too much! Still, what did it matter to me, when for an hour I had been fancying myself Nebuchadnezzar or some Eastern potentate surrounded by his court, and at the same time wondering what my London friends, 12,000 miles away, would think of me if they saw me in such luxuriousness?

By the way, 'squatting' is another art that should be practised well in private before being attempted in public. The jolly little Japs seem to sink down on the floor with all the ease imaginable, and rise up again with the same freedom of action, but the first attempts at it by other than a native are not graceful. I began to practise it at the hotel, but came down with a run the first time, and caused a little consternation in the place, timid people thinking there was an earthquake coming along, so at a very polite request from the landlord I desisted. Otherwise I fell in with all the manners and customs of the country so well, I really believe that had I stayed much longer the Emperor would have wanted to create me an extraordinary Knight of the Grand Chrysanthemum, or in other ways signify his appreciation of my readiness to adapt myself to the usages of his country. However, I did not stay long enough, so this did not happen.

It is a great pity that the Japanese are taking so much to European customs and dress, for they don't suit them, especially the dress. The native costume is very becoming, and the people are built for it, but to see a man walking about arrayed in a harmonious blend of coloured silks, and wearing an English 'pot' or tall hat, is, to say the least of it, a most absurd and ridiculous sight. Nothing more effective can be imagined than the national dress of a Japanese lady, and it is a thousand pities they will not see this for themselves, and suppress their hankering after European customs. However, as European costume is 'by law established' the official dress, and has been adopted at court by the Empress and

her suite, it will gradually become more and more worn by others.

The language of the place is not at all bad, although I did not try to acquire it. It takes rather a long time, though, to get round some of the phrases ; for instance, 'How far is it to the next town?' is, in Japanese, 'Koro kara, saki no shuku made ri-su wa dono kurai desu?' One would think that, instead of taking up so much time over a question like that, it would be a saving to just walk over to the next town and see what the distance really was. Letters of introduction are most formidable affairs. A friend in Nagasaki gave me one to a gentleman Jap in Kobe—it was about a yard long, and I had not the slightest idea what it meant.

In going to Kobe from Nagasaki, we go through the Inland Sea, and this is really worth all the trouble of travelling, for it is incomparably lovely. From end to end—that is, from point to point where it communicates with the open sea—it is nearly 240 miles long, and although in one part it widens out to about forty miles, in others it narrows to somewhere about eight or less, and in parts where there are little islands, shoals, rocks, etc., the navigable part is only two or three hundred yards wide.

A BLEND OF COLOURED
SILK

The beauty of the surrounding scenery is superb : leaving the rough and boisterous sea, a most perfect picture comes suddenly to view, and everything is calm, peaceful, and still. No surging, boiling waves ; no howling, roaring wind ; a quietness and calm pervades the whole, and adds to the fascinating charm of this beautiful, this magnificent picture.



It was in Kobe European habits seemed to be most obtrusive, upsetting the charm of the place ; for to see in shop windows,



MOONLIGHT EFFECT

tastefully and artistically decorated with all manner of attractive curios, a centre trophy of huge pots of European pickles,

Scotch marmalade, or packets of English packed tobacco, is not nice, and all the poetry and romance is knocked clean out of the situation at once. Let the Japs sell English pickles and marmalade and anything else they like; but, my dear people, for goodness sake don't mix them all up with your own pretty wares.

Osaka, Kioto, Tokyo, all have their attractions; but the latter, being the capital, is naturally looked upon with most interest. Here the Parliament House is situated, and there are several large and interesting public and other buildings in the place. Then comes Yokohama, which is practically the port for Tokyo, and after a tour round this town and neighbourhood, having sampled so many different climates, and feeling so thoroughly well, I decide to close my tour and return home.





CHAPTER XVI

Good Resolutions—More Curios—A Japanese Divinity—A Japanese Luncheon—Going Home—Schoolday Recollections—Sandal Hunting—Leaving Yokohama—The Messageries Maritimes—Shanghai again—A 'High' Atmosphere—Shanghai Theatre—The Public Pipe—Departure of a Missionary—Return to Hong-Kong—Saigon—Another Mud-bank—The 'Blackguard Set'—A Tender Scene Interrupted—A Poet's Revenge—The Major.

BEFORE I got to Yokohama, I had come very decidedly to the opinion that in wandering through Japan I had collected far more curios than I could ever dispose of, and my mind was made up that 'finis' should be put at the foot of the list, but when I reached here my good resolutions vanished far quicker than they were arrived at. It's a funny thing, most resolutions have that way about them. They take some considerable time being coaxed to come to any one, and in about nine cases out of ten they have hardly settled down and made themselves comfortable, before they take fright at something, and, as I believe it says somewhere, take unto themselves wings and fly. It was so with me.

Knowing that, with the exception of a six or seven weeks' sea voyage, I had finished my travels, conscious that I had done everything, and bought everything, I intended—in fact, that there was

nothing left but to go home, with a proud feeling of 'duty nobly done,' I strolled forth into the streets of Yokohama.

Alas for resolution! The first curio shop that intercepted



my way looked so enticing, so fascinating, that I was forced to enter just for a look round, but with the fixed intention of buying nothing.

Now, there is something about Japanese young ladies that I

must say is very attractive. Their artless ways are particularly winning, and if they are at all inclined to be pretty—well, they are pretty, and this, with the peculiar style of doing the hair, and quaint but becoming costume, produces an effect almost irresistible. During my journey across the island, I had seen

a great many pretty little lady Japs, but here in this curio shop was the prettiest of all. When

she had showed me one or two things, told me the price, and smiled—what could a fellow do but buy!

What resolution can stand against laughing, sparkling eyes, a winning smile that just shows the daintiest of white teeth, and a soft musical voice that discourages pretty broken English? St. Anthony himself couldn't have withstood the seductive wiles of this sweet little Jap. I gave in at once; it was no use trying to battle against it. Had I made a whole shipload of resolutions, they would have had to go and look after themselves. Before I really knew where

I was, I was the possessor of goodness knows how many bronzes, tea-services, cushions, mats, counterpanes, screens, vases, cabinets, toys, and all manner of other things. I believe I should have gone on buying the rest of the day, had not an internal sensation reminded me that I was not without an appetite, and called me back from the seventh heaven of delight into which



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It took me some little time to get all my things packed, and arrange with shipping-agents to have the numerous cases sent home; but it was all done at last, and then, after a final look round, I took up my quarters on board the Messageries Maritimes s.s. *Sagalion*, bound for Marseilles. I wanted to try this line, but had my doubts about it, as rumours were afloat that cholera was having a fine time at Marseilles. However, the officials at the Company's office soon restored my confidence, and said: 'Zare ise no cholera in Marseilles. It ise a cablegram sent by ze opposition Companie to say so, so zey get more passengaire. Cholera? Mon dieu! Zare ise no cholera in Marseilles, M'sieur!' Taking this as gospel, my passage was booked, and I was by no means sorry afterwards at the decision I came to.

It seemed strange, after knocking about so much, seeing so many different countries, and knowing that there was still a six or seven weeks' voyage ahead, that I was going home at last. That word *home* sounds very different on different occasions, and this was one of the times when the full meaning comes strongly to the front. Here was I, considerably over 10,000 miles from the British Isles, starting to 'Go home,' and as I thought of it, visions of Old England and Bonnie Scotland rose up, and I must confess I felt rather like I used to at school at the end of the term, when I left the school



'ZARE ISE NO CHOLERA AT MARSEILLES'

I had so rapidly soared whilst gazing on the lovely face of this angelic little charmer. It is, as it always used to be—

‘Poor Wisdom’s chance,
Against a glance,
Is now as weak as ever.’

With this seraphic vision indelibly impressed upon my mind, with a beating heart and a regular tornado of peculiar feelings,



‘POOR WISDOM’S CHANCE’

in my best Japanese, and with the neatest of bows, I bade farewell to this fascinating little Jap, and went away to a Japanese lunch. It was a very good lunch. We began with Miso-shiru, then had some Sakana-no-shioyaki and Unagi-meshi, after this came Tori-nabe, and the whole was brought to a close by Tamago-yaki, with a good supply of Saké as a beverage. That all looks very mysterious, doesn’t it? Well, so it *was*, and perhaps it’s as well not to go into details.

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'ZARE ISE NO CHOLERA AT MARSEILLES'

and started on my way home to spend my holidays in the best way I could.

I always used to enjoy those holidays, more so than the rest of the family, I believe. There were

certain neighbours, too, who never seemed to look on those holidays with pleasure. One in particular, I remember, who didn't like them, and only just because I would at times get up early in the morning and try my hand at reducing the game and vermin in the district.

Most ridiculous, I thought at the

time (but I can understand it now), because I didn't kill much. He said that was just it; in fact his words were:

It isn't what he kills, it's what the little devil frightens away that I object to!' Ah me,


many is the gamekeeper in the neighbourhood who has tried not only to frighten the 'little devil' away, but to get him in his terrible grip. It was a great nuisance being bothered by



Sydney Cusell

BOTHERED BY THESE
MEN

these men so, because I wasn't a poacher—only an amateur sportsman. Still there are some people who will not see any idea different to the one fixed in their own mind. More than once, I verily believe, I should have been most ignominiously removed by these objectionable gentlemen, had it not been for my most faithful red dog, who had the same rooted antipathy to gamekeepers as myself, and could smell them a mile off, and so give me warning that perhaps it would be as well to change the base of our operations.

Well, the 'going home for the holidays' kind of feeling came over me as I stepped on board the *Sagalion*, and I almost felt inclined to shout, but on second thoughts came to the conclusion that it would hardly be the correct thing to do amongst the excitable Frenchmen and Japs, so re-
re-
frained.

Is it wicked to laugh at the misfortunes of others, or wrong to be amused at them? If so, I am afraid I must plead guilty of being both wicked and wrong, but not so wrong as wicked. Still, I can't help it, for the sight on board just before leaving Yokohama was without doubt the funniest and most laughable scene I had witnessed during the whole of the many thousands of miles I had travelled.

If the reader will bear in mind what I have said about the almost sacred etiquette of removing the shoes before entering a house in Japan, it will be quite understood that the Japanese would carry out the same etiquette elsewhere, out of compliment to the stranger. This was the case with those jolly Japs who came on board to bid final farewell to their friends who were leaving the country by the *Sagalion*. Immediately

on coming on board they took off their sandals, and left them lying on deck while they went below to have a final leave-taking over one of the large variety of beverages stored downstairs, and it was only natural that a long row of these should prove a little in the way of the sailors. Not for a minute would I infer that the sailors and middies of the *Sagalion* purposely found those sandals in their way. They had their duty to perform, and if in the execution of that duty one, two, or three came in contact with their feet, and made a rapid flight towards various parts of the deck, who was to blame? Surely not the sailors and middies. But at anyrate, somehow or other the majority of the sandals, so carefully placed on the deck, finding themselves getting mixed with the feet of various people, endeavoured to adopt the politeness of their owners and get out of the way, so distributed themselves over a very wide area.

Now came the time for starting, and those who had to return to shore, knowing full well the punctuality of the French boats, were frantically tearing about the deck endeavouring to find their sandals! The scramble was awful, and, although the sight was most ludicrous, it did seem to be hard upon the poor offenceless Japs. An individual would possibly find one sandal, and see another some yards off, looking like its fellow, rush at it, make a grab at it, but at that moment it would probably come in contact with some one's foot, and move off some yards, with the result that the anxious owner would overbalance himself, and cut a somewhat ungraceful figure on deck. But what added to the irresistible hilarity of the scene was the earnest, the intense, the scarified look of horror on the face of each sandal-hunter lest the boat should start, and he and his undiscovered sandals be carried off to Shanghai. Like boys jumping after young thrushes, they hopped, ran, and jumped here, there, and everywhere to secure their lost belongings, the screeching of the whistle and the ringing of the bell adding immeasurably to their fright. How-

ever, the last jolly Jap and the last pair of sandals were eventually safely transported overboard on to the tender, and then the erstwhile worried victims showed that they had thoroughly enjoyed the joke.

The ways and habits of the French ships are very similar to those of other countries. When every one is on board, and the gangway is pulled up, up comes the anchor, a lot of smoke goes out of the funnels, there is a big noise, a cross between a



SANDAL-HUNT ON BOARD THE 'SAGALION'

burr-ur-ur and thud, thud, thud, and a commotion in the water at the stern of the boat as the screw goes round, and the big vessel gradually moves away, amidst cheering, handkerchief waving, and—yes, and weeping. I didn't weep, although I thought of that lovely vision in the curio shop that I was leaving behind, perhaps for ever—although I am determined to visit this fascinating place once more. But then, I was returning to England, home, and beauty, so in the variety of things I had to occupy my thoughts, my tears were kept back,

Gradually that little island, the visit to which had proved none the least interesting part of my travels, got dimmer in the distance, and, as it disappeared, I said good-bye to it with an earnest hope that I might some day see it and its clever, interesting, intelligent, and industrious people again.

Then came the settling down for the long voyage, and a casual look round to see who was who. In that look round there was a chance of having a good look at the boat, and it didn't take very long to find out that the directors of the Messageries Maritimes de France studied the comfort of their passengers in every possible way, for all the arrangements were most excellent. This opinion, formed at the commencement of the voyage, was confirmed and strengthened each day, and I must say that I should never wish for greater comfort or attention than that I experienced on board the *Sagalion*. In fact, it would be useless to wish it, because you couldn't get it.

The day after leaving Yokohama, we experienced one of those lively little things called Monsoons, and for nearly two days the waves played with the big boat in great style, but we weathered it all right, and there were not many invalids. The seas are very nasty about here; in fact, in some parts it seems to be hardly sea at all, for it is more like liquid mud flying about, and some of the officers and crew coming off duty don't look altogether unlike a London policeman after he has been directing traffic for a few hours in Piccadilly on a good wet muddy day.

It was getting rather dark as we approached the mouth of the Yang-tse-Kyang, in order to call at Shanghai, and somehow or other we steered into a mud-bank. The pilot on board was a Dutchman, and of course the captain was a Frenchman, but when they were both on the bridge during the excitement, they both forgot their nationality and shouted their orders in English! I interviewed Mr. Pilot about this afterwards, and, after pulling himself up, squaring his shoulders, and throwing out his chest after the manner of a pouter pigeon

—a habit, I believe, common to Dutchmen—he said, ‘Good Heavens, yes! It seems funny, eh? but de Engleesh language, do you know, is always de very best to use in extremities. De very best!’ That mud-bank didn’t detain us long, and by night we were safely anchored off the bar.

Hearing in the morning that a lot of festivities were going on in



BLOWING HARD—ON THE 'SAGALION

Shanghai in connection with the Chinese New Year, I determined to go on shore and see what was to be seen. On the water the scene was a very lively one; the junks, with their great eyes on the bows, to enable the boat to see which way to go, were decorated in most gorgeous style, and the sampan that took me on shore was alive with what I was told were flags—in fact,

Henley Regatta was not in it for 'bunting.' I tried a different way to get to Shanghai this time, and had a nine miles' run in a ricksha, in order to see where that notorious railway had been pulled up. Dear me! The journey was very interesting—extremely so to those whose sense of smell is deficient or absent altogether! There were overground graves—that's all right, although it does look rather Irish—all along the route,



and at Shanghai itself were some fifteen or twenty boxes containing corpses, awaiting a fine day for a good royal burial! I wondered at this, because funerals don't cost very much; in fact, they are so cheap, I could not help thinking of an advertisement I saw once, at the time influenza was raging, in the window of a Whitechapel undertaker, 'Why walk about in misery when you can be comfortably buried for £3, 10s. 0d.?' 'Kniffy' is a peculiar word, but it is really the proper one to describe the atmosphere in the neighbourhood of these boxes.

On my previous visit to Shanghai, I had only seen the native 'force' in their fine weather uniform, but now I was treated to a change, and saw them in their wet day costume. This consisted of a hat, the exact resemblance of an English soup-plate inverted, a most remarkable arrangement of straw over the shoulders, and straw leggings! What would our guardians of the peace think if they had to adopt such a Guy Fawkes kind of uniform? 'If you want to know the way, ask a p'leeceman,' is the advice given here; no mention is made of

ing time, as in our country. In the evening, a friend of mine and I visited a theatre in the Chinese quarter, not much patronised by Europeans, as they don't care to run the risk, but we were paid marked attention, and had no cause for complaint, although we were very conspicuous, being the only Europeans present. Yes, yes; it was an experience, and reminded one of the Scotchman's remark, after his first visit to Sandie Thompson's back parlour in Edinburgh, that it was the nearest to bliss it was possible to get, for there were five-and-twenty pipers all playing different tunes at the same time. Really, as far as we were concerned, each of the actors might have been acting different plays, for everything was to us simply downright unintelligible. Just like in our London Music Halls, all classes of the community were represented, from the Celestial masher to the ditto 'Arry, and all seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves, especially when some particularly typical element was introduced, and this was every few minutes, for in almost all the acts there was an execution with knives of all sorts, shapes, and sizes flying about. The programme was as the subjoined facsimile, and may mean anything. I don't know what it means in the slightest, which way it reads, or even if the printer has put it the right way up. It is most probable it is upside down. I shouldn't be surprised in the slightest, for things are altogether different in the East to what they are in the West. One very amusing feature of the entertainment



商天仙茶園戲院

初棚夜造全班色合演天官賜福

關奎謝泉張壽劉文准新楊波

趙廉王德全小知王德全 小知 趙廉 王德全 小知

譚壽余來李釋譚壽 余來 李釋 譚壽 余來 李釋

雙霞雙霞 雙霞 雙霞 雙霞 雙霞

薛珊寶壽張壽黃鶴樓

周劍泉周劍泉 周劍泉 周劍泉 周劍泉 周劍泉

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丁蘭蓀丁蘭蓀 丁蘭蓀 丁蘭蓀 丁蘭蓀 丁蘭蓀

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昨晚包洋三角 晚場包洋五角 晚場包洋五角 晚場包洋五角 晚場包洋五角

was the handing round of small cups of tea and a pipe. It was a public pipe, and the man who handed this round also carried a hot cloth, with which he wiped the mouthpiece every time any one had had a whiff. It was a good wipe round, and then bang it went into the nearest Celestial mouth. He also had a hot cloth to wipe faces with. I had been watching this, while my friend was engrossed with the performance on the stage, and when my turn came I said most politely, 'No, my friend catchee pipee first,' whereupon he took it, and was putting it into his mouth when he caught sight of a smile on my face, and dropped the whole thing like a hot potato, much to the consternation of Mr. Chinaman pipe-bearer.

The *Sagalion* was to start early in the morning, and I had requested to be called at 7 A.M., and just about this time I was roused up by a noise, then saw a beaming face, the owner of which was pulling at my clothes to get me up, and shouting, 'You piecee man b'long Flench boat; Flench boat go chop-chop.' What on earth did that mean? It was evidently something important, so up I got, and got the whole sentence off by heart while I was dressing, to find, when I got downstairs, that it meant that the French boat was really the only one that started to time, so that passengers had better 'hurry up,' if they didn't want to be left behind.

Very soon I 'chop-chopped' off to the tug, as I had no particular wish to wait for another steamer.

Dear me, there was an enormous crowd on board this tug, and, from the look of the people, it almost seemed that every dispenser of the gospel was clearing out of the neighbourhood to try and convert people in other parts, but it happened that only one was leaving the place, with his wife, and that all his colleagues were going as far as possible with him to give him—in the words of one of them (a Yankee)—'a jolly good god-speed.' The aforesaid dispensers were a very cosmopolitan crew, the American accent was very much in evidence; although the owners of it were adorned in pigwigs and gorgeousness,



ONE OF THE ENTERTAINERS

certain pigtailed gentlemen displayed an unmistakably Oxford cultured language, and then the ladies! 'Next, please!' To describe the eccentric, the pronounced fanatical, the æsthetical, and otherwise peculiar specimens of feminine nature on board that tug is beyond me, so 'I pass.'

By the time we reached Hong-Kong, where we just made a call, the passengers had begun to feel more at home with each other, and flirting, and deck-games had already commenced—especially the former. Wonderful place for flirting, a large ocean-going boat! And they all do it, even down to the little girls and boys on board. I suppose it's human nature, and will always be the same. And why shouldn't it? It passes away the time, and is very good fun into the bargain—at least, so I've been told. Please do not think for one moment, gentle reader—dear me, I like that term 'gentle reader,' and to think I have never used it once before! perhaps it is the reminiscence of the soothing influence of the China missionaries that brought it out!—no, no, please, do not think that I speak on this subject from any personal experience, for it would be an error on your part, and almost as great a one as it would have been on mine, had I so far forgotten myself as to take part in such sport. No, I was very much amused at the whole business, but there I drew the line.

There was a large crowd of passengers between Shanghai and Hong-Kong, simply because there were going to be some races at the latter place, and the Shanghai people were trooping down to witness two days' racing with very inferior ponies. Well, every one to their taste, but that is certainly not mine. I never even go to Sandown Park, although, like all costers, I have been to the Derby and Ascot, and perhaps Goodwood, because every well-regulated individual goes to these places at least once in a lifetime—the two latter especially, even if only to see the ladies and their dresses. It is almost a sacred obligation to go to these places, but to spend nearly four days on a steamer in the China seas, risking monsoons and

typhoons just to see a few races lasting two days, is an enthusiasm I could not possibly work myself up to.

Of course it would not have been right to be anchored at Hong-Kong and not go ashore, so, as much as anything to have what I thought would be a final jaunt in a sampan and ricksha,

I took a turn on dry land.

Hong-Kong looked just like it did when I left it a few weeks before, and John Chinaman was just as smiling; but even here, where

he is so much in contact with English influence, the contrast between him and the Japs was very marked.

Having studied the two nationalities in their own countries, I came to the conclusion, after having another good look at the Celestials here, that the two people

cannot be compared; both have their good qualities and special merits, but the Japanese are the superior social people.

Leaving Hong-Kong, our next stopping-place was Saigon, which we found to be a lovely spot, and every one

was charmed with it. The Botanical

Gardens here are very fine, and contain more storks and pelicans than I have ever seen. I took several photos of them, and spent some time looking at and admiring them; in fact, I got them so impressed upon my mind that I dreamt of them for several nights afterwards. They come in a little objectionable then, though. It is all very well



STORKS

to see them in gardens, but quite a different matter to dream that while an assortment of pelicans are 'going for you' from behind, some six or eight storks of different sizes are prodding at you with their beaks in front.

It is a thoroughly tropical place, not badly situated for trading purposes, and altogether the French did well to select it for the capital of their Cochinese settlements. The town itself is quite French, but still it seems to lack that bustle and business-like atmosphere so noticeable at Hong-Kong, and one almost thinks what a pity it is John Bull hasn't got the little place, so as to put some more commercial activity into it. It is only a passing thought, though, for really we ought to be satisfied, as we have about every corner of the world that is worth having.

Some Americans talk very largely about eventually owning the universe, but up to now the preponderance of the British flag, flying as it does in every quarter of the globe, and on every sea, does not point very clearly to this. It is not right that we should compete with our American cousins in this; but if ever the world does come under one flag, the language will undoubtedly be Anglo-Saxon, and we can shake hands over the matter.

With all deference to the ability of the officers and crew of the *Sagalion*, I am bound to say that their vessel paid a



marked partiality to mud-banks, for on leaving Saigon something went a little bit wrong with the steering-gear, and all at once she found herself some thirty feet or more in a bank. Had warning been given to the passengers that something was going to happen, results would have been more pleasant; but these things all come off when you least expect them. In the present instance I was just enjoying the delights of a bath when the shock came, and I suddenly found myself on the floor outside the bath! Most people are naturally inquisitive, but when anything of this kind happens on board it is wonderful how quickly every one gets on deck to see what is the matter. It didn't take me long to slip on my pyjamas, and get up aloft to make inquiries. Having been assured it was only a mud-bank that had got in the way of the ship, I returned below and completed my toilet.

Having recovered from the shock of imaginary shipwreck, our well assorted party of passengers began to settle down for the voyage to Singapore, our next stopping-place. The general subject of conversation seemed to be the bad colonisation of the French, and the comparison to be drawn between that country's efforts in foreign parts and those of England. There were plenty of Germans on board, and they, while decrying the French system very much (they would naturally do this), were bound to put in a heap of praise for the 'Vaterland' and the taming influence of the sausage and the onion on the savage mind. I simply listened to all this, but at the same time must say I wondered if sausages and onions had a taming influence, what would be the result of a few Limbourger cheeses being let loose amongst a tribe of untutored savages.

Of course by now the passengers were getting very friendly, and breaking up into different sets, and as usual (perhaps because 'birds of a feather flock together') I found myself amongst what was politely termed the 'blackguard set.' Why this opprobrious epithet was applied to our party I am sure I don't know. Certainly if we saw a chance of having a bit of

fun we availed ourselves of it, either on board or on shore, and we made game of the 'flirters.' More than once we turned a bright lantern on to a dark corner on deck rather unexpectedly and disturbed a couple who seemed to be evidently rehearsing lovemaking or some tender scene in a novel or a play, and perhaps this had something

to do with it; I don't know.

This harmless amusement ought not to have earned for us the reputation necessary to be acquired before being called such names, because, after all, it was

very innocent amusement.

Is there anything wrong in kissing a girl? I don't know at all, because I never did it; but if it's

all right, why should any one object to having a bright light thrown on them just as they are going through the process? This is a

mystery to me altogether.

Ah, but I am forgetting! Our lantern business brought great discomfiture to the soul of one male passenger. From the time of leaving Shanghai, this gentleman had been paying most devoted attention to a young lady, whose behaviour might well be summed up in the short word 'skittish,' and he was evidently 'awfully gone.' The young lady, on the other hand, amused herself with him, but enjoyed herself with others, and this



THE EFFECT WAS AWFUL

raised wrath within his fevered soul. He considered himself a bit of a poet, and now and then when opportunity arose, would avail himself of it, and give off most doggerel rhymes.

One night, after leaving Saigon, there was an impromptu concert on board, and, just before this commenced, he was on deck with one or two of the 'blackguard' party. We had secured our horror-striking lantern, and, while chaffing him about his flirty companion, suddenly turned on the light to discover her and a missionary in a loving embrace in a dark recess behind the wheel.

The effect was awful. There was a screech, and a—well, not a religious word—from the quarter the light struck on, and no end of gurgling and smothered exclamations, reminding me of the geyser district of New Zealand, from the poet; and then everybody tried to laugh. The 'blackguard' party laughed most genuinely, but the others only did it in a sickly sort of way. However, it seemed to have been all forgotten by the time the concert commenced; but it hadn't. During the evening the poet was called on for something. 'Something of your own, Mr. Rhymer,' said the skittish one. With a withering glance at the fair frivoller, the poet arose, and putting himself into an attitude presumably imposing if not eminently graceful, he gave off some lines which showed that his busy brain had been at work since being present at our exploit with the lantern of all-penetrating rays. Whether or no, when he was fairly established in a position on the saloon carpet, with a second withering glance, and a readjustment of his presumably imposing figure, bearing in mind the indignities he had suffered, he started: 'I have been asked to give something of my own. May I give you my latest composition?—a composition which as yet has never seen the light of day.' There was a universal shout of 'Yes.' The gentleman rearranged himself, coming up to some kind of melodramatic attitude, and then, with many a withering scowl at the fair lady on whom he had

showered so much devoted attention, he thus delivered himself: 'The small item I intend giving you this evening has been brought from my brain from viewing many amor-



GOT A BIT HURT IN TRYING TO LEAVE

ous scenes on deck, and I have called it "A Flirt"; it is as follows:

" "I like to talk to different men,
And hear what they've to say;
It's pleasure most diverting.
The most amusing fun on earth
Is flirting,—flirting,—flirting." "

I was given to understand afterwards that there were five or six verses like this ; but the first was quite enough for me. 'Enough of this, begone !' something seemed to scream in my ear, and evidently into the ears of several of my fellow-passengers ; for

there was a wild rush for the door, and a fairish amount of squeezing was necessary in order to 'get out.' Some people said they got a bit hurt in trying to leave the saloon and get on deck.



A VERY JOLLY MAJOR

The time was wiled away somehow or other, and the usual 'sweep' on the run of the vessel was started, with a very jolly gallant Major as auctioneer. I liked this Major, although there are some army men who are not very entertaining, especially the younger ones, for they seem so eaten up with their own importance, they cannot allow

any one to have any ideas at all that do not coincide with

their own, and they will talk upon all subjects with the greatest assurance, as though they had seen all the world, and had the experience of any half-dozen men of three times their age. Ah me ! As Burns says :

'O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us !'

The same may be said of many others, who, although they only know, and can talk, 'service, doncherknow,' try their hands at experiments in the commercial world, and almost without exception turn out great failures. But our gallant Major was none of these ; he was a seasoned officer, a man of the world, and a decided acquisition to the ship.





CHAPTER XVII

Dressed for Landing—Singapore—The Silver Question—A Cab Strike—‘Home, sweet Home’—The New Passengers—Busybodies—The Smoke-room Party—French Politeness—Colombo—Singhalese Tradesmen—Bargaining—The Twenty-Dollar Piece—An Impromptu Sale—Messageries Maritimes Punctuality—Female Friendliness.

THE day before we reached Singapore there was naturally a little excitement about, as here we were to see an almost entirely different country—in fact, get into the land of the Malays. Information was given that we should in all probability be able to land at about 11 o’clock in the morning, and the consequence was 7 A.M. saw nearly every one on deck preparing to land at a port, like an old lady or gentleman trying to catch a train, three hours before it starts—but what a change to the previous day. The fashionable promenade of any large city might suddenly have been transported on to the deck of the *Sagalion*, from the appearance of the costumes. The lady passengers especially had gone in for transformation. Loose tea-gowns were thrown aside, and where *comfort only* had been previously studied, civilisation’s (?) demands were now acceded to, and neat

and trim waists were *de rigueur*. Being on board a French ship is answerable for that expression. The passengers whose intention it was to land were determined that the natives of Singapore should not have cause to complain of their wearing-apparel, and the Japanese certainly took first prize, for their European garb was simply faultless, even to the tall hat. One Japanese was a perfect picture. Above the ordinary height of his countrymen, and of little stouter build, he was not altogether a bad figure—and he knew it. He was arrayed in orthodox frock-coat, light trousers, patent leather boots, and a real lovely church-parade tall hat. Apparelled thus, he wandered up and down the deck, with a smile here, a nod there, a sweeping bow now and then to a lady, but all the time followed by the sorrowfully envious glances of his fellow-Japs, whose headgear was so far inferior in magnificence to that beautiful, that splendid hat. The varied assortment of hats was really a study; the well-known straw was much in evidence, and there were also straws with flexible brims some eight or twelve inches in width; the 'bowler' was not altogether out of the hunt, while the soft felt put in an occasional appearance, as did also the somewhat æsthetic-looking lawn tennis hat, and those so much associated with the name of Buffalo Bill. Then there were helmets—oh, yes! there were helmets, and helmets that really were helmets too, some looking as though they would be of good service should their owner fall overboard, and the owners of them looked remarkably proud as



IN SHORE TRIM

they strutted about waiting for 'landing time' to enable them to give a treat to the folks on shore.

Singapore is not a great distance from the 'line'—in fact, only about one degree north—so any one can imagine the climate



A SWEEPING BOW NOW AND THEN

is hardly one where overcoats are required. I wanted to go ashore in my pyjamas and slippers, but had to give up the idea. A lot of us on getting ashore took rickshas and promised to keep together, etc., made good resolutions, and all that sort of

thing; but, like all other resolutions, they were not stuck to long—in fact, within about ten minutes of starting, the next time I saw any of them was when I got on board again.

Goodness only knows where they got to.

Singapore is a very important place, and another specimen of British enterprise in the East.

It is not a remarkably large place, although its population is somewhere about 170,000. All is bustle and business, and the place is really the grand junction for all outlying places, and up-country states, as Peterborough or Grantham, on the Great Northern Railway, or Swindon, on the Great Western, where every one has to stop. In fact, for almost every place lying eastward of it, Singapore must be a calling-place. It is a grand place, and its commercial prosperity is something to be proud of.

Of course I found the same cry here as in all other Eastern places—the silver question—and when this was mentioned, I had to assume a somewhat grave and preoccupied air; but I seldom ventured a remark or opinion on the matter, as I really wasn't



SOME HATS

a sensation going through the city of London ; but little vulgar boys might be rude enough to say it was something that had got lost out of a circus, and others might make matters unpleasant ; so our good old dray-horse may go on his way rejoicing without any fear of being superseded by a hump-backed Singapore cow.

About the time for returning on board an alarming diffi-



IN THE GUTTER FOUR OR FIVE TIMES

culty arose, for there was something like an organised strike amongst the Chinamen in charge of what answered the purpose of our cabs, and, as during the London 'bus strike a few years ago, vehicles were absent. Had it not been for my accidentally seeing my ricksha man of the morning, and paying him well to rush his hardest with me down to the harbour, I should certainly have lost my boat. One poor Jap did lose the boat,

and we had a plaintive cable from him at Colombo, asking us to shortship his luggage there. The strike couldn't have been very well organised, otherwise the bribe I offered would not have stirred the striker's heart and induced him to run the gauntlet of his irate colleagues. Just before leaving Singapore, there was a very impressive scene enacted on the quay, if it were not altogether a quiet one. About fifty fellows stood round in a circle and sang several good old English songs, winding up with 'Home, sweet home!' This last was almost too much for several of them; in fact, one man, who, having been in Singapore for over ten years, was now returning home to try his fortune once more in the old country, fairly broke down. I am not at all a sentimental individual, and can laugh at most things when other people weep, but I never even thought of a smile at this, as I could so thoroughly understand it. It's really marvellous how everybody you meet abroad talks of going home, excepting in America. All English people, and even Colonials who have never seen the Mother country, seem to have one fixed idea, and that is, of some day or other 'going home,' meaning, of course, England. It's a nice feeling, and one to be encouraged, for it shows that however much some people may talk, there is an innate loyalty and love of home in the heart of the Britisher and Colonial that cannot be eradicated.

When fairly at sea again and settled down, we were able to see who had come aboard, and found them a very miscellaneous lot, coming from Batavia, Sumatra, Java, etc.; and even the 'wild man of Borneo' turned up, but luckily without the dog, its tail, its hair, or the 'lodger' who had taken up quarters in the hair of the tail of the dog of that 'Wild man of Borneo.' All the new passengers appeared a bit strange at first, something like the people on steamboats plying between London Bridge and Gravesend, or fresh arrivals in a Bloomsbury boarding-house. It gave an opportunity to the old stayers and the majority of ladies to criticise and pass remarks as to who and what they were, who was nice and who wasn't,

and all that sort of rubbish, just like at seaside hotels and those places. If people would only spend a little more time looking after their own affairs, instead of prying about, poking their noses into other people's business, slandering people before they know who they are, and in other ways making themselves downright objectionable by their interfering, they would soon find out that they were doing far more good both to themselves and others, and would be much happier generally.

Of course it didn't take long the first night to see who were the ones that had not been to sea much, for these people wandered quietly to their berths at a very early hour, and those who did try and 'brass it out' by turning up in the smoking-room, looked with anything but a kindly eye on both pipes and whisky. This wasn't a matter of sentiment, so of course we laughed. That smoking-room contained a most extraordinary cosmopolitan crowd; in fact, just about as fine a mixture as could well be imagined. A good quarter of the people could well be put down as English, and another quarter was composed of genuine 'parlez-vous's'; then the 'happy fatherland' laid claim to a fourth; and the remaining quarter was made up of a variety of nationalities—Dutchmen from Java, Japs, Chinese, Malays, Portuguese, etc., not forgetting gentlemen who called themselves English, but who could not hide the traces of the 'smack of the tar-brush.' The clatter of dominoes on the marble-topped tables, as the French detachment indulged in their favourite game, was almost bewildering. Now, there are two games at which I rather pride myself—one of them is dominoes, and the other draughts; and I don't wish to appear at all conceited in recording the fact that, when playing the former in this smoking-room, with Frenchmen, in



at least ten cases out of twelve I did not come off *second* best. Draughts again afforded me considerable amusement, but caused great consternation to an elderly gentleman, who considered himself 'a swell' at the game, for, when I was his opponent, he was annihilated every game. Lots of people don't like to think their fathers taught them anything; but

I am always very proud to think my father taught me to play draughts, and the care and trouble he took over it then, have since thoroughly disconcerted many opponents who started the game with a free and easy air, and a kind of conscious-of-victory style about them. Then there were poker, nap, loo, etc., all of which games claimed their admirers, myself amongst the number—al-

though, to be perfectly candid,

HE WAS ANNIHILATED EVERY GAME

I think it only right to say that neither of my parents taught me any of these games. I think they came by natural instinct.

I don't think it would be quite right to pass over this smoking-room crowd without recording a word of praise to the French detachment on board, for they deserve it. I only had



one objection to them, and that was the amount of absinthe they drank. Naturally they tried to convert us to the beauties of this stimulant; but, as far as I was concerned, I said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan! The Almighty has not given me much in the way of brains, but what little I have I will keep!' It would, perhaps, have been almost pardonable in the French passengers if they had assumed a certain amount of authority over the others, on board their own National liner; but this they did not do—in fact, it was the reverse. Every one was conscious they were on board the French National Line, the Messageries Maritimes (messages across the sea) and to the credit of the French party they seemed to so thoroughly recognise the fact that they appeared to think it their duty to do all in their power to please the other passengers, even to talking English. It was not altogether with feelings of pride that I watched the behaviour of some of my countrymen. There was a little too much of the 'Britisher abroad' about them, and the rude glare to which they treated every one who did not speak English was not a thing to rejoice at. Although the crowd was such a cosmopolitan one, English seemed to be the prevailing language, and some of the foreigners spoke remarkably good English too. One old John Chinaman that I got very friendly with spoke it almost better



STRONG ON 'ENGLAND'S
IMPERTINENCE'

than I could ; although, of course, there was an accent observable now and then. This accent always gives any one away. It did me once when I was talking French with a volubility which surprised me, for I was told that I spoke beautiful French ; but there was a very broad Scotch accent about it. This Chinaman was called Ching-Chang something or other ; what it really was I never could make out ; but all Chinamen



are Ching-Changs, Ah Sings, or something after that style. He was a very shrewd man, well educated, and well informed on every topic. He was very strong on the matter of 'England's impertinence' in trying to teach everybody what they should do, when it was well known that China was in full swing many hundreds of years before any other place. We often talked on this point ; but I could never make him angry about it, although I often tried. No ; he was a most gentlemanly fellow, more so than any other Celestial I had met ; he didn't even eat his rice with chop-sticks, and if it had not been for his green complexion, squat nose, broad features, and pigtail, he might well have been taken for a European. 'Most ex-

trawordinaw, weally,' as a very consequential passenger was so very fond of saying. This consequential gentleman had been 'up country' some years, but the 'side' had not been rubbed off. His pet expression became a by-word on board ; but, instead of realising this fact, he considered it 'most extrawordinaw, weally,' that so many people should use the 'expwession.'

Without anything remarkable happening on the way, we at last anchored at Colombo; and, as at other places, every one was 'dressed for the shore' hours before there was a chance of landing. Little native boys seemed to live in the water, and dived for any mortal thing that was thrown overboard. Of course, almost before we had anchored, men came on board for washing, and tried to sell things; and it was here that we got the first specimen of the European idea of Eastern—well, I was going to say cheating, but perhaps it should be called cunning! At every turn these Eastern gentlemen try to 'do' any one; and even when rowing us to shore they stopped half-way and wanted more money, which they did not get. On landing, the 'going-home' feeling came over us all again very strongly, and we wanted to send a cable home, although for no apparent reason.

Colombo is a beautiful place, and I was sorry we could not stay there longer so that we could have a look over the island of Ceylon, the golden world of tea-planters. The place was awfully hot, and the variety of outfits was 'most extwadinawy, weally.' First of all we started off to see Arabi Pasha, and found him a most agreeable fellow. We chatted a little with him, and then shook hands and said 'Good-bye.' I also said 'God save the Queen!' at which he smiled, instead of trying to strangle me, as some thought he would have done. After this visit, the next was to the hotel; for it was fainting work, moving about in the heat. Luxurious is the word to be applied to this hotel; and to loll in a wicker-chair on the



A VERY CONSEQUENTIAL
PASSENGER



BARGAINING ON BOARD

verandah, with coolies to bring iced drinks, etc., was grand; and to hear the residents raving about *hard times*, while they went in for iced champagne, was rather bewildering! Of course, it was not an uninterrupted journey to Arabi's or the hotel, for large numbers of the populace, consisting of Singhalese, Parsees, Arabs, Persians, Kaffirs, Afghans, etc., met the boats, and before we landed commenced pestering every



VISIT TO ARABI PASHA

one to buy something, and the selection ranged from native jam to sapphires.

After a rest at the hotel, I and half-a-dozen others started out to go and buy some things; and then the fun began. We had not far to go, and close handy was the arcade, very much like arcades in our towns, but—to use a bit of an Irishism—with one side out. Then, instead of pretty girls about, there

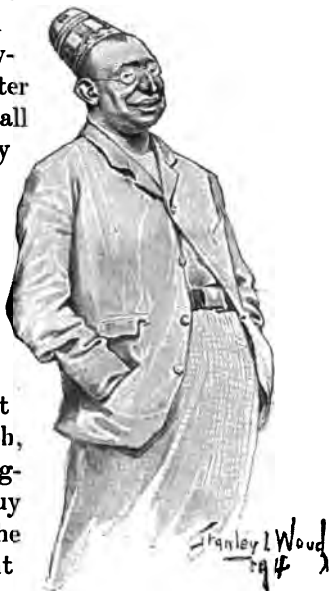
were only Singhalese men, with beaming smiles on their chalked faces, and long hair done up chignon fashion, who crowded round you, pestering you to buy, and trying to push you into their shops. Competition, from outward appearances, seems very keen; but as all the lot are such awful rogues, I doubt it, and believe they all work into each other's hands. The amount of bad language they will stand if they think 'a



COOLING DRINKS ON THE VERANDAH

deal' is to follow is tremendous. England may be called a nation of shopkeepers; but an Englishman can pick up a lot of hints in smartness from these Singhalese, for no Q.C. in the Law Courts could argue a case better than these gentlemen advocate their wares. The preliminaries are peculiar, and commence with a kind of imitation of witnesses in the English courts kissing a dirty testament. They don't kiss anything, though, but place their dirty hands on their equally dirty

chalked foreheads, and swear in a way to their deity not to cheat; and then out come the lies just as fast and as thick as it is possible for them to talk. A favourite dodge at starting is to show a lot of dirty, greasy cards of persons who have done business at the shop, such as colonial governors, English nobility, etc. etc. I got tired of this, and yelled at the man whose shop I was in that I didn't come to see dirty cards, but to see what he had to sell; and if he couldn't show me anything, I would go elsewhere. 'Ah! master not know me. Only honest man here; all others robbers.' Then, having, as they think, gained confidence, they begin to swindle, or, as a friend of mine puts it, 'descend to common robbery,' but talk all the time about their valuable stock of gems and jewels; and my shopman made a great feature of the fact that his father and grandfather had the business before him. He didn't care if I bought anything or not—oh, dear, no! but if I did, when I got to England I should be very sorry I didn't buy the whole stock. Money? oh, no, he didn't want money! If I hadn't brought any from the ship, a bill of exchange on London would do just as well.



A COLOMBO DIAMOND
MERCHANT

'What would master like to see? Here beautiful sapphire—want English gold, so sell cheap. Thirty sovereigns!' 'What? Thirty sovereigns for that? Put it away. Master not a fool!' 'No, master not a fool. I like master. Master know business. My price thirty sovereigns. What will master give?' Ultimately I got the sapphire for £5. I wanted to get a lot of curios from here, but found it hard work, although rare fun. To bargain with these chalked-

up, dusky thieves, and keep even with them, 'takes a little bit of doing,' as they say in the classics. Three or four of us really intended buying, and we did the whole of the arcade to see what we could get. At one place I picked out a fairly good quantity of stones and put them into a heap, and then said, 'Now, then, you cunning Ananias, master want to buy. How much?' Several hundred sovereigns were mentioned. 'No, no—too dear.' Off came a hundred sovereigns at once. 'No, no—too dear. Master can't buy. He'll go somewhere



else.' 'No, no—master not go somewhere else. Master buy from honest man. Only honest man here. All others bad, robbers, wicked. Master must buy. What will master give?' I pulled out an American twenty-dollar piece, and then thought the term of my natural life was about run out, for, as I found out afterwards, these people will do almost anything for one of these coins to hang it round their dirty necks, or on their watch-chain, with other trinkets. Bargaining was forgotten, and like wildfire news spread round the place that I was

the master with the big gold coin. The crowd began to get a little too attentive, and I got tired of being pulled about, so, with my friends backed out of the place, but only to find matters worse. Quite a crowd had collected, and, feeling sure that I should never get away with the thing alive, I shouted out that I would sell it by auction, and got on to a large stone to get a good position. I didn't stop there long, though, for the dirty, long-haired villains crowded up. 'Ah, master! twenty-dollar piece! Master, how much? how much?' After a bit of rather free fighting, I regained the stone, and my friends kept the crowd back. The crowd got thicker and

thicker, for everybody seemed to turn up to see what all the commotion was about ; then, feeling a bit like Tattersall selling best blood stock at Newmarket, when the folks got a little quiet I commenced the business, and had a very lively time of it too. With a tremendous flourish I started to harangue the crowd, and said : ‘Gentlemen of bronze complexion, chalked foreheads, long hair, and generally unclean appearance, this sale, positively without reserve, will now commence, and I hope it will be conducted with due decorum and propriety on your part. I have here a twenty-dollar piece, bought by me in ‘Frisco, and carried by me many thousands of miles, until it has arrived here, and I offer it——’ I could get no further, for an excited would-be purchaser, eluding the vigilance of my ‘guards,’ jumped on the stone, caught hold of me, and cried, ‘Master, how much ? how much ?’ This was too much for the excited onlookers, and they charged the ‘guards,’ evicted the would-be purchaser, knocked me off the stone as well, and once more there was something like a fight, my friends and I using our fists very freely. Business all round the place was suspended, and the wildest excitement prevailed. Pulled first on one side, then on the other by a frantic crowd, offering me money in handfuls, yelling, ‘How much, master ? how much ?’ I was getting a bit weary of it all, although it was such genuine amusement ; so, by a tremendous effort on the part of our company, we were once more free. Then the bidding began again. It went on fast and furious, and more than one fight took place between com-





'HOW MUCH?'

petitors in price, until at last I sold it in rupees for just three times its value! After that we went back to complete our purchases, and tried to get up some byways out of the way, but were followed by a large and admiring crowd, each member of which tried his hardest to monopolise our attention by telling what was this, that, and the other, and at the same time not forgetting to throw in business. Prices were getting lower and lower, and the man in whose shop I had selected the heap of stones kept a watchful eye on me, coming up to me every now and then, doing the confidence trick, advising me not to deal with others, and winding up by whispering a lower quotation. To get clear of the lot, notwithstanding the heat, we made a 'bolt' for the hotel, but were followed by the crowd, and the whole lot waited patiently outside until we had had lunch. Our boat was to go at seven p.m., and when we left the hotel we had about three hours; so, to get rid of our tagrag-and-bobtail following and make the best of our time, we went back to the arcade and settled with the merchants. My man came to terms, and parted with my selection when I offered him a handful of sovereigns (perhaps about £40), although at first he had held out for several hundreds. Bargains completed, the dusky tradesman wanted me to write him a letter testifying to his honesty in trading, my satisfaction at purchases made, etc. etc., so that he could show it to other customers; but although I am not altogether averse to a little advertisement now and then, judiciously done, I drew the line at this. Several more purchases were made, and then we rowed off to the boat, having had the most rollicking time on shore that we had yet experienced. The proverbial punctuality of the Messageries Maritimes was evidenced on leaving Colombo, for the *Sagalion* started 'chop-chop' at the very minute announced. Standing on deck, we timed the business, and at two minutes to seven was heard the 'rattle-rattle' of the donkey-engine or windlass for the anchor, and then at seven sharp came the 'burr-ur-ur' of the screw, and we were on the move, meeting a P. and O. boat from

Australia coming in as we left. The dinner that evening was a most lively one, for every one was most anxious to explain his or her experiences while on shore, and how they had 'done' the native traders in their bargains. Very strange, in all these cases nobody ever gets 'done' himself—he always gets the best of the bargain. I suppose it's natural, and I ought not to confess to being an exception, but I feel morally certain 'the



THEY ACTUALLY COMMENCED TO SQUABBLE

only honest man in the market' 'had' me over what I bought from him, and I am bound to say 95 per cent. of the people buying are always 'done.' Everything was quiet and uneventful after leaving Colombo, although we had expected some rough weather; and naturally everybody got jollier and more friendly than ever—in fact, the women got so friendly they actually began to squabble! I believe the cause of more than half the

squabbles was that some people declared that they knew more about so-and-so than some one else did, and then the supposed to be inferiorly informed feminine mind asserted itself, and its owner endeavoured by all possible means to prove that nobody knew anything about anybody else but herself. Dear old busybodies! How they do love to meddle with other people's business, instead of looking after their own! It doesn't matter to them what mischief they cause through their meddlesomeness—not a bit of it; that's half the fun of being of an interfering disposition.

The sight of passing steamers showed us we were getting nearer home, and a slave-dhow that made its appearance threw us all into a great state of excitement. At last we got in sight of land again, and the idea of a walk on dry land once more stirred us all up to 'concert pitch.'





NEAR NEIGHBOURS

CHAPTER XVIII

**Aden—Mutiny in a Boat—An Eastern Pickpocket—Buying Mementoes—
‘Sold’ over Ostrich Eggs—The Red Sea—Perim and Yarns—Suez
and Photo-merchants—Port Said a ‘Hell upon Earth’—Thinking of
Children—Different Passengers—French Custom-house Officers—
Monte Carlo, Nice, Paris, and ‘Home, Sweet Home.’**

ADEN was the point we anchored at next, and that is a name that never leaves the mind of any one who has once experienced the pleasures and delights of a stay there, however short that stay may have been; for it is there that sublimest of sublime occupations, coaling, takes place. It is a fine place to get rid of one's superfluous foreign coin, such as Chinese, Japanese, American, and all that, for little imps of boys swarm round the vessel like ducks, and dive for all the coins thrown overboard, although the place is infested with sharks. We heard that the day before we got in a hungry shark had ‘snicked’ off a boy's leg for lunch; but this did not deter the other little black urchins from doing their best to get whatever the coin might be that was thrown in the water. ‘Oh, oh, oh, oh—Have a dive, à la mare,’ seemed to be the words of a kind of glee these boys and men sing; and it certainly sounds very pretty on the water. The worthies who come alongside to row any one on shore are as beautiful a set of scoundrels as ever

lived, and the crew of our boat was a most mongrel assortment. They numbered six, and represented almost as many nationalities, including a nigger with a mouth that looked as if it had been put on hot and run all over. About half-way to the shore the crew 'mutinied' for a higher fare than bargained for, and refused to move until we agreed. We tried volleys of Anglo-Saxon as at Colombo, but without avail, so had to resort to other means, especially as the 'crew' were getting insolent, and there were too many sharks about to make it pleasant for us to swim ashore. Words being of no use, a gentleman from the Fatherland, exclaiming, 'Stop, I vill kill der scoundrel!' brought his stick down on the head of the ringleader, I pushed another fellow off the seat and took his oar, while another passenger did ditto, and a Yankee, whipping out a six-shooter and firing in the air, guessed and swore by all that was blue he would shoot the whole lot rather than pay another cent. The effect was magical: four of the crew dived overboard, like seals off a rock, and swam ashore; the other two the Yankee, who assumed command, kept covered, while Mr. Fatherland, another man, and myself took the oars and rowed ashore. After landing, acting under instructions from our skipper, we upset the boat. On returning, we found the original boat's-crew waiting for us; and although we got into the boat thoroughly 'prepared for action,' it turned out there was no cause for alarm, for each one was as meek and polite as he could possibly be. This shows how effective at times is a little forcible argument judiciously administered.



FONTEST.



Aden is a peculiar place, and at times almost reminded me of the Scripture pictures I used to see in my juvenile days. Especially so was it to see camels going along in single file like horses at exercise in the early morning on the Heath at Newmarket ; but at the same time I should like to say I considered



'I VILL KILL DER SCOUNDREL !'

it about the most God-forsaken place on earth I had yet seen. Of course, we had to buy some things on shore—baskets, feather boas, etc. ; for it would never have done to land and not take back some trophies. One of our party left more on shore than he landed with, for he had his pockets picked of everything as neatly as any racecourse professional would have done it here.

The real men of commerce are found here—gentlemen straight from Jerusalem, Smyrna, etc. and they take a little bit of talking to. When we arrived on board with our cargo of purchases, there were still numbers of traders there, and we had to run the gauntlet again. Many nationalities were represented in this commercial crowd—in fact, even sufficient to remind one of that beautiful (I believe that is the correct adjective in such cases) hymn, known so well in one's childhood, 'From Greenland's icy mountains, etc. Interviewing the Arabs on board was good fun, for all of them had a peculiar tale; some had been slaves, and some were sons of chieftains, and all of them had but one motive in trading, and that was, to make sufficient money to take them back to their chieftain fathers. Lies, most likely; for it seems a terribly hard matter for any of these Eastern beauties to even think the truth. I suppose it is, they tell the same story so often that, like most other liars all over the world, they actually believe it, and therefore 'lie like truth.' Whatever may be the price at which the articles these fellows, or indeed any others, sell, are offered, it is a great mistake to go buying things cheap, for if you don't want them they are always

dear. I went buying away at all ports, just for friends at home, and I suppose that is what a lot of other people did; and in such cases, whatever bother one may be put to at the time, he is fully repaid by what is said and thought by the recipients. At the same time, if any one wants



HIS POCKETS PICKED

to know the cheapest market, I unhesitatingly say London. Of course, this may be open to contradiction ; but I am speaking as a globe-trotter who, when on his walks abroad, sees pretty things and buys them, not as an expert who does the thing upon a commercial basis. However, my opinion is that anything is to be had better and cheaper in London than from cunning and artful natives, who lay themselves out to 'do' their customers at 'passenger prices,' and laugh when they have



done it. Be as 'cute as you like, you can't get the best of those fellows, for with them it is the result of a lifetime training. My advice is, go to a respectable tradesman in London, and pay him a fair and legitimate price for what you want ; but, of course, the great objection to this is, that all the romance of the thing disappears, and a teapot bought in St. Mary Axe

would not receive half the reverence of one bought and brought all the way from Yokohama. Heaven forbid that I should ever again go through all the worry of buying things all over the world and arranging to have them shipped home, knowing all the time that I am dealing with rogues !

I had some good experience when in Africa some years ago, where I got assegais and shields from Zululand, ostrich feathers and eggs from another place, diamonds in the rough from Kimberley, and had to bother about getting Government per-

mits to take them away. In fact, I bought no end of things. At Port Elizabeth I made a great bargain, and bought a number of ostrich eggs at an auction in the market-place, at about the same price as hen's eggs here, and gave a carpenter instructions to pack them and send off home to friends. Now, ostrich eggs are peculiar things when packed up, as I found out afterwards; for when I saw the immense crate into which they had been stowed, I certainly thought the carpenter had made a package of half-a-dozen pianos, instead of my bargain in eggs! My friends were in a white heat of excitement when the huge thing arrived in Scotland, and many were the conjectures as to the contents; but dire was the disappointment when it was found to contain eggs—only eggs! To add to this, on my arrival in London I saw ostrich eggs marked up at one shilling each; whereas, one way and another, not counting the bother, mine had cost me—well, I will never calculate what they did cost.



After leaving Aden, a certain gentleman of the genus Know-all, who, since Singapore, had been posing as a 'great authority' on all matters, began to assert himself very much. When we had been lying on deck, almost panting in the sweltering heat, he had strutted about saying, 'Nonsense! call this heat? Bosh! just wait till you get into the Red Sea; then you can talk about heat if you like!' Of course, I had heard all manner of tales of the heat in the Red Sea, such as there really being only a sheet of brown paper between that and a place the name of which is objectionable to ears polite, and that occasionally it would appear that some one had put his foot through that sheet of brown paper, and all those kinds of

tales; so when the 'great authority' commenced to talk, after passing Perim, about 'Now you'll find what heat is,' I was prepared for the worst. Unfortunately for our learned friend, the excessive heat was taking a rest, and to his great discomfiture he, with others, was glad to put on an overcoat at night. However, this was, I was told, a very exceptional case. The passage through the Red Sea is a dreary part of the voyage,



THE GENUS 'KNOW-ALL'

and not calculated to make any one feel particularly cheerful, if prone to be despondent. I think it very remiss of the inhabitants about the banks not to show in some way or other the historic landmarks on the coast, as it would not only relieve the monotony of the voyage, but invest it with a certain amount of interest. For instance, I looked carefully for the place where Pharaoh got drowned while trying to cross over, but there is no obelisk to point out the spot—not even a small

stone, as there is on Highgate Hill to mark the place where Dick Whittington sat down to listen to the bells before he and his cat took the tramp back to the City.

By the way, mention of Perim puts me in mind of a smoking-room story as to how it came into the possession of the English. It is, I know, a 'chestnut'—in fact, it is possible it may be approaching the bald-headed stage; but still, it was told in the smoking-room. Although the place looks like nothing but a cinder-heap, and doesn't seem to be worth anything to anybody, it is said that a French admiral, calling in at Aden, got friendly with the governor, and eventually told him he was on his way to Perim to hoist the French flag. The governor, congratulating him, invited him and his officers to dinner, but in the meantime gave instructions of a peculiar nature to a British gunboat; and the next day, when the admiral arrived at Perim, he was mightily surprised to find the Union Jack proudly floating there, and English bluejackets in possession! Some of the old travellers remembered no end of tales about this cinder-heap, and one of them I give just as I heard it, so hope no brother-author will think I want to hurt his feelings, or think me guilty of plagiarism if he has used it before. It was of an officer who, in charge of a company of men, was stationed here; and, strange to say, although every one always objected to the post, he wrote on several occasions to have his stay prolonged, as the place suited him so well. His request was always granted, although considered strange; but one day everything was explained. The colonel of the regiment was coming out of a club in Piccadilly, where he had just been considering another of these curious epistles, when



Forrest. 1911.

he ran right against the officer supposed to be in charge at Perim!

Then again, another story was about some outlandish British possession, where a newly appointed official over a certain district, who took it into his head to make a tour and become personally acquainted with the different consuls, was surprised to find at one place that the consul had been dead for three years, and that the business had been carried on by his widow since then, and indeed for some years previously.

Having finished this dismal tour through the Red Sea, we arrived at Suez about 1 A.M.; and I verily believe I should have known nothing about it, so soundly was I asleep, had I not been very unpleasantly awakened.

Rousing myself with the idea that something horrible was going to happen, I became conscious that some one was in my cabin. A harsh, hoarse, croaking whisper, accompanied by most undeniable evidence of bad breath, assailed me as I raised myself in my berth. 'Master want to buy photographs?' I switched on the electric light, and for the second wondered if I were in this world or the next. I have had many bad dreams, but the worst of them pales in-

describably before the shock I had then. Fancy being roused from a calm and peaceful sleep, to turn on the light, and then behold, peering down on you, two hideous, grinning, dusky faces, belonging to a couple of the most ruffianly-looking Egyptians possible to conceive—and there you have my shock. I speedily recovered myself, and then addressed the intruders, picking out



the strongest and most effective words I could from my vocabulary, but all to no purpose. They wanted so much in shillings, francs, or rupees—I forget which—for a large bundle of photographs; and eventually, to get rid of them, I gave them about one-third of the price, and then kicked them out of the place. It is always as well to buy under such circumstances, otherwise the gentlemen are very apt to *find* things.

However, sleep was a stranger to me for the rest of the night, for, as I dozed off, the recollection of those hideous, devilish faces came to me, and all idea of slumber vanished.

Port Said is an awfully busy place and I had not been there half-an-hour before I found that its appellation, 'a true hell upon earth,' was by no means a misnomer. I once considered Paris bad, Berlin and Vienna shocking, and I had put in my diary up to this, 'Frisco was about the most wicked place I could possibly imagine; but there I had to alter my opinion, and, with apologies to 'Frisco, confess I had been mistaken.

If the inhabitants about are human beings, they are certainly of the lowest type that can be conceived. There appears to be no law in the place, and the gambling dens are simply awful. Everybody seems great on photos—not altogether of religious subjects—and these, together with the manners, habits, and customs of the people, almost make one hold up one's hands in horror, and wonder why such a seething den of thieves and murderers is allowed to exist. Heartily glad was I when it came time to be off; and I left with the same kind of feelings I should imagine possessed



KICKED OUT

Lot and his family when they hurried away from another place.

Arrived in the Mediterranean, everything seemed to assume a different aspect, and we became conscious that, having left behind us the rough, half-civilised, and even savage races of various kinds, we were at last re-entering the zone of civilisation. At Alexandria I met some military friends of mine, and enjoyed a good chat and a stroll with them, and got so excited over their



description of the bombardment that whenever I heard a noise I would duck my head, fancying it was a shell.

Alexandria is not at all a bad place, and I liked it immensely. There are an awful lot of blackguards about, but they are almost immaculate compared with the demons of Port Said. The place was very lively when we called, for the crew of a British man-o'-war were holding a regatta in the harbour.

More purchases were made on shore, and on returning to the vessel there were a lot of traders on board, so we were compelled to submit to an interview from all of them, and buy more things; I purchased some Egyptian, or perhaps I should say Turkish, delight, and a few fezes for my little nephews at home. It is strange how every one thinks of children when abroad, and wants to bring something home for them. I have since seen my young nephews wearing their fezes with their kilts, and the thorough enjoyment those youngsters have in doing so, because 'Uncle Tom' brought them home



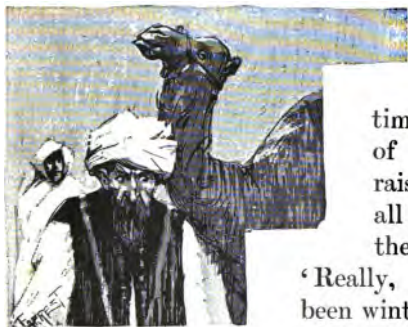
for them, is worth far more to any onlooker with even a little bit of a soul, than it would be if I had bought them costly presents that they could not appreciate.

As we left Alexandria there was such salute-firing and flying up and down of flags, I almost thought I had been mistaken for some mighty potentate in disguise, but afterwards thought it was on account of the regatta. It was rather rough and choppy in the Mediterranean, and we had not left the harbour very long before we discovered we had swells on the sea, and also



on board. Our cargo of passengers had been considerably augmented, and some of them were of an amusing type. There were a lot of the regular 'Haw, haw !' style, the kind of people who have a different way of shaking hands about every six months—sometimes over the head, sometimes just touching

the hand and dropping it, sometimes a suspicion of a shake about the level of the nose, some-



times a little below the level of the chin, with the elbows raised as high as possible, and all that sort of nonsense ; and there were also a lot of the

'Really, doncher know,' 'Oh, yes ! been wintering in Cairo,' contingent, who can never talk to any one in the

street, at home, in the theatre, or anywhere else, otherwise than in a voice that can be distinctly heard about a hundred yards off. There was so much of all this kind of thing, that some of us almost fancied we were at church parade, or Brighton

Lawn, or in Hyde Park. I am not talking of the genuine good family people, but those who try to ape them; and the whole thing grated terribly on the nerves of the homely kind of folks like ourselves, who had been going through the genuine colonies, and had got used to things so different.

It did not seem far to Marseilles, and as we neared this port there was a certain sadness mixed up with our feelings of pleasure, for the happy and jolly time we had had together was



HOW THEY SHAKE HANDS

now at an end, and our long sea-voyage was over. So far, on the voyage, when touching at different places, we had been spared the ordeal of custom-house examination; but now we were fairly in for it, for all our luggage would be turned out, and I had *six* portmanteaux. When I was on shore, standing in fear and trembling by my baggage, wondering what would be the result of the examination, and how long it would take me to repack everything after it had been upset, three gentle-

men approached me and most politely raised their hats. I saw they were officials of some sort, so, to be equally polite, I bowed and raised my hat. Bowing again, and pointing to my baggage, one asked, 'Tabac?' I bowed and said, 'No.' 'Speerits?' 'No'; and imagine my surprise when my things were chalked, and I was free! The polite gentlemen were custom-house officers! Fancy a British exciseman raising his hat or bowing, or a railway booking-clerk saying 'sir,' or 'madam'! Such



'TABAC? SPEERITS?'

things are not in our country; but why they should not be I do not know. Some people have an insane notion that it is foolish to be polite to all classes, but I stoutly oppose this notion. I have travelled now all over the world, and in some very peculiar quarters; but by being polite to all, and treating people as I found them, I can safely say the cases of incivility I have met with could be counted on one hand, and that then there would be some fingers to spare. Being so close at home

now, the excitement to get nearer grew stronger, and indeed some people got almost beyond themselves. One man in particular was downright amusing; he had been in China for fifteen years, and to be so near home was almost too much for him, and he unconsciously insisted upon shaking hands with



everybody over and over again every time any one met him who had been on board with him. Of course, we had a look round Marseilles, and went over to Monte Carlo to see 'the tables'; and, much to my astonishment, after having put a twenty-franc piece on a square on the table, another was shuffled towards me, and I fancy I won, for I picked both up, and nothing was said about it. I didn't try again. Nice was very nice, and the journey from there to Paris very comfortable. From Paris to Calais, and from Calais to Dover, and Old England was reached at last. At Dover the almost ludicrous, but at first surprising, thing is to get London papers the day they are issued! Weeks old had been the usual thing for so long, that to see the actual date on the paper, and know it had only just been issued, caused at first a most peculiar sensation. Heaps of papers were bought by every one just to see the date; but, leaving Dover, and getting into the regular

English country, more peculiar feelings still arose, and it seemed as though I had been to sleep for months and months *à la* Rip Van Winkle, or as a hungry man would feel when placed in front of a substantial meal. All round are the

neatly kept hedgerows, the old familiar fields, the truly rustic spots so well known to all lovers of country life ; the hop-poles and hop-fields of Kent ; the open villages, happy in the security of a free country, minus the walls and guards to which the eye of the foreign traveller becomes accustomed ; and, in fact, on every hand are signs of peace, of happiness, and of prosperity that not only make one's breast swell with pardonable pride, but ejacu-



ARRIVAL AT CHARING CROSS

late with heartfelt earnestness, 'Thank God I am a Britisher !' The train speeds away through the sweet green fields of Old England, and signs of approaching town are seen. These signs get more and more distinct, and familiar landmarks come in sight ; the suburbs are reached and passed, the towers of Westminster rise to view, the Thames is crossed ; and then, indeed, at home at last, for Charing Cross is reached. Here

are friends to greet me, and, vigilant as ever, my old valet Dobson, who has since passed away to that land from which there is no return. Here once more I stand in London, dear old London, home again safe and well. The smart, quick, and businesslike Customs officers, although so different from the Frenchmen, get through their work; and once more I go out into the streets of the greatest and most marvellous city on this earth, to be assailed with the true London cries that fall almost as music on the returned wanderer's ear, 'Piccadilly, 'Yde Park, 'Ammersmith,' 'Paper. extira speshul, all the winners,' and the other old familiar cries, and to see once more the bustle and the rush which is simply unequalled in its genuineness! Yes, I am at home once more; and the substantial superiority over everything I have seen, which seems to pervade the very air, comes before me like a flash. Republics, kingdoms, empires, all are good; but Old England beats the lot, and London (ignoring Macaulay) says as with Tennyson in 'The Brook':

'Men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.'



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The Martyrdom of Ma-
deline.
Annan Water.
The New Abelard.
Matt.
The Hair of Lince.

The Martyrdom of Ma-
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Matt.
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The Martyrdom of Ma-
deline.
Annan Water.
The New Abelard.
Matt.
The Hair of Lince.

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Pickwick Papers.

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Caught at Last!
Wanted!

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Duncan?
Man from Manchester.

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Felicia.

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Roxy.

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Never Forgotten.
Folly.
Fatal Zero.

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Filthy Lucre.

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Olympia.

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A Real Queen.

By **HAROLD FREDERICK**.
Seth's Brother's Wife.

By **SIR BARTLE FREERE**.
Pandurang Hari.

By **HAIN FRISWELL**.
One of Two.

By **EDWARD GARRETT**.
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By **GILBERT GAUL**.
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Robin Gray.

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For Lack of Gold.

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Say?

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For the King.

In Pastures Green.
Queen of the Meadow.

A Heart's Problem.
The Dead Heart.

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By **ERNEST GLANVILLE**.
The Lost Heiress.

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Oliver Twist.

Nicholas Nickleby.

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In the Grip of the Law.
From Information Re-
ceived.

Tracked to Doom.
Link by Link
Suspicion Aroused.

Archie Lovell.

Kitty.

The Lady of Brantome.

Second Mrs. Tillotson.

Seventy-five Brooke
Street.

The Lady of Brantome.

Queen Copstun.

King or Knave?

Romances of the Law.

The Edwinton Girl.

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The Edwinton Girl.

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Garth.
Ellice Quentin.
Fortune's Fool.
Miss Cadogan.
Sebastian Strome.
Dust.

Beatriz Randolph.
Love—or a Name.
David Poindeexter's Dis-
appearance.
The Spectre of the
Camera.

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Ivan de Birton.

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Zambra the Detective.

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Treason Felony.

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The Lover's Creed.

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Iona.

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Dundas.
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Linley Rochford.

Camilia.
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My Enemy's Daughter.
The Comet of a Season.

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Donna Quixote.
Maid of Athens.

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Lost Rose.

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Written in Fire.

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A Secret of the Sea.

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Mr. Dorrillon.

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Hathercourt Rectory.

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derful.
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Deep.

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Girl.

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Fuck.
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A Dog of Flanders.
Pascarel.
Signa.
Princess Napraxine.
In a Winter City.
Ariadne.
Friendship.
Two Little Wooden
Shoes.
Moths.
Rimbl.
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A Village Commune.
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Othmar.
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The Foster Brothers.
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Fallen Fortunes.
Humorous Stories.
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A Confidential Agent.
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bridge.
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Mend.
Christie Johnstone.
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The Course of True
Love.
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Sea.

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Beauty and the Beast.
Citoyenne Jaqueline.

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By WILLIAM WESTALL.

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The Englishman of the Rue Cain.

By Lady WOOD.

Sabina.

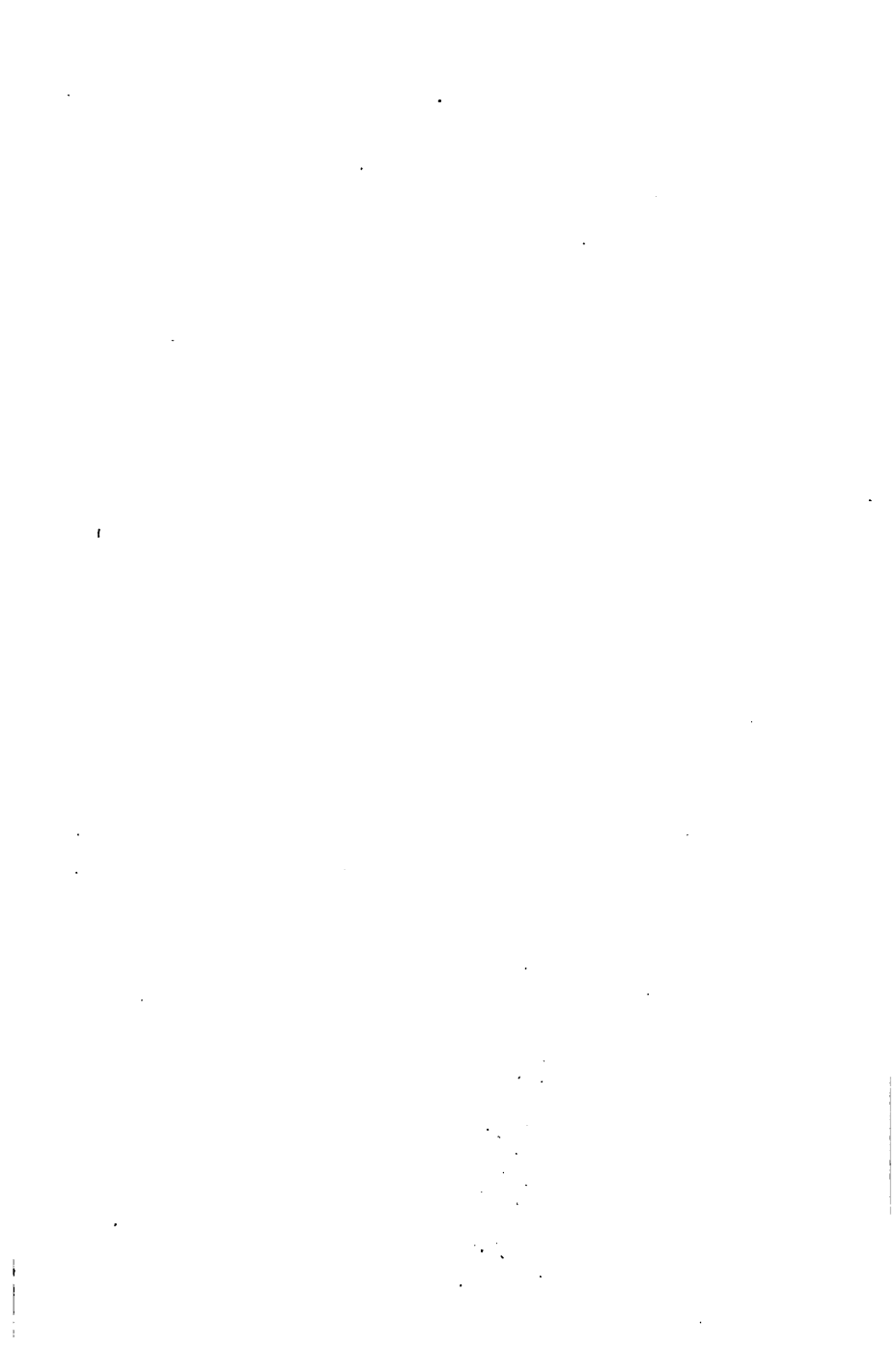
CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

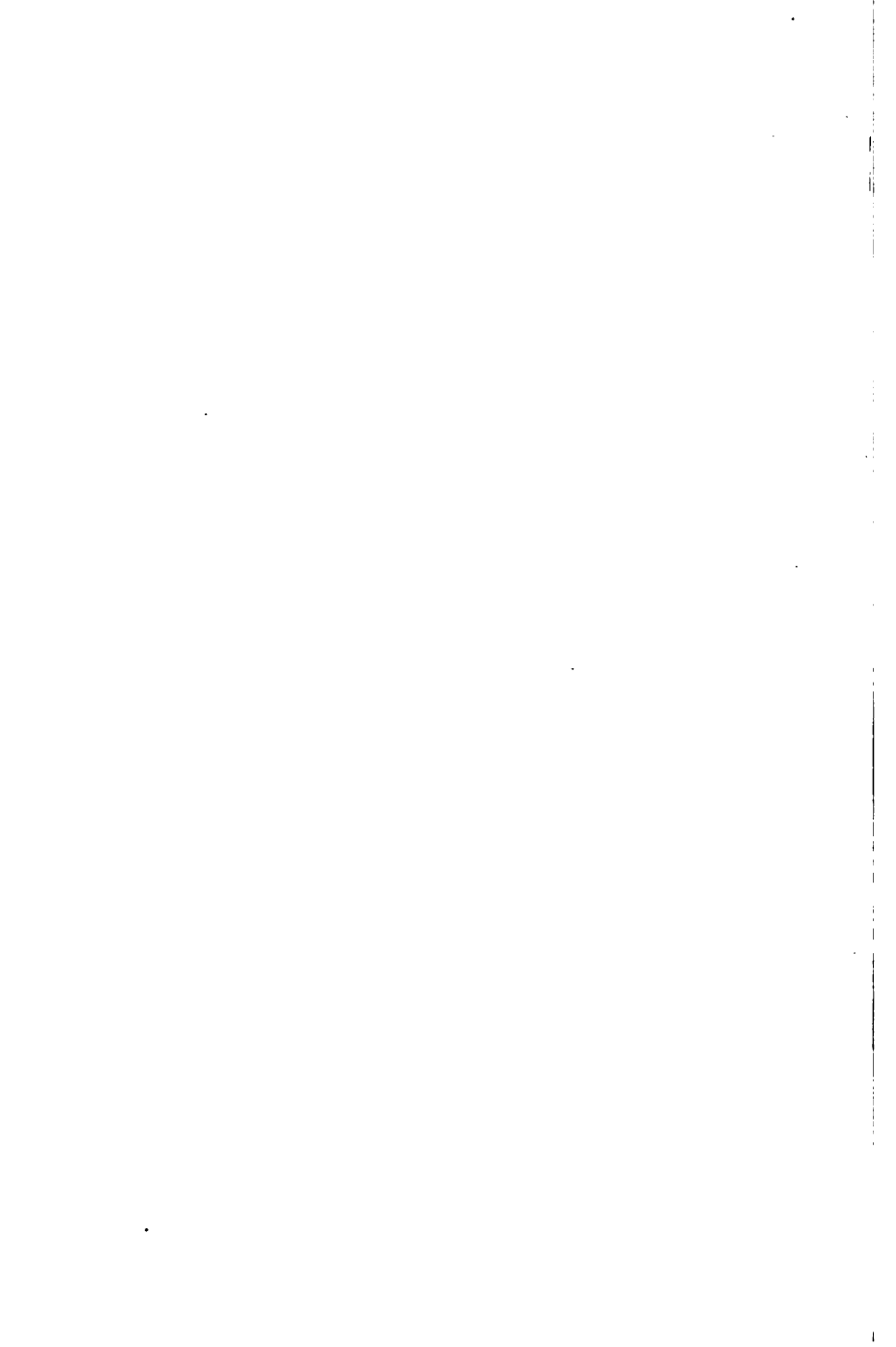
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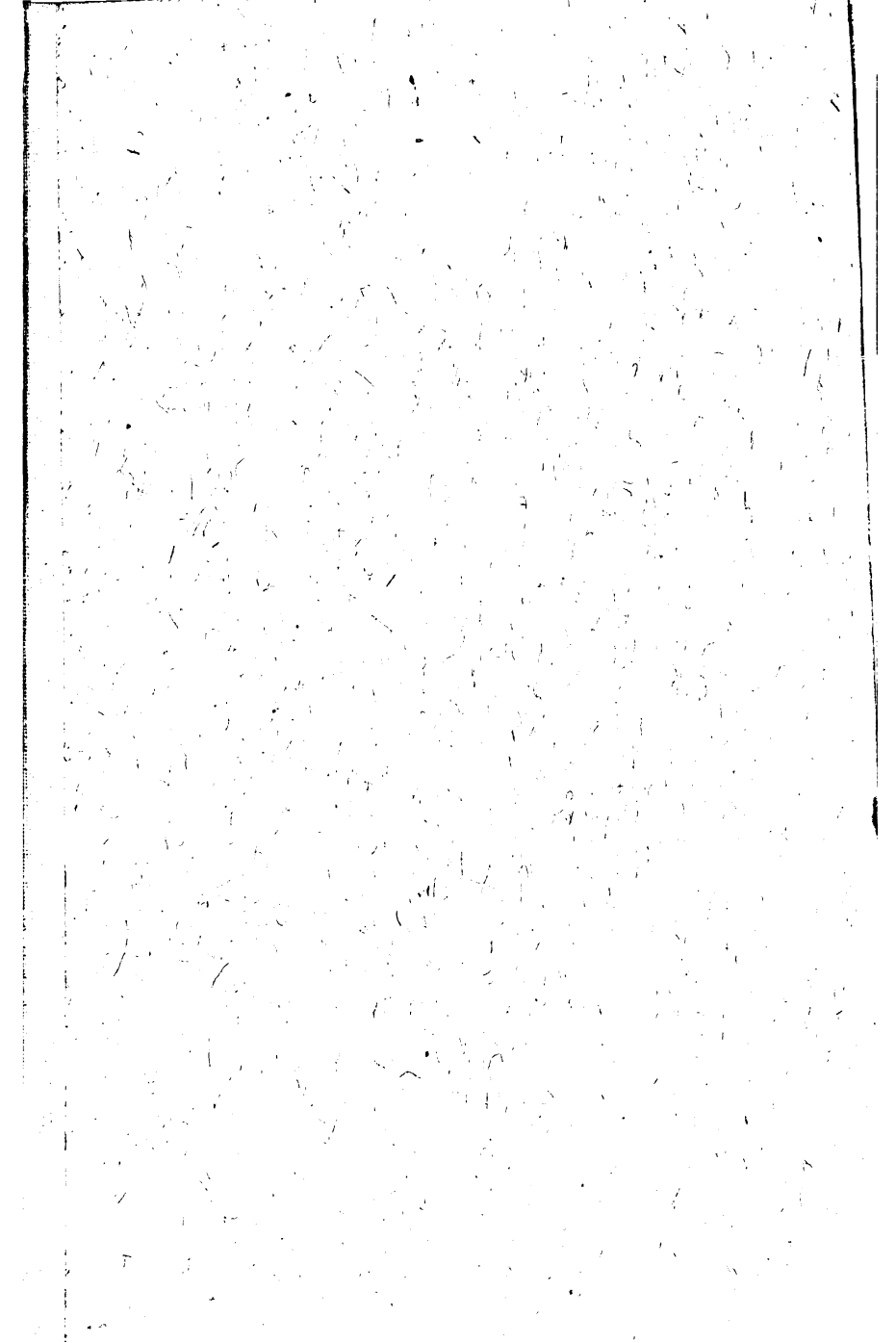
By EDMUND YATES.

The Forlorn Hope.
Land at Last.

Castaway.









SEP 7 1957

